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A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY

H·L·MENCKEN

JAMES BRANCH CABELL ON SINCLAIR LEWIS

The Success Boys at Stanford GEORGE P. WEST

The Railroads Gird for Battle J. G. LYNE

Taps for the Cavalry LLOYD LEWIS

A Gallery of Theologues MERRITT WIMBERLY

Traveling Jim Crow GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Americans in Shanghai EDGAR SNOW

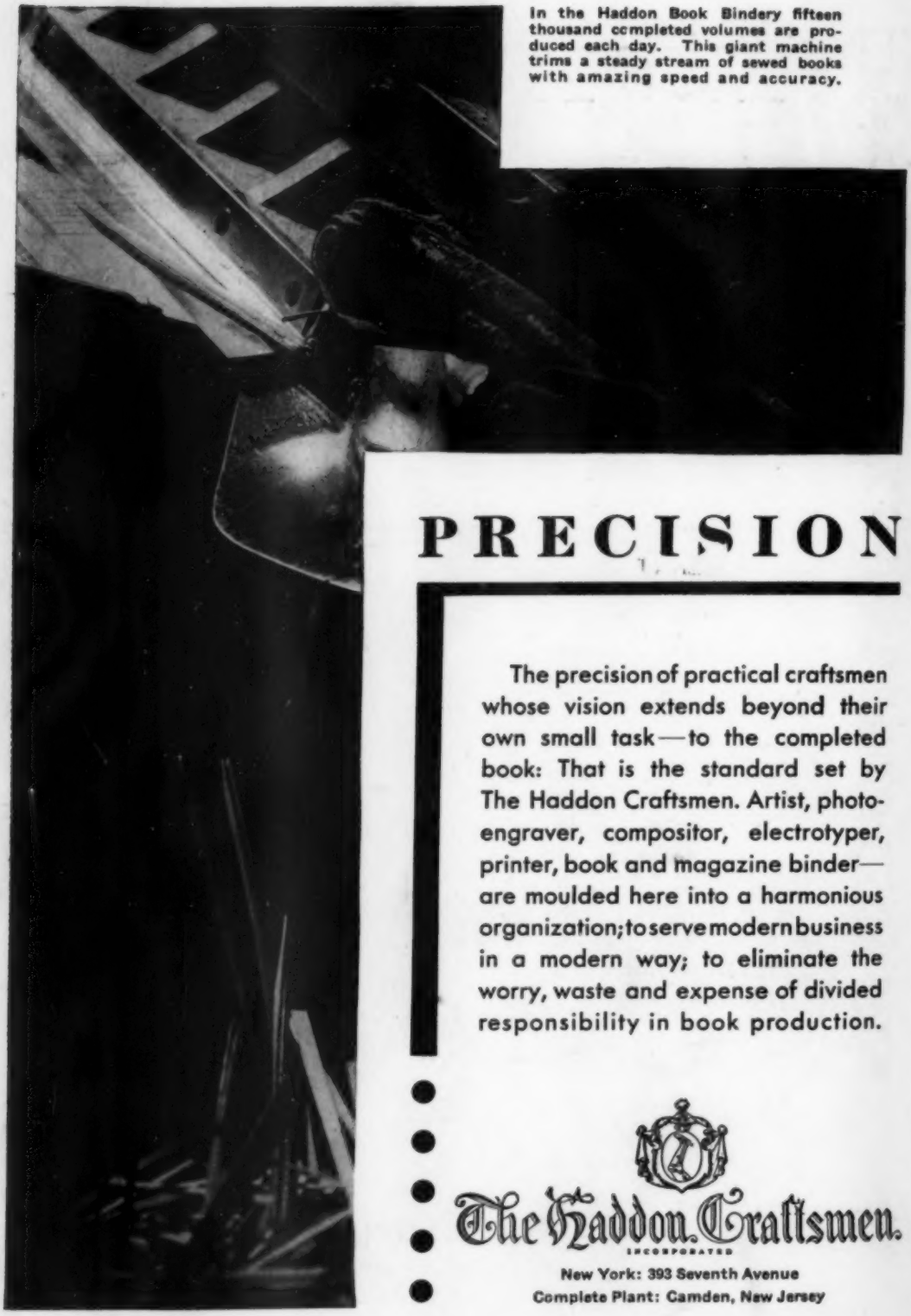
Chess Reclaims a Devotee ALFRED KREYMBORG

First Page Stuff RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

The Rights of the Dead H. H. SAWYER

Reviews of the New Books and Music

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·PUBLISHER



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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Assistant Editor*

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

THE SCIENCES

PSYCHOLOGIES of 1930.
Edited by Carl Murchison. *The Clark University Press*
$6 9 x 6; 497 pp. *Worcester, Mass.*

Five years ago Dr. Murchison, who is Stanley Hall's successor at Clark, printed a volume in which was gathered expositions of all the chief current ideas in psychology, formulated by their principal exponents. In the present book he does the same thing again, but with certain omissions and additions. Dr. John B. Watson, for example, is not represented, and in his place appears Dr. Walter C. Hunter of Clark, with an explanation of "anthroponomy," apparently a bigger and better form of behaviorism. There are three essays on psychoanalysis, three on *Gestalt*, three on various latter-day modifications of the structuralism of E. B. Titchener, and three on the new Russian psychologies. In addition, a number of lone wolves of psychology are represented, and there are historical reviews, and essays on the problems with which all the warring psychologies grapple. The book is well planned and should be very useful to the student. There are ample bibliographies, two indices, and a series of portraits of the contributors.

THE NEW EVOLUTION: ZOÖGENESIS.
By Austin H. Clark. *The Williams & Wilkins Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5½; 297 pp. *Baltimore*

Dr. Clark offers and essays to prove that it is impossible to imagine any of the existing phyla of animals descending from any other phyla. A study of the groups within any given phyla, he says, shows that it is not the way of nature to create new species by setting up new organs and new functions. On the contrary, species are created by the atrophy of organs and the compensatory development of other organs, already existing in a rudimentary state. Thus the vertebrates could not have branched off from the invertebrates. Dr. Clark believes that all of the phyla have existed since the beginning of life—that the first life was not uniform but multiform. The various phyla began with different arrangements of proliferating cells, conditioned mainly by accidents of the environment. Many more phyla than now exist were once to be seen on earth; they have disappeared because, in the course of inter-phylal evolution, they ceased to be fit to survive. Dr. Clark holds, like most other biologists, that man has not descended from the anthropoid apes, but he agrees that man and the apes must have had a common ancestor. His book is full of interesting and unusual ideas. There are many illustrations.

HEAVEN & EARTH: *A Modern Astronomy.*
By Oswald Thomas. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$2.75 8⅜ x 5⅜; 231 pp. *New York*

Dr. Thomas was formerly chief of the Urania observatory at Vienna. His book is well planned and well informed, but in places it suffers from over-simplification and a too amiable chattiness. The most effective chapter, perhaps, is the last, in which the author discusses, with great clarity, the problem as to the limits of the universe. His conclusion is that it is "finite but unbounded." There are many explanatory diagrams. The book lacks an index. The translation from the German is by Bernard Miall.

BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE & MIND OF EMILY DICKINSON.
By Genevieve Taggard. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 8⅜ x 5⅜; 378 pp. *New York*

Miss Taggard's book is almost wholly devoted to the solution of the mystery surrounding Emily Dickinson's lover. First she disposes of the previous chief nominees: the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, the Presbyterian preacher of Philadelphia, and Lieutenant Hunt, first husband of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson. Neither of them, she claims, could possibly have won Emily's heart, for she was not the kind to entertain romantic thoughts about married males. The one who really did knock her off her feet was the Rev. George Gould, whom she first met as a student in Amherst. He was very poor in his youth, but was over six feet tall. In college he was an excellent student and won many honors as an orator. He and Emily, Miss Taggard says, fell in love with each other while still in school, and planned to marry soon after graduation. But Emily's father was against the union on the grounds that George was too poor, and probably wouldn't amount to much anyway. George, it seems, pressed his suit just the same, but Emily would not disobey her father. The rejected lover later became a prominent preacher, and married one Nellie Grout, who took unto herself another husband less than a year after his death. Miss Taggard presents many arguments in favor of her case, but it is by no means as bullet-proof as she seems to think. Her writing is not always as good as it should be. There is too much sighing in it, and frequently it seems to show the influence of the style employed by Queen Marie of Roumania in endorsing vanishing creams. There are many illustrations, a bibliography and an index.

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He couldn't be good!

His life was a throbbing blues song! Women wanted him—fought for him — they were his life — and death.

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REVELATION

By ANDRÉ BIRABEAU *Translated by Una, Lady Troubridge*

THE VIKING PRESS

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

BUILDERS OF THE BAY COLONY.
By Samuel Eliot Morison. The Houghton Mifflin Company
$5 9¼ x 6⅛; 365 pp. *Boston*

The builders Dr. Morison, who is professor of history at Harvard, discusses are Captain John Smith, Thomas Morton, Richard Hakluyt, John White, John Winthrop, Thomas Shepard, John Hull, Henry Dunster, Nathaniel Ward, Robert Child, John Winthrop, Jr., John Eliot, and Anne Bradstreet. What he says about them has been said before, and much better. Dr. Morison is weakest when he attempts to pass judgment on the writings of these builders. He thinks that "The Simple Cobler of Aggawam," by Nathaniel Ward, is a witty book. It is really dull and, in large part, unintelligible. Mrs. Bradstreet's poetry, he says, is full of "music, technique, and above all the admirable qualities of reticence and economy." This is nonsense. Even Moses Coit Tyler, who loved the Puritans as few other Americans have ever loved them, was obliged to pause when he came to consider "The Tenth Muse." There are many illustrations and an index.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *A Psychological Study.*
By Rosamond Langbridge. Doubleday, Doran & Company
$2.50 8⅛ x 5¼; 260 pp. *Garden City, L.I.*

Miss Langbridge depicts Charlotte's life as a long series of frustrations. Her early youth, under the domination of her barbaric father, was forlorn and unhappy, and her years as a governess were scarcely less so. In Brussels, of course, she met M. Héger and there was a flash of romance, but it was scarcely more than a flash, for the affair came to nothing and there is no evidence that M. Héger regarded it as anything save a bore. Charlotte was forty when she married the Rev. Arthur Nicholls, and it was then too late to save her. True enough, she responded with ready and increasing fervor to his somewhat gingery love-making, but before she could become really awakened she was dead in child-bed. Miss Langbridge believes that she was naturally of an ardent disposition and should have married early in life. As it was, her years passed miserably, and even her literary success did not relieve her woe. A lover of beauty, she was doomed to live in drab and depressing places. An instinctive foe to cant, she had to listen all her life to clergymen. A passionate libertarian, she had to submit to the rule of her inferiors, beginning with her father and ending with her husband. As a result she acquired an outfit of complexes that would have enchanted a Freudian. Perhaps we owe her books to them. If so, then poor Charlotte herself had to pay a staggering price for her services to English letters. Miss Langbridge's study is brief but very intelligent. It throws far more light upon the character of Charlotte, and upon the whole Brontë tribe, than any of the more familiar biographies.

THE ADAMS FAMILY.
By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown & Company
$4 9¼ x 6⅛; 364 pp. *Boston*

For four generations the Adams family lived obscurely in New England, a race of simple farmers. Then, in 1734, one of the many Johns thereof married Susanna, daughter of Peter Boylston of Brookline, and ever since, unto our own day, the Adamses have played leading rôles in the instructive comedy of American history. Mr. Adams, who is not related to them, isolates their chief traits: a deadly earnestness, a profound pessimism, a high degree of conscientiousness, and an almost pathological frenzy to reduce their thoughts and feelings to writing. All of them have been copious diarists and letter-writers, including even the women. Mr. Adams discusses them one by one, intelligently, sympathetically and often with sly humor. What he has to say about them is not startling, but it is always interesting. Alone among American noble families, the Adamses have held the public stage for more than a century and a half: a cadet of the house, now somewhat bald and frayed, sits in the Cabinet of Dr. Hoover. Of him Mr. Adams is discreetly silent. The book is well illustrated.

PIONEER LIFE IN TEXAS.
By M. Krueger. Privately printed
8 x 6¼; 225 pp. *San Antonio, Texas*

Mr. Krueger was born in Germany in 1851, and immigrated to Texas, by way of Spain and Cuba, in 1868. He was presently an active member of the German colony at New Braunfels, and prospered as a rancher and merchant. Reduced to poverty in middle life, he switched to manufacturing, and at the time of his death in 1927 was the proprietor of large factories in San Antonio and a man of ample means. His later years he devoted to assembling an art collection. His narrative, written in 1925, is simple and candid. He had the usual adventures of a Texas pioneer and recounts them modestly and effectively. His book will be useful to Texas historians.

CRUCIBLES: *The Lives & Achievements of the Great Chemists.*
By Bernard Jaffe. Simon & Schuster
$5 9¾ x 6¼; 378 pp. *New York*

Mr. Jaffe deals with a gallery of celebrated chemists in a manner which suggests Dr. Paul de Kruif's dealing with bacteriologists in "Microbe Hunters." He lacks de Kruif's capacity for dramatizing research, but he is

Continued on page viii

JUST PUBLISHED

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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painstaking, accurate, clear and interesting. Among the men whose achievements he describes are Bernard Trevisan, Paracelsus, Priestly, Cavendish, Lavoisier, Dalton, Berzelius, Mendeléeff, Arrhenius, Thomson, Moseley and Langmuir. There is also a chapter on Mme. Curie, and at the end there is an excellent short account of the vicissitudes of the atomic theory during the past dozen years. The book contains portraits of the chemists under discussion, and has a good bibliography and an index. It was awarded a prize of $7500 for a book designed to humanize knowledge, offered by the publishers and the *Forum*.

HISTORY

THE NEW ENGLAND CLERGY & THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
By Alice M. Baldwin. *The Duke University Press*
$3.50 9¼ x 6; 222 pp. *Durham, N. C.*

The New England ministers played a very important part in the Revolution. There were fewer loyalists among them than among the clergy of the Middle and Southern Colonies. A large number of them were well read in Locke, Sydney, Coke, Milton and Pufendorf, and did much to spread democratic ideas, in both church and state, long before the Stamp Act. The Revolutionary leaders—Otis, John Adams, Josiah Quincy, and the others—first heard the doctrines of natural rights and of constitutional limitations expounded by their preachers. The people at large were similarly poisoned, so that when 1775 came around it took only a spark to start the conflagration. Strangely enough, the present book by Dr. Baldwin, who is assistant professor of history at Duke University, is the first comprehensive study of the subject. It is an excellent job, and forms a valuable contribution to American history. There is a fine bibliography, and also an index.

CIVIL WAR PRISONS. *A Study in War Psychology.*
By William Best Hesseltine.
The Ohio State University Press
$3 9 x 5¾; 290 pp. *Columbus, O.*

During the Civil War the United States held approximately 220,000 prisoners of war, and the Confederate States about 200,000. From the beginning to the end of the war atrocity charges were made against the prison authorities on both sides, and the press and the politicians used them to boost recruiting. In the North this propaganda work was done with so much more finish than in the South that the triumphant Abolitionists cried for blood long after the ending of hostilities. Dr. Hesseltine, who is professor of history at the University of Chattanooga, presents an excellent summary of all the evidence. He shows that the prisoners in both camps were treated about as humanely as was possible under the prevailing conditions. There was, to be sure, some brutality on the part of the home-guards who were in charge of both Northern and Southern prisons, but on the whole they were fairly decent to their charges. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

THE CRITICAL YEAR.
By Howard K. Beale. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8¼ x 5¾; 454 pp. *New York*

The critical year of Dr. Beale's title is the period between April, 1865, and November, 1866, during which Lincoln's policy of magnanimity toward the defeated South was completely abandoned, and the revolting oppressions of Reconstruction were begun. This *volte-face* has been accounted for variously by historians, always with defective plausibility. Dr. Beale sees its genesis in the eager desire of Northern capital to complete the wreck of the Southern economic system, and set up a strong central government. The business was achieved by the Radical wing of the Republican party, acting in precisely the same way that the familiar pressure groups act today. Every conceivable device for inflaming and deceiving the populace was resorted to, and there issued from the uproar what came near being the worst disaster in American history. Dr. Beale has gone to the sources, and presents much unfamiliar matter. His book is heavily documented and very persuasive.

WAR, POLITICS & RECONSTRUCTION.
By Henry C. Warmoth. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5¾; 285 pp. *New York*

Col. Warmoth was Governor of Louisiana from 1868 to 1872, a time of great turbulence. After serving in the Civil War as commander of a Missouri regiment, he went to New Orleans as judge of the military provost court there, and was presently a leading figure in the current turmoils. He was challenged to fight duels and not infrequently had a hand in less decorous brawls. In one of the latter he killed a man. Elected Governor by the Radical Republicans, he served four exciting years and was then heaved out of office. He retired to a sugar plantation, but a fall in the price of sugar brought him back to New Orleans, and he has lived there ever since. He is now 88 years old. His book is a sort of apologia for his career in Reconstruction politics. "I was never," he says, "a carpet-bagger, though I might, in common parlance, be termed a scalawag." The narrative is heavily documented, and will be useful to future writers upon Reconstruction in Louisiana. Unfortunately, it lacks an index.

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THE THEATRE

MYSELF & THE THEATRE.
By Theodore Komisarjevsky. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3.75 8¼ x 5⅜; 205 pp. *New York*

Next to Gordon Craig, Komisarjevsky is perhaps the greatest theatrical director alive. In Russia he has long been considered the equal, if not the superior, of Stanislavsky. He has directed "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Tales of Hoffman," Gogol's "Government Inspector," Molière's "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday," "Siegfried," and such minor things as Claudel's "The Tidings Brought to Mary" and Milne's "The Lucky One." The last two he directed for the Theatre Guild. In the present book he discusses hurriedly such things as the theatrical conditions in Moscow prior to and during the Revolution, the theatre as money-maker and as art, the importance of imagination in acting, Stanislavsky's system, the "synthetic" theatre and the "universal" actor, the cinema *vs.* the theatre, and the opera as theatre. He says that the "division of the art of the theatre into drama, opera, and ballet is purely artificial and enforced, and perfection in theatrical art can be achieved only by a synthetic union of the drama, opera, and ballet in one single show, in which each of these would be the complement of the other, which would be performed by an ensemble of universal actors." There are many excellent illustrations.

THE LAST MILE. *A Play in Three Acts.*
By John Wexley. *Samuel French*
$2 7⅝ x 5¼; 128 pp. *New York*

The locale of this play is the condemned row in a prison, and the two chief incidents are the preparations for the execution of one of the prisoners and the subsequent mutiny of the others. It was first produced in New York on February 13, of this year. It is one of the best and most moving things of its kind ever put on the American stage. The first act, and by far the most effective, is based on "The Law Takes Its Toll," by Robert Blake, in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for July, 1929. There is a harmless prefatory note by Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing.

AN HOUR OF AMERICAN DRAMA.
By Barrett H. Clark. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$1 7⅜ x 4⅜; 159 pp. *Philadelphia*

This book belongs to the Lippincott One Hour Series, and is one of the happiest selections made so far. It is without doubt the best rapid survey of the history of the American theatre in print. Mr. Clark naturally gives over most of his space to the last twenty years; all that went before was pretty sorry stuff. His tastes are catholic, and his judgments are always judicious.

CRITICISM

BETWEEN THE LINES.
By H. M. Tomlinson. *The Harvard University Press*
$1.25 7¼ x 5⅜; 51 pp. *Cambridge*

Mr. Tomlinson is the author of a dozen or so of books, and he is the three hundred and twenty-third novelist to be compared with the late Joseph Conrad. The present book he first delivered in the form of a lecture, in 1927, at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, and D'Youville College. The first half of it is a rotund denunciation of the pretensions of science, and of the machine age, skyscrapers, modern publishers, and newspaper book reviewers. All art has gone to Hell, he says, because of our preoccupation with crass material things. "Now, I ask you, is there that in the prospect of things as they are, in our modern intense preoccupation with the organization of machinery, to move a poet to praise his God? Would not his lyrical joy surprise us?" It is the things of the spirit that count, and after all "religion and literature . . . are the same." What is necessary for the production of great literature, Mr. Tomlinson ventures to say, are fiery conviction and consuming passion, but the powers let loose by modern science are making both practically impossible.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS AMERICAN.
By Matthew Josephson. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8 x 5¾; 308 pp. *New York*

Mr. Josephson's theme is the herd-life of "a society become increasingly collective and uniform in its interests," and its effects upon the creative artist. He shows that the pressure against him is by no means new in America—that it afflicted Emerson and Melville quite as abominably as, in later years, it has afflicted Lafcadio Hearn, Stephen Crane and the *révoltés* of the Left Bank. He examines at length the cases of those men who, like Henry James, fled to remain for life, those who, like Ambrose Bierce, departed and then came back, and those who, like Melville, remained and endured. He sees an ultimate recoil against standardization and a revival of Humanism, but it will be, of course, the Humanism of the Renaissance, and not the current quackery of bilious pedagogues, for the latter are implacably hostile to the freedom that the artist needs. The book is thoughtful, but it does not get very far. The subject still wants a thorough-going thinking out.

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THE ARTS

MAX WEBER.
By Holger Cahill. *The Downtown Gallery*
$3.50 10¾ x 7¼; 109 pp. *New York*

Max Weber was born in Russia in 1881, and ten years later came to the United States with his parents. He was educated in the Brooklyn public schools, and at the Pratt Institute, under Arthur Wesley Dow, "who brought the great principles of Chinese and Japanese art into the curriculum of the American art school." For a time Weber taught at the University of Virginia and at the State Normal School, Duluth, Minn. In 1905 he went to France, where he studied under Jean Paul Laurens. He was swept off his feet by the work of Matisse and Cézanne, his two gods. He had his first exhibit in Paris in 1906, and since then has achieved an international reputation, not only for his paintings, but also for his woodcuts and sculptures. He has also two books of poems to his credit: "Cubist Poems" and "Primitives." There are thirty-two reproductions.

KNOWING, COLLECTING & RESTORING EARLY AMERICAN FURNITURE.
By Henry Hammond Taylor.
The J. B. Lippincott Company
$3 9 x 6¼; 156 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Taylor has had long experience in collecting and restoring early American furniture, and so his counsel is practical and valuable. He believes that the number of genuine pieces still at large is far from small, and that forgeries capable of deceiving anyone of reasonable information and sagacity are very uncommon. He describes in detail the design and workmanship of the early furniture, and shows how pieces of different dates are to be distinguished. He has excellent chapters on refinishing, on brasses and hardware, and on the errors of clumsy restorers. His book is full of illustrations that really illustrate, and there is a useful index. To the collector it will be very valuable, and to the amateur restorer indispensable.

TRAVEL

JUNGLE PORTRAITS.
By Delia J. Akeley. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅜; 251 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Akeley, the first wife of the late Carl E. Akeley, here describes her journeys to Africa with him a number of years ago. One of her most dramatic chapters tells of her efforts to bring him out of the bush after he had been severely injured by an elephant. In other chapters she discusses the ways of apes and monkeys, crocodiles, and elephants. When a young monkey is captured and tamed, she says, its wild relatives develop a violent antipathy to it, and not infrequently lie in wait for it, seize it and kill it. Her book contains a great deal of unusual matter.

EGYPTIAN DAYS.
By Princess Marthe Bibesco. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 184 pp. *New York*

Princess Bibesco went to Egypt for her health and spent three months there, covering the usual tourist route. She presents her observations in the form of a diary. Many of them are very brief, and not a few of them are trivial and superficial. For example: "Negro villages flash by. An old man on his water-wheel is driving his oxen with a sugar-cane stalk." Again: "The desert. It is always more than 2000 meters deep, but no sponges, no diving-suits, and not a bit of air." Yet again: "Night comes on. There is someone coughing in the lavatory between the compartments." All these occur on two successive pages. Elsewhere there is better stuff, but it cannot be said that the princess's observations add anything to what is commonly known about the Nile country.

REPRINTS

MOGREB-EL-ACKSA: *A Journey in Morocco.*
By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. *The Viking Press*
$3.50 8⅜ x 5⅜; 358 pp. *New York*

This book was first published in London in 1898, and immediately attracted wide attention. Joseph Conrad praised it highly, and George Bernard Shaw borrowed from it the scene and part of the plot of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." The story that it tells is not particularly exciting. Graham went to Morocco in 1897 in an effort to reach the remote and forbidden city of Tarudant, in the Atlas Mountains. He got as far as Kintafi, but was there detained by the local *kaid*, and had to turn back. At no time was his life seriously in danger. But out of his somewhat meagre materials he managed to make an extremely interesting book, and so it promises to become a minor classic. The present edition, the first to be published in America, is beautifully turned out.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH VERSE.
By Charlton Miner Lewis. *The Yale University Press*
$1.50 7⅝ x 5⅛; 136 pp. *New Haven*

This excellent text was first published in 1906, but it is still one of the best introductory studies of English verse in print, and its republication is to be welcomed.

Continued on page xii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

CONSTRUCTION & CRITICISM.
By John Dewey. *The Columbia University Press*
75 cents 9¾ x 6¼; 25 pp. *New York*

In the days of the pioneers, says Dr. Dewey, originality was a much more common thing in America than it is today. Because of the spread of the machine ideology in all departments of our life, we have passed "from a world that was a constant stimulus to some kind of originality and inventiveness to one that puts a premium upon receptivity and reduplication." This has been especially true in the field of education, where schools tend more and more "to be pipe lines and delivery wagons." But it is also true in adult life. "We do not know what we really want and we make no great effort to find out. We, too, allow our purposes and desires to be foisted upon us from without. We, too, are bored by doing what we want to do, because the want has no deep roots in our own judgment of values." The way out is more social and self criticism, and less reliance upon the say-so of "experts." All this is surely not new, but it deserves repetition.

THE DANGERS OF OBEDIENCE *& Other Essays.*
By Harold J. Laski. *Harper & Brothers*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 293 pp. *New York*

The essays here brought together include "The Academic Mind," "Foundations, Universities, and Research," "A Portrait of Jean Jacques Rousseau," "Machiavelli and the Present Time," and "Can Business Be Civilized?" They are reprinted from the *Yale Review*, the *Century*, the *Quarterly Review* (London), and *Harper's*. The opening paper is an eloquent protest against the standardization of opinion which now prevails in the United States, and seems to be increasing. "Freedom," says Professor Laski, "means self-expression, and the secret of freedom is courage. No man ever remains free who acquiesces in what he knows to be wrong. His business as a citizen is to act upon the instructed judgment of his conscience. He may be mistaken; but he ought ceaselessly to be aware that the act he opposes is, after all, no more than the opinion of men who, like himself, are also fallible."

POETRY

THE LOVE POEMS OF JOANNES SECUNDUS.
Translated & edited by F. A. Wright.
E. P. Dutton & Company
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 253 pp. *New York*

Joannes Secundus (or Jan Everaets, in his native language) was born at The Hague on November 29, 1511, and died twenty-five years later. He wrote a great deal in prose, but he is chiefly remembered by classical scholars for his verses, especially his love-lyrics, here translated into English for the first time. The original Latin is printed on the left-hand pages, and the English versions on the pages opposite. In translation the poems read superbly, and one can sympathize with Dr. Wright's enthusiasm when he says of the author that he was "one of the half-dozen greatest love lyrists in world literature, in grace and dexterity of wit worthy to rank with Meleager, Catullus, Heine, De Musset, and the best of our English poets." There is a good introduction by the editor, dealing with the Latin poetry of the Renaissance, and also an index. Dr. Wright is professor of classical literature in the University of London.

PRELUDES AND SYMPHONIES.
By John Gould Fletcher. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.75 7½ x 5; 99 pp. *New York*

This volume is a reissue of Mr. Fletcher's two earlier books, "Irradiations; Sand and Spray" (1915) and "Goblins and Pagodas" (1916). "The value of the book," he says in his new preface, "resides rather in its display of lyric temperament than in any ideas it may contain"; it belongs to "the kind of poetry that has nothing to justify it except its own eagerness for beauty . . ." The pieces deal with a variety of homely topics and show a quiet sincerity of feeling.

POINTS EAST.
By Rachel Field. *Brewer & Warren*
$2. 8 x 5; 126 pp. *New York*

In a poem entitled "Epitaph" Miss Field writes:

Hardly a brick
Or stone to show
That a house once stood,—
But lilies grow
Matted and yellow,
And here between
Fern and junipers
A cinnamon rose
And a buzzing bee
Are keeping a garden's memory.

The other seven poems in the volume, particularly, "The Shell, the Comb, and the Bird," "Delphinium," "The Old Gods Come to Somerville, Maine," and "The Old Pasture" are further records of decay and melancholy in New England. Miss Field's narratives have a quality of fine irony, if at times they are conventionally poetic. The illustrations are taken from early American and English chap books, and are admirably reproduced.

Continued on page xiv

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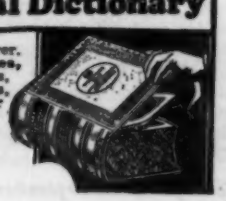

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

LOVE & THE LUXEMBOURG.
By Richard Aldington. *Covici-Friede*
$10 9⅜ x 6⅜; 54 pp. *New York*

In this poem Mr. Aldington recounts how, at five o'clock of a sunny afternoon, he "sat in one of those uncomfortable iron chairs under the trees of the Luxembourg," and how, like any other normal Englishman in Paris, he had an erotic day-dream. Now, he says,

I am so much moved as I write this
That my hand shakes with excitement,
And there is so much to say
I scarcely know where and how to begin.

The details, however, are really quite banal. Mr. Aldington simply dreamed that a beautiful young woman invited him to a town on the coast of France, that he naturally expected to stay decently at a hotel, and that she surprised him by inviting him to her house and offering him very charming if somewhat indelicate hospitality. All this he sets forth in a poem of more than 1000 lines, not more than 40 or 50 of which are actually poetry. The book appears in a chaste and lovely format, designed by Frederic Warde; the printing is by William Edwin Rudge. But 475 copies are issued, each signed by the author and Mr. Warde.

Continued in back advertising section, page xxiv

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The title alone penetrates with luminous clarity into the whole situation of modern culture and life and touches upon the very weakest points of its spirit. With noble modesty and stirring simplicity Dr. Freud here exposes the victorious progress of mechanics and the simultaneous limitation of fear in each individual.

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VOLUME XX NUMBER 80

The American
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August 1930

THE SUCCESS BOYS AT STANFORD

BY GEORGE P. WEST

In 1909 a Santa Barbara lawyer went to Stanford University to visit his son, a freshman student there. When he returned, he told a reporter that Stanford was a hot-bed of Socialism. Twenty years later Thorstein Veblen died in a lonely cabin in the Coast Range foot-hills behind the university, and Herbert Hoover entered the White House to proclaim the American gospel of two cars to a family. And where the early students had strolled with co-eds, looking for mushrooms on the hills and meadows west of the campus, they began work on a new $160,000 golf course, financed by Pop Warner's football teams.

Stanford, of course, never was a hot-bed of Socialism. No one rejoiced more heartily at Mr. Hoover's election than David Starr Jordan, and when, in a wheel-chair in his unpretentious home on the campus, he celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, the high moment of the day was the arrival of a message of congratulation from the White House. It was not an emotional message, but Dr. Jordan had known for a long time that Mr. Hoover was not an emotional man. From where the chancellor emeritus sat he could almost see the huge new eight-chimnied official residence of President Ray Lyman Wilbur, now absent on leave as Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of the other Stanford boy. In less than forty years, a university established with the avowed purpose of equipping students for "personal success and direct usefulness in life" had provided the nation with a President and a Cabinet officer, members respectively of the first and second classes ever to complete their courses on its campus.

Nor do mere titles give the true measure of Dr. Jordan's success. No considerations touching Mr. Hoover's shortcomings as President can reduce the size of his achievement in those years when he was feeding millions of men, women and children, beginning with Belgians at the English Channel and ending with Russians in Middle Asia. It was almost a Stanford enterprise, with Professor Vernon Kellogg in charge in Belgium, with Will Irwin and half a dozen other Stanford boys constituting the Hoover staff. Here was "direct usefulness" on the grand scale—Senator Stanford's hope and purpose achieved with dramatic neatness by a member of the first class to be graduated at the new school which seemed more than a little ridiculous when it opened its doors on a wheat-field in 1891.

As for Dr. Wilbur, his career is less spectacular but impressive enough. He was graduated with the class of 1896, a year behind Mr. Hoover. Like Hoover, he worked his way through, as an assistant in physiology, and, like Hoover, he fell in love with a Stanford co-ed and married her.

He had to go to Cooper Medical College in San Francisco for his medical degree, but he was back at once, as a teacher in the university and a practitioner in the town of Palo Alto, and when Stanford took over Cooper in 1909, President Jordan (himself an M.D. with definite ideas about medical education), surprised the doctors by choosing this somewhat obscure man as dean.

Dr. Wilbur is credited with an excellent job of reorganizing the school and its two hospitals. People began to speak of him as a born executive. He was a man after Mr. Hoover's own heart, and when the latter in his capacity of a very active trustee greeted Dr. Wilbur as the new president of Stanford, after his elevation to that post in 1916, I am sure there was a gleam of understanding in their eyes.

There is even a story in California that it was Ray and not his brother Curtis whom Mr. Hoover later recommended to President Coolidge for the Navy portfolio, and that Calvin appointed Curtis by mistake. The invention of a Hoover enthusiast, it does Mr. Coolidge an injustice in circumstances where justice is bad enough. At any rate, the two appreciated each other, and when President Wilbur returned from welcoming Hoover home from Europe, he said to a Stanford audience: "I saw one of America's biggest bankers throw his arms about him, and I said to myself: 'At last Stanford has arrived!'"

This identifying of Stanford's fortunes with those of Mr. Hoover is resented by a few on the campus. But they are a small minority. They are the crabbed few who begrudge the wily Pop Warner his unquestioned place as the leading local citizen (now that President Wilbur is absent in Washington), and who even look sourly at the new stadium and gymnasia and the $160,000 golf course earned by Pop's football teams. They are the handful who take no pleasure in the spectacle of undergraduates in well-tailored uniforms cantering astride artillery horses and smartly wheeling their 75-millimeter field pieces into line against an imaginary foe. They are tactless enough to remember that the man who organized Stanford and dominated it for twenty-two years disliked military uniforms and won something of a reputation as a pacifist, and that he disapproved professional coaches and even suppressed American football at Stanford during the last ten years of his reign.

There are, I say, these pestiferous few. They are few and therefore lonely, as they would be almost anywhere in Mr. Hoover's America, but perhaps a little lonelier at Stanford because of something that once existed there and that exists no longer, and because the thing that prevails everywhere has reached at Stanford so complete an expression. The germ of it was always there. From the first, the doctrine of "personal success" was explicit, and Dr. Jordan's spaciousness of mind and heart never concealed, to the closer view, the utilitarian and pragmatic limits of an idealism that was not permitted to interfere with the process of adapting himself to his environment.

A zoölogist and an evolutionist, reared during the happy years when evolution was seen as God made manifest in a steady progress onward and upward, it was almost inevitable that Dr. Jordan, by temperament a happy and uncritical man, should carry his pragmatism to the point of rejecting ideas and conduct that interfered with "personal success" in the America of his time. I am sure that it distressed him to dismiss Professor Ross for political utterances that were hurting the university's chances of saving its endowment, then at the mercy of courts and politicians, and that many years later it hurt him to fire Professor Veblen for becoming involved in domestic entanglements that hurt the university's reputation for a high moral atmosphere. But I am equally sure that he acted with a clear conscience, fortified by his scientist's apprehension that an organism must adapt itself or perish.

The point I am making is that Stanford carried the germ of the present even in those idyllic earlier years under Jordan, and that those who don't like its subli-

mated go-getterism of today are facing rather a change in fashions than a reversal in fundamentals. An essential unity inheres in the lives of the men who have made Stanford, and it is singularly in character with their country and their times. Stanford, Jordan, Hoover, Wilbur were all the sons of country people of the orthodox American Puritan stock. The story of each is the old Alger story of the ambitious farm boy who goes out into the world determined to make good, and hence to eschew whiskey and tobacco, vagrant dallying, too curious inquiry, dangerous experiments, all heretical conduct and ideas, any impulse toward behavior outside the approved pattern of his time and place.

II

Senator Stanford was born at Watervliet near Albany in 1824. He attended an academy, read law, and joined the westward migration, spending four years in Wisconsin, and then moving on to California, where he opened a store for miners at Michigan Bluff in 1852. He prospered, opened a larger store in Sacramento, and had a quarter of a million dollars in 1860.

He intended to return to New York, but they nominated and elected him Governor, and before his term had expired he had become deeply involved in the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad from Sacramento across the Sierras. With three other Sacramento merchants, Crocker, Huntington and Hopkins, he organized the company as a loyal booster for Sacramento, expecting others with greater resources to take over the enterprise. But they never did, and presently, after lean years of ridicule and discouragement, the four Sacramento shop-keepers found themselves rolling in wealth, power, and corruption. They became the Big Four of California, built ugly mansions on Nob Hill in San Francisco, controlled politics, and sent Stanford to Washington as Senator in 1885.

Of the four he was by far the most admirable. In Washington he mulled over the welfare of the farmer and the workingman, devising harmless schemes for easier credit and coöperation. At San Francisco he listened to Dr. Horatio Stebbins at the First Unitarian Church, and when it came time to fix the policy of his embryo university he decreed quaintly that the trustees should "prohibit sectarian instruction, but have taught the immortality of the soul, the existence of an all-wise and benevolent Creator, and that obedience to His laws is the highest duty of man."

In his hobbies, too, Senator Stanford was engaging. On his Palo Alto farm, thirty miles south of San Francisco, he bred some of the finest race horses in America, employing one hundred and sixty men and planting sixty acres of carrots for their feed. At a still larger ranch in the Sacramento Valley he planted 4,000 acres of grapes and produced excellent wines. Long after his death, Mrs. Stanford was in the habit of sending cases of sherry, angelica or claret to all and sundry associated with the university, and in the days when Herbert Hoover walked with destiny on the quad it was no rare sight to see a professor carrying off a jug from the Stanford home-place.

There was something admirable and pathetic in the way in which the aging Stanfords went about the world looking for the best. Two strong natures concentrated their parental passion in a frail boy, and when he died, at sixteen, of the Roman fever, at Florence, in 1884, they turned to thoughts of some public benefaction in his memory. Of sensitive conscience, Senator Stanford ardently desired to be liked, and to square his account with God and California. Young Leland had been collecting objects of art for a museum to be presented to San Francisco, and from this there gradually evolved the conception of a great university, its doors open to all, without fee. Senator Stanford awoke one morning saying: "The children of California shall be my children."

Not so much is heard of this in recent years, now that tuition and other fees

amount to $345 a year, but for a long while, in the old tuition-free days, it was one of the mottoes of the university. (The other was "Die Luft der Freiheit weht," and that went in 1917.) Like many another, Senator Stanford saw education as a cure-all, but for him, true son of his time and country, it meant machinery. Laying the corner-stone of the inner quadrangle in 1887, he said:

> The great masses of the toilers are now compelled to perform such an amount of labor as makes life often wearisome. . . . Education, by teaching the intelligent use of machinery, is the only remedy for such waste.

In a wheat-field, on land gently sloping from San Francisco Bay to the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains, they began work on the twelve one-story buildings of buff sandstone, roofed with red tiles and connected by open arcades, that enclose the inner quadrangle. Nearby rose the large men's dormitory, a massive, homely, stone building, its design suggested by a Swiss hotel that had pleased the Stanfords. Here, four years later, Herbert Hoover was to be assigned the first room, by Dr. Jordan himself. Engineering shops, a library and a museum completed the original plant, which served for nearly ten years until the outer quadrangle was completed in 1900. It was an adaptation of the California mission style, with Romanesque features, the whole unified, harmonious, inoffensive, but lacking any positive distinction and beauty.

Four years' work on the buildings proceeded before Stanford made a beginning of his faculty. His advisers were Daniel C. Gilman of the Johns Hopkins, Andrew D. White of Cornell, and Francis A. Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Cornell pleased him best, because of its then revolutionary emphasis on applied science, engineering, and agriculture, and in the Spring of 1891 he offered the presidency to White. But White's pioneering days were over, and he sent Stanford to Bloomington, Indiana, where Dr. Jordan, a Cornell graduate, had become, at forty, president of the State university. He accepted Stanford's offer of the presidency at $10,000 a year.

It was then March, and the university was to open its doors on October 1. In the intervening seven months Dr. Jordan chose a successor at Indiana, gathered a beginning faculty of fifteen, outlined the courses and policies, and was on hand with the proper rhetoric to greet 465 pioneer students! Most of them were poor boys from the Middle West, of an average age of twenty or twenty-one, drawn from a distance by the promise of free tuition, a minimum number of required courses in nonutilitarian subjects, and every facility for hurrying forward to "personal success."

III

Dr. Jordan's own life has been as direct, as unclouded by doubt of his chosen values. The son of pious farm people in upper New York, he has been a life-long foe of liquor and tobacco. A splendid physique, a great kindliness, a naturally happy and buoyant temperament and a complete integration between his impulses and the copy-book maxims of his world, made him, in his active days, a singularly happy and charming man. No ironic imp of doubt ever perched on his shoulder to mock his purpose and challenge his values. He was a master salesman, of himself, of his university, of the Cornell-Stanford-Jordan ideal of education for "personal success and direct usefulness," and its concomitants of clean living and democratic utilitarian idealism. "The keynote of American education is efficiency," he liked to repeat. His mind played with sufficient eagerness and curiosity among the phenomena of the planet to win him the liking and esteem of intelligent men, without leading him over the hedges dividing the safe American lanes from the perilous fields in which less pragmatic minds explored the frontiers of economics and morals. He moved always in a circle of men whose success was attested by their status and survival as leading

citizens, dignitaries, important people, and he accepted as a matter of course the importance of keeping that status for himself.

He was, providentially, an ichthyologist. His knowledge of fishes gave him a solid scholar's standing in a field where the most relentless pursuit of facts could not bring him into conflict with moral or economic taboos, where even the most deplorable conduct could be observed and catalogued objectively. And always it provided the occasion for out-of-door excursions to places where Nature had done her best, and research could be carried on with all the elements of a farm-boy's holiday.

In natural science, too, Dr. Jordan found the sanction that he scarcely needed for his own inborn tendency to adapt himself to his environment in this best of all possible worlds. Problems of social and economic organization seem never to have engaged his deep interest, and at Stanford the men who inquired too curiously into these matters were discouraged. The Ross scandal left scars, as is shown by Dr. Jordan's elided and half-hearted reference to it in his autobiography. When Thorstein Veblen departed, Dr. Jordan came out of the incident with little criticism even from Veblen and his friends. Not shocked himself, he mildly reminded the fallen professor that "this is not Bohemia." When a colleague expressed regret to Veblen that he was leaving, Veblen replied in his curious dry voice: "Yes. I understand that my domestic arrangements do not have the approval of the administration." A pause. "Nor do they have mine." And so the only man touched with genius who ever taught at Palo Alto departed for less finicky fields, and Stanford went on preparing youths for "personal success and direct usefulness in life."

There were, then, wind-breaks to protect the Stanford flock from the wind of freedom, but it did blow there in the reign of Jordan, and if I were drawing one of those ancient maps of the place I would show the genial and expansive president hovering over the campus with puffed cheeks. He blew whenever the exigencies of a menaced endowment or the dictates of morality permitted. In his essential quality he was first-rate, a generous, yea-saying gentleman, and he had the rare teacher's gift of making the climate of his neighborhood.

He could even turn the university's poverty into a blessing. Senator Stanford's death in 1893 threw the estate into litigation, and it remained tied up for seven hazardous years. There were times when the devoted Mrs. Stanford could barely scrape together enough to meet expenses, and the faculty contributed 10% of their salaries. Life on "the Farm" was simple, neighborly, and idyllic, and from being a rich man's prodigal benefaction the university became the object of loyalty and sacrifice. Very reluctantly Dr. Jordan and Mrs. Stanford decided on an annual $20 registration fee, but Stanford remained virtually free through all those critical years and until 1920.

"In the early years, at least," wrote Dr. Jordan in his autobiography, "the student body contained an unusually large number of original and varied characters drawn to the institution from all parts of the country, and representing almost every conceivable form of talent or genius. . . . Faculty homes were freely opened to the young people, and joint exploring expeditions to the mountains and sea were common. . . . My mind persistently turns back to the old, idyllic days, never before experienced by any university group, and never to return."

IV

Herbert Hoover came back to Stanford in 1912, as a newly elected trustee. He had never been far away, and cynics err who see his latter-day association as merely the expedient of a candidate in need of a voting address. It is quite probable that he would be president of Stanford today if the Serbian bomb had not elevated him to dizzier heights. Dr. Jordan met him while traveling in Australia in 1907, and tells about it in his autobiography:

> Hoover was then 33 years of age, a quiet, boyish-looking, soft-spoken young man, but with very positive opinions and high ideals. . . . On our way that night to Adelaide, Hoover explained that he had run through his profession. It held nothing more for him except to lay up money, of which he already had all he needed. As managing partner of the London firm of Bewick, Moreing & Company, he was receiving $5,000 a year as mining expert and $95,000 a year as financial expert. Upon his return to London, he intended to resign, complete a literary study which appealed to him, and then go back to America and find some form of executive work in which he could be of service.

The literary work, completed in 1909, was a translation by Mr. and Mrs. Hoover of "De Re Metallica" by Agricola, a bulky tome in medieval Latin. To translate it and publish it in a magnificent edition, bound in vellum, was such a work as might be urged in favor of a man otherwise lacking that postgraduate scholarship formerly held essential in the president of a university. Meanwhile the Hoovers' London home was a Stanford headquarters. Dr. Jordan and his wife were house-guests there in 1905, 1910, and 1913, staying for considerable periods and making use of the Hoover car for motor jaunts about England.

Back on the campus in 1912, Mr. Hoover as a new trustee moved quickly to give Stanford the benefit of his administrative gifts. Alumni and faculty were grumbling about this and that; it was one of those moments that come to families, newspapers, businesses, universities, when something needs to be done. And Mr. Hoover never doubted that he was the one to do it. To an efficient man, of positive opinions and high ideals, it was just another chore, like shaking up the staff at a gold mine. Dr. Jordan was then sixty-one, and within four years of automatic retirement. Mr. Hoover won his gratitude and removed him from the presidency at the same time by proposing to make him chancellor for the remaining years of his active service. He would be relieved of administrative burdens and left free to agitate for peace in Europe. Mr. Hoover not only initiated the change, but nominated Dr. Jordan's successor. He was Dr. Branner, professor of geology from the beginning and long vice-president, who would himself be retired for age two years later, an obscure and estimable man who would doubtless be grateful for the honor and amenable to suggestion from those who bestowed it. These changes were abruptly announced on Commencement Day, 1913. Writes Dr. Jordan:

> The audience, having previously heard nothing of the proposed change, was plainly dazed, not knowing what to think or expect in the future, because during twenty-two years I had become so identified in their minds with the university itself that they could hardly conceive of it without me. Hoover now rose and proposed "Three cheers for the chancellor!" But few understood why they should cheer over what seemed (to most, at least) a painful separation, and he got only a slight response.

One can't read Dr. Jordan's heart. If Mr. Hoover's masterful disposition of affairs ever rankled, if the ex-president, vigorous at sixty-two, suddenly stripped of power as well as of burdens, woke up in the night sometimes and wondered what had hit him, certainly he has given no sign. Only in the passage just quoted does he seem to show a revealing sympathy with those who saw no reason to cheer over a sudden turn of events that was about to bring Stanford under the domination of the Hooverian brand of efficiency and idealism.

V

When Dr. Branner retired Mr. Hoover's old friend Dr. Wilbur succeeded him, moving down from the medical school in San Francisco. After mobilizing Stanford in 1917, he became Mr. Hoover's first lieutenant in the Food Administration, as head of the conservation division. Returning from the Battle of Washington, he faced the old problem of Stanford poverty, aggravated now by high prices and the drain on revenue of the medical school which is his special pride. Given the university's en-

dowment of $12,000,000 in plant and $30,000,000 in income-producing assets, two courses were open. One was to remain true to the founder's purpose by keeping tuition free, and to make up for advantages that required more money by a perpetuation of the Stanford traditions as personified by Dr. Jordan: a simple social life; a student-body of eager and exceptional boys drawn from all sections; a rigid discouragement of such extra-curricular coltishness as delivers a university over to its football coaches and its more simian alumni; an emphasis away from country-club conformities and toward the individual; a distinction of the mind and spirit to which income is irrelevant. The alternative was to do exactly as Stanford has done.

Two courses were open, but the choice was predetermined when Mr. Hoover accomplished Dr. Jordan's removal and cleared the way for Dr. Wilbur. It would be preposterous to criticize that gaunt and earnest gentleman for anything that he has done, whether presiding at President Harding's death-bed or hailing Mr. Hoover in a political speech as the Man of the Hour. Nothing in the record is indecorous, nothing undertaken with any short of the best intentions, and nothing else so crude as that one outburst about Mr. Hoover and the banker. Minds critical of the Hooverian Utopia do not seek places on the Stanford faculty these days, but to the one or two dissenters surviving from old times he has been just and fair even when zealots howled for their blood.

For the rest, Stanford is on its way to become the Yale-Princeton of the Coast. Tuition has risen from virtually nothing in 1920 to $345 a year, and the paternity of Senator Stanford's university narrows more and more to the offspring of such Californians as are a cut above their fellows financially and whose wives have social ambitions. It has had the effect predicted by Dr. Jordan in 1920 of keeping away students from a distance, and today an overwhelming majority of the undergraduates are from California.

Dr. Wilbur's first step was to fill up the board of trustees with the Right People. Since 1919 there have been added as many as possible of the exemplars of personal success in terms of millions of dollars, and of the extreme conservatism that accompanies such accumulations. The list includes an imposing array of public utility nabobs, directors of great power companies, the president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the enormously rich Harry Chandler, director in thirty-five corporations, whose colossal land ventures about Los Angeles and in the Imperial Valley below the Mexican line would have made him celebrated even if he had not married the late Harrison Gray Otis' daughter and succeeded him as publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, the great family Bible of red-baiters and land speculators. Another trustee, a Stanford alumnus, is that T. C. C. Gregory who boasted, when he returned from Hungary, that he had used the control of food delegated to him by Mr. Hoover to drive out the Reds and install the bloody Horthy dictatorship. And outstanding on the board, singled out by President Wilbur in his annual reports as a donor and collector of funds, has been C. O. G. Miller, an active executive and owner in California's largest power and public utility corporations.

If these men do not produce the money with which to finance Stanford's new graduate school of business and its other ambitions, it is through no lack of care in choosing them. Meanwhile they are doing very well by Dr. Wilbur himself, who retains his huge and ugly official residence on the campus unoccupied and receives his full salary, its size a profound secret but reputed to be $20,000, while living in Washington and receiving $12,000 a year from the Government. It is the custom at Stanford for mere professors, absent on sabbatical years and without other income, to receive only half of their salaries. And the trustees' exceptional generosity to Dr. Wilbur at a time when Stanford loses no opportunity to cry its poverty is seen by

the evil-minded in California as somewhat sinister in view of the imposing group of power company officials on the board and Dr. Wilbur's delicate relations with the power industry as Secretary of the Interior and ex-officio chairman of the Federal Power Commission. My own guess is that even if Dr. Wilbur felt under obligation to these gentlemen for their handsome grant of full salary, he would be unable to conceive of their asking for anything that they should not have.

Senator Stanford decreed that his university should never spend a penny for advertising. But he was no seer, and as a business man he would have to approve the $15,000 salary paid to Pop Warner, who came to Stanford as football coach in 1922. It was a vastly profitable investment. The new athletic plant and the golf course are only the more tangible returns. There are also spiritual values. Says an article in the *Stanford Illustrated Review:*

> Another strong factor in securing recognition for Stanford University Press has been the Warner-coached football team. Press representatives reported a marked change in the attitude of the book trade in the East following Stanford's defeat of the Army last year.

The high point of the 1929–1930 year at Stanford was the second defeat of West Point, this time at the great stadium on the campus, and the resplendent dinner at a San Francisco hotel given to teams and dignitaries the same night by Herbert Fleishhacker, San Francisco banker, father of a player on the Stanford squad, and reputed provider of an additional $5,000 a year for Pop Warner through a not-too-onerous bank job at Palo Alto. Not even Mr. Hoover's return raised Stanford to greater heights. Sports writers, bond salesmen, the younger and more red-blooded professors, men-about-town, and salaried young graduates of the athletic board, fresh from counting the day's receipts in hundreds of thousands, sat happily together under the patronage of one of the country's leading bankers.

Dr. Wilbur was regrettably absent in Washington, but he had already done his part. Dr. Jordan, foreseeing the trend of hippodrome football with professional coaches, had fought it to extinction at Stanford. Under Dr. Wilbur it came back stronger than ever. Dr. Jordan had foreseen also the development of local tax-supported junior colleges, and in initiating the policy of gradually suppressing the freshman and sophomore years, he had been worried not at all by the likelihood that this would incidentally diminish that training-course in Rotarian banalities known as extra-curricular activity. Not so the alumni, and Dr. Wilbur hastened to reassure them by promising bigger and better football once the change was accomplished.

With students entering at the junior year, he pointed out, good players could join the squad at once instead of waiting a year as freshmen must, and with the development of graduate schools, including the new one of business administration, there was no reason to fear that good players would quit Stanford short of three or four solid years of participation. All that it required was a change in the eligibility rules, "which will be as much desired by our neighboring universities as by ourselves." Dr. Wilbur was not the man to discourage a trend that has established the Stanford Press with the book trade and brought one of the country's leading bankers so snugly within the Stanford circle.

VI

What, meanwhile, is happening to Senator Stanford's theory of education and machinery? The official Directory for the Winter quarter of 1929–1930 disclosed an interesting distribution of upper-classmen among the departments in which they were majoring. All branches of the School of Engineering accounted for only 227 juniors and seniors out of a total of 1535. Chemistry got 54 more. Nearly four times as many, 855, were majoring in the School of Social Sciences, with Economics enrolling 470, or more than twice as many as any

other one subject in the university. As for the School of Letters, including ancient and modern languages as well as English, it mustered, with the help of the 500 co-eds, 111.

The significant thing here is not the poor showing of the humanities, for we have seen that Stanford chose Cornell as its model. It is the shift from engineering and applied science to business. Apparently young men are aware by instinct of that present-day division of rewards by which, in Herbert Hoover's case, 5% went to the technological expert and 95% to the promoter.

For the present, at least, "personal success" in a big way lies not in the production of goods by a few grubby and sweaty engineers, assisted by the proletariat, but in the sale and financial exploitation of their products by sleek men with shrewd and dexterous minds, playing golf at the right clubs and working in offices with flowers on their desks.

Mining in particular is in eclipse, and the same Stanford Directory showed not a single junior or senior majoring in the department presided over by the President's brother. But Theodore Hoover, who joined the faculty in 1919 after eighteen years as a mining engineer in far quarters of the globe, is dean of the entire school of engineering and hence a campus nabob. He has thrown overboard a lot of the nonsense that circulated on the Stanford campus when he was an undergraduate with the class of 1901, and if the present administration is not an utter repudiation of Dr. Jordan and all his works I find it impossible to explain his eminence there.

One gathers from the public prints that Dean Hoover is a bellicose gentleman, very hard-boiled indeed and impatient of mushy sentiment. The eclipse of his department of mining must spell for him the early fall of the Republic, for as I write he is involved in a row with the editor of the student daily which discloses his conviction that better mining means bigger and better wars, without which a people perish. It seems that Dean Hoover's mimeographed syllabus of lectures has carried for some years a paragraph headed "Preparedness" and distilling wisdom as follows:

> The human race develops by war and succeeds by war in proportion to its use of metal. Races perish in peace. Culture is increased by the invention of new weapons. The pacifist errs in assuming that peace is desirable. Emerson said, "Everything we have must be paid for. We Americans are living in unpaid luxury and must pay in the future by blood and hard work."

When Robert Speers, senior student and editor of the *Stanford Daily*, wrote an editorial quoting this paragraph and condemning it as "academic jingoism," Dean Hoover tried unsuccessfully to prevent its publication, asserting that Speers had violated a rule against quoting class-room utterances. The next day Speers was rebuked by Acting President Swain, who said that Dean Hoover was "an able and highly esteemed member of the faculty," and that "the greatest teachers are often those who provoke students to thoughtful consideration of important issues," thus achieving a line of thought that would entitle Al Capone to a Ph.D.

The same night five graduate students in mining, older men studying with Dean Hoover, attempted to kidnap Speers and throw him into the campus lake. Speers, suspicious, answered a lying telephone call at midnight, accompanied by Professor Everett Smith of the journalism department and a deputy sheriff, who got a confession from one of the kidnappers and exposed the plot.

Nor is Dean Hoover's militancy merely cerebral. It is true that he missed the cultural benefits of life in the trenches. But not two weeks before the Speers incident he was disclosed to San Francisco newspaper readers in the act of arresting three school-boys single-handed when, wearing a deputy sheriff's badge, he encountered them illegally fishing on his land. And the field artillery unit of the Stanford R. O. T. C. is Dean Hoover's special pride.

Yes indeed! Stanford has arrived!

A NOTE AS TO SINCLAIR LEWIS

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

PEOPLE who ought to know a great deal better will tell you that Sinclair Lewis has portrayed many aspects of our American life. In fact, when "Babbitt" and "Main Street" were but lately included in the library presented to President Herbert C. Hoover, it was upon the tactless ground, as stated by one of the selectors, that "the reading of them will help a man to understand the temperament of the American people." I put aside the ineluctable inference—as being an over-blunt if unintentional criticism of our first British President's conduct in office—and I remark merely that I do not think the statement itself is true.

I shall come back to that. Meanwhile, in whatsoever milieu, Mr. Lewis throughout the 'twenties has dealt incessantly with one single problem: whether or not it is better to do that which seems expected? As long ago as in the Spring of 1920, in "Main Street," the question was raised whether Carol Kennicott should or should not conform to what Gopher Prairie expected. The question was given perhaps its most nearly classic form in "Babbitt," wherein the protagonist fidgets before this problem, of conforming or of not conforming, in connection with well-nigh all departments of life as it is led in Zenith the Zip City. Then Mr. Lewis turned to the especial variant of the same problem as it concerns the scientist, in "Arrowsmith"; in "Elmer Gantry" he brought the minister of the gospel face to face with this problem; and a little later he confronted Sam Dodsworth with the problem (already touched upon in "Mantrap") of conforming or of not conforming to that which seemed expected in—of all avocations—the pursuit of pleasure.

Very much as Ellen Glasgow has been haunted perpetually by the question, What should a woman do before the idiocy of male notions? so has Sinclair Lewis, I think, been beset for at least ten years by the kindred problem, What should a man do before the idiotic notions of other men? In brief, do the inhabitants of Zenith and Monarch and Sparta and Banjo Crossing, or of any other community in Winnemac, pay the more dearly for living as self-determining individuals or as conformists to their neighbors' communal follies?

Mr. Lewis does not ever answer that question outright: but he does very insistently compel his readers to cast about for an answer. Time and again Sinclair Lewis has exalted the bravery if not precisely the wisdom of individualism by the roundabout method of depicting the conformist. There is, he has discovered, a great deal of humbug and stupidity and viciousness going about masked as the correct thing to do in every walk of life as life speeds in Winnemac, the home of manly men and of womanly women and of other Regular Guys. And Mr. Lewis portrays with loving abhorrence superb monsters, now and then a bit suggestive of human beings, who make the very best (in an entirely utilitarian sense) of this humbug and of this stupidity and of this viciousness, to enhance their own moral standing and bank accounts.

I said, he portrays. Yet Sinclair Lewis is far too opulently gifted to have to plagiarize his manly men and his womanly women from the life about him. He has

turned instead—compelled it may be by those freakish planets which ruled over the date of his birth—to commemorate a more striking race. I perhaps can best explain my meaning by reminding you that upon February 7, 1812, was born at Portsmouth, in England, the discoverer of that gnomelike United States of America which, when young Martin Chuzzlewit visited it in 1842, was inhabited by Colonel Diver (of the *Rowdy Journal*) and Mr. Jefferson Brick and Major Cyrus Choke and Mr. Lafayette Kettle and the Hon. Elijah Pogram, and by yet other of the most remarkable goblins in the country—a discomfortable country that clung with untirable lungs "to the Palladium of rational Liberty," in government of the people by people. All these, we know, are superb and somewhat sinister grotesques which were not, as we likewise know, in 1842 or at any other instant, the least bit "true to life," but which none the less in 1930 continue exuberantly to live. I would remind you also that just seventy-three years after the birth of Charles Dickens, upon February 7, 1885, was born at Sauk Center, in Minnesota, the portrayer of Almus Pickerbaugh and Vergil Gunch and Elmer Gantry and Chum Frink and scores of still other superb yet somewhat sinister grotesques. Their names alone, not altogether of this sunlit earth, but cacophonous and grating and darkly gnomelike, betray the origin which their conduct confirms. These are most plainly the elvish grandchildren, upon the distaff side, of that unhuman race encountered by Martin Chuzzlewit Jr. during his exile to an uncanny land not ever again visited, I believe, by any other tourist until Sinclair Lewis went a-wayfaring on faëry seas and in 1920 discovered Winnemac.

II

I am far from suggesting that this shared birthday has made of Mr. Lewis our American Dickens. In fact, to describe any author whatsoever as "the American So-and-So" is the hall-mark of those whom an education beyond their mental means has but enabled to express their entire lack of ideas grammatically. Then, too, not even that kindred ever-present humorousness which flickers through the writings of both men, like incessant heat lightnings, should blind us to the fact that in fundamentals no writers differ more decisively.

In every book by Dickens the backbone of all is optimism and a fixed faith that by-and-by justice and candor will prevail. No reader of "Martin Chuzzlewit" believes for one paragraph that Martin and Mark Tapley may perhaps not win safely through the troll-haunted America to which they have been temporarily exiled. They are but taking part in a very old form of fairy tale, in which a particular room may not be entered by the human hero, or a magic broom be touched, or a pomegranate be tasted, except at the cost of his eternal slavery in goblin land. The goblins, that is, will get you if you don't watch out. They will get you if you enter the room they suggest or eat the pomegranates they offer you in profusion. But the firm of Chuzzlewit & Tapley, as we well know, travels in the cause of conventional righteousness: it follows, in Dickens' philosophy, as indeed it usually follows in actual life, that the pair will in due course be provided with monetary competence and acceptable brides. They will escape, in fine, from the goblins —just as in all fairy tales the heroes lightly escape, by the simple process of not conforming to that which the goblins urge them to do—and somewhere in the neighborhood of the Blue Dragon Inn, near Salisbury, they will enter into a future of generally unalloyed bliss wherein will figure no Major Cyrus Choke and no Hon. Elijah Pogram.

The doctrine of Mr. Lewis would seem to run quite the other way. In book after book he has presented one or another individualist at least as truly heroic as ever was young Martin Chuzzlewit, and an individualist who, in opposing the solicitations of the elvish burghers of Winnemac, remains theoretically in the right, but who

ends as a rule in material ruin and who ends always in defeat. I shall not labor this point, because Mr. Lewis himself does not make much of it. He does but indicate, by sketching lightly the careers of a Frank Shallard or of a Max Gottleib, the truism that in Winnemac as elsewhere the opponent of any communal folly is in for a bad time of it. These adventurers find that the old recipe, of not conforming to that which the goblins urge them to do, is of no least avail to deliver them from the goblins of Winnemac. Instead, the Rev. Elmer Gantry and the Hon. Almus Pickerbaugh are with them to the very end, in some not unfriendly bewilderment as to why the poor mutt should have opposed the *mores* of Winnemac when he could so easily have made use of them to enhance his moral standing and his bank account.

This is a tragedy, I repeat, which Mr. Lewis does but indicate. His real interest turns otherwhither as though bewitched by the quaintness of the commonplace. It remains fascinated by the conformist and by the droll ways of his goblin flourishing (wherein timidity turns to sound money and lies become limousines) at the cost of intellectual and spiritual ruin. The individualist is lost in a world made over-safe for democracy; and the conformist becomes not worth saving. That is the doctrine which informs all the derisive apologues Sinclair Lewis has fetched out of Winnemac. That is, in one sense, the powder which speeds his every shot at our polity. In another sense it is the powder disguised in the succulent jam of his caricatures.

So it has been throughout the ten years since Mr. Lewis first toyed with his pet problem in Gopher Prairie. He then told us, with a mendacity which time and his later books have coöperated to expose, that Gopher Prairie was a small town in Minnesota. We all know now that Gopher Prairie—like Zenith and Monarch and Sparta and Banjo Crossing, and like every other place that Mr. Lewis has written about since 1920—is a portion of the grotesque goblin land of Winnemac.

I delight in Winnemac and in all its citizenry: yet it is, as I have suggested, with very much the same pleasure I derive from Dickens. That pleasure is, to the one side, somewhat the pleasure I get from the "Mr. and Mrs." cartoons in the Sunday paper and from Amos and Andy over the radio, and (to the other side) from a great deal of Molière and Swift and Aristophanes and Lucian—the pleasure, that is, of seeing a minim of reality exaggerated into Brobdingnagian incredibility. There is apparent in each that single grain of truth which has budded, through more or less skilled and patient gardening, into this gaudy efflorescence of the impossible. The seed explains the flowering: but it is the flowering which counts, and which charms. So when I hear Sinclair Lewis classed as a "realist," it is with something of the same wonderment in which I have heard that he lives, along with Messrs. Dreiser and Cabell and Anderson, in a never-lifting atmosphere of despair and frustration. Each of these critical clichés has very often tempted me, I admit, toward just that quiet and ambiguous giving-out of a sedate "Well, well, we know," or of a "If we but list to speak," which the one Prince of Denmark to attain any international fame so justly reprobates.

All that, though, is extraneous, in addition to being only a matter of faith. If you can believe in the "realism" of Sinclair Lewis it will give you a great deal more of comfort than does any other "realism." For my part, I can but protest that I very heartily enjoy his books without any more believing in Almus Pickerbaugh and Elmer Gantry and the other hobgoblins as persons whom one may hope to encounter in our imperfect world than I can believe (after any such literal fashion) in Joe and Vi, or in Jefferson Brick and Colonel Diver, or, for that matter, in Bottom and Caliban.

Meanwhile if, as one hears freely nowadays, Sinclair Lewis is obsolescent, and his books are doomed, the trouble is not merely that the United States is due to lose one of its most interesting commonwealths,

in the State of Winnemac. For one really wonders what in the world is to be done about George Follansbee Babbitt? As I have said in another place, Babbitt has passed from the pages of a book into the racial consciousness of mankind. He is one of those satisfying large symbols which at long intervals some author hits upon, and which promptly take on a life that is not confined to the books wherein they first figured. Babbitt is in train, I think, to become one of those myths which rove forever through the irrational Marches of Antan, and about which writers not yet born will weave their own new stories as inevitably as writers will continue to concern themselves with Faust and Don Juan and the Brown God Pan.

III

No, not even we new humanists can kill Babbitt. Babbitt thrives not merely through the art of selling houses for more than the people of Zenith can afford to pay for them. He graces yet other sound business enterprises everywhere: his voice is heard in our legislative assemblies, nor is it silent in Wall Street: his matured opinions upon political matters have been known to issue even from the White House. He writes the most of our books: he reviews all of them. He shapes each law by which our lives are governed, and he instructs us too how to evade these laws: not even in death may we look to escape from Babbitt, for then to the one side of us shall sit Babbitt the physician and to the other side Babbitt the clergyman, each pottering over our last needs in that dark hour. The natural grief of our heirs and assigns he will forthwith capitalize in the form of a fat overcharge for our coffins: and about a year later, when once the grave has settled down cosily, then Babbitt will be engraving our tombstones with the most exalted sentiments of his own smug selecting. Babbitt cannot ever perish so long as all good Americans cling (in Colonel Diver's fine phrase) to the Palladium, in government of the people by the people, and the perturbed neighbors cling in self-protection to their sense of humor. There is something of Babbitt in every one of us.

Moreover, this Babbitt is no parvenu born but eight years ago. He had existed since time's youth; and Mr. Lewis did but serve as his literary sponsor in an oddly belated christening. George Follansbee Babbitt, as Walter Pater has phrased it, is older than the rocks he quarries into building material. For Babbitt, also, has trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants. His was the presence which rose so strangely beside the waters to further the commercial supremacy of Tyre, and Carthage, and Liverpool. Under the alias of Marco Polo, as was lately shown us, he has established satisfactory business relations with the Khan of Cathay; and as Cristoforo Colombo, he has looked for a paying traffic route into India. He has gone well-greaved against Troy, at the behest of the Greek draft laws; he has shouted "Crucify him!" in Jerusalem; he has burned Jews in Seville, and he has hanged witches in Salem, as conscientiously as he fetched back from his unwillingly attended Crusades only the syphilis. And all this, to that level head upon which all the ends of the world are come, all this has been to Babbitt, not quite as the sound of liars and brutes, but merely that which seemed expected of him, or of any other level-headed Regular Guy, in his then present circumstances.

THE RAILROADS GIRD FOR BATTLE

BY J. G. LYNE

On the last Sunday in April, on a special train from Toronto to Montreal, Sir Henry Thornton, president of the Canadian National Railways, seated in a telephone booth newly installed in a parlor car, carried on a conversation with the office of the company in London, England, while the train in which he was riding rolled along the northern shore of Lake Ontario at some seventy miles an hour. There followed Sir Henry at the telephone three score others—officers of the railway and newspaper writers, each of whom talked to any station he chose which was reached by the wires of the Bell Telephone System. A publicity stunt, undoubtedly, but one which marked the opening of regular telephone communication for passengers between Montreal and Toronto, a service which will shortly be extended to trains between Montreal and Chicago and, later, to other lines in Canada and the United States.

On the same day this railway placed trains in operation between Montreal and Toronto, which, including stops, make the 334-mile journey in six hours—55 2/3 miles an hour. The speed of the run from Montreal to Chicago was on the same day increased almost 20%. These concessions to the love of the public for luxury and speed, which it will secure elsewhere if the railroads do not provide it, are merely the latest which have come to notice at this writing. They are not unusual. The railways of North America have been persistently nibbling at their passenger train schedules for the past seven or eight years and they are still at it. Each year sees new reductions in time.

The time interval between Chicago and Los Angeles in 1923 was 68 hours and 35 minutes. It is now 56 hours. The time required to make the journey from New York to Washington is 30 minutes less now than in 1923; from New York to Boston, 25 minutes less; from New York to St. Louis, 2 hours and 10 minutes less. The reduction in time from Norfolk to Columbus since 1923 has been 4 hours and 20 minutes; from New York to New Orleans, 3 hours and 35 minutes; from New York to Miami, 11 hours; from Chicago to Jacksonville, 2 hours and 30 minutes; from St. Louis to Pueblo, 5 hours and 47 minutes; from Chicago to San Francisco, 12 hours and 20 minutes; and from Chicago to Seattle, 11 hours and 15 minutes. To be sure, few of these trains travel over long distances at average speeds greater than 50 miles an hour. But the increase in the past few years has been unrelenting, and not many years hence we may see an average speed of 60 miles an hour or even more quite as often as we see 50 miles an hour today.

Luxuries held out to entice patrons have been augmented in even more striking fashion. The itinerant drummer has been so pampered that he will now snoot a train unless it offers him a club-car, an observation-car, a bath-room, and the ministrations of a stenographer, a manicurist, a barber and a pants-presser. Special rooms are built for card playing and the multiplication of partitions offers more opportunities for furtive pulls at the flask of corn, thus leaving the *cabinet d'aisance* to the function for which it was originally designed. Smoking in dining-cars is no longer forbidden. Lounge- and dining-cars

have made their appearance equipped with refrigerating machinery which will make travel comfortable even in Texas in Summer. These cars, moreover, admit plenty of fresh filtered air through the cooling mechanism. Thus windows, with comfort and safety, may remain closed, excluding dust and cinders, and passengers descending from trains with dirty ears and linen and wrinkled garments will have to think of excuses other than the natural hardships of travel to excuse their appearance.

This improved speed and greater comfort are plainly not the largess of an entrenched monopoly—which the yokel-rousers on the hustings assume the railways to be. They are rather an offensive in a great competitive battle. The railways, hog-tied by government regulation, are fighting for passenger traffic against adversaries which are restricted slightly if at all; a pinioned Gulliver goaded by free-moving Lilliputians, the private automobiles and bus lines.

The railways concede the ability of the automobiles to care for short-haul traffic better than they can, and consequently are limiting their striving to the retention and increase of long-distance business, on which they can offer a better bargain—in speed, in comfort, in safety and in economy—than can most automotive vehicles. Their handicap is that they must charge rates to pay all their expenses—interest on the investment in the right-of-way, maintenance of the roadbed, and taxes on real estate, in addition to similar costs for cars and locomotives. Their highway competitors, on the other hand, have only the investment in vehicles to maintain. They get a right-of-way free of all interest charges, maintenance cost and taxation, excepting only a license fee, the size of which bears no relationship to the cost of the highways over which the vehicle may operate. When it is considered that approximately three-fourths of the investment of the railways is in fixed property and only one-fourth in cars and locomotives—their handicap in contending with an industry which requires earnings solely on its investment in vehicles is evident.

And still the railways have so many natural advantages that they continue to carry on with at least some success. Passenger traffic, which has declined steadily since 1920, until it is now only about two-thirds as great as it was ten years ago, in 1929 suffered a loss of less than 2% when compared with 1928. So perhaps the loss of patronage is slowing up and the next year or two may again show a beginning of an upward trend. Be that as it may, the railroads have not yet exhausted their resources, and manœuvres in the battle for traffic in the next few years promise to be of great interest to persons who enjoy observing the struggle from a safe distance.

Fortunately for the railways, they depend on passenger traffic to only a slight degree for their revenues—only 14% of the grand total in 1929 being so derived. And the business is not profitable on the average; the actual out-of-pocket expense, leaving interest on the investment and taxes out of account, is just about equal to the revenue. Freight business has not declined since the war, but has enjoyed a healthy growth—not as healthy as it might be, however, and certainly at a much more gentle rate of increase than that which obtained in the decade ended in 1920.

II

There is a great deal of dispute as to what exact effect the automobile has had on the railways. Certain it is that the automotive industry has provided the railways with millions of tons of freight—raw materials, coal, machinery and finished automobiles. Road building and the petroleum industry, deriving their impetus from the growth in the use of automobiles, have contributed also their millions of tons.

And yet, everyone knows of traffic moving in motor trucks which otherwise of necessity would have been made by train. Household goods are now carried hundreds of miles by road. Berries and other fruits

are so transported to New York from the Carolinas. Pigs and steers are hauled in motor trucks two or three hundred miles from the farms to the stockyards of the Mid-West. These losses may be set off against the claim that the automobile has been largely beneficial to the railway. Probably the best testimony which can be adduced is a comparison of the war decade with that which followed. From 1911 to 1920, passenger traffic (passengers carried one mile) increased 45%; from 1920 to 1929 it declined 33%. From 1911 to 1920 freight traffic (tons carried one mile) increased 64%; from 1920 to 1929, it increased 9%.

These figures are not encouraging. There exists in the situation, however, one substantial element of hope. That is an apparently well-founded belief that the railway is, by the rules of *laissez-faire* economics, the best agency for the transport of many passengers and much freight now being carried by highway, and which would not be moved in that way if the shipper paid all the costs, and got no help from the taxpayer. Taxation always tends to increase, and as time goes on we may expect charges for the use of the highways to be brought into some relation to their cost. The railways themselves are operating more and more highway vehicles, and plans are being developed which should reduce the delays attendant upon the exchange of goods and passengers between rail and highway. As these changes come about the railways may very well cease to lose traffic to the highway and may even regain some which they have already lost.

While passenger trains have had their schedules reduced by hours since the war, freight trains have been saving days. Their schedules, formerly, were not taken very seriously. Merchandise was supposed to be transported from New York to Chicago in four days, but no rash promise was made that it would actually reach its destination in that time. It now makes the same journey in three days and gets there on time. Fruits from the Pacific coast eight years ago were scheduled to reach New York in twelve days. The time now required is nine days. Freight was once turned over to the railroad in much the same manner that a parcel is posted—in the fervent hope that it would reach its destination by Christmas, but with no one to belabor if it failed to arrive at that time. Now the railways advertise fixed schedules, much faster than the old ones, and only accident prevents their exact fulfillment—and the unfortunate functionary who may be responsible for the delay is promptly pilloried.

The *Railway Age* last Fall sent out a questionnaire to the executives of more than a hundred different industrial concerns, asking their opinion of the now more reliable and faster freight service. The replies were almost unanimously approving—many enthusiastically so. The principal advantage of quicker and prompter transport was a reduction in inventories. These manufacturers had been able to carry on their business with a great reduction in the capital tied up in idle goods, stocked to protect their trade against slow or unreliable deliveries of new supplies. Oil companies estimated that a given number of tank cars was now transporting twice the oil that the same number was capable of moving six years ago. Savings also appeared from the reduction in the transport (*i.e.*, non-productive) time of valuable goods, from the check to violent fluctuations in prices occasioned by alternate shortages and surpluses of goods due to the former irregularity of transportation, and from reduced transport charges by reason of the substitution of freight service for the more expensive express service.

A plaintive and discordant note was struck by a packer who complained of the improved speed and regularity of transport, since it enabled shippers to send their cattle to packing plants near centers of meat consumption and far removed from the ranges, whereas his abattoir was located near them. Formerly, since slow transport brings losses in weight and casualties to living animals, the process of converting them to meat could be economi-

cally conducted only by packers situated, as was he, adjacent to the pastures. Now *kosher* meat killed in New York is no more expensive than the Chicago product of unobserved, and hence doubtful, orthodoxy.

III

In the White House sits a Great Engineer, a man who, however ignorant of political chicanery, has at least been expected to bring the experience of his craft and the principles of sound economics to bear on the problems of the day. This Engineer has graciously acknowledged the improvement in railroad service and its importance to general economic well-being. However, he likes to build dams, waterways, canals and spillways. The construction of such works on a miniature scale, so the newspapers inform us, is, along with fishing, his chief outdoor sport.

No one could object to his enjoyment of such clean fun, but the President's almost lascivious delight in waterways does not stop at the infantile stage. He is riding his hobby on an adult scale in his advocacy of turning every cow-pasture creek into an improved waterway for barges and towboats—at the expense of the taxpayers—and scooping out the St. Lawrence river so that Atlantic shipping may deposit its smuggled wet goods and French postcards directly on the Chicago quays, bearing back to Europe the grain of the prairies, to the huzzas of the grain growers and votes for Herbert in 1932.

It matters not that the St. Lawrence canal, which, according to the highest disinterested authority, Dr. H. G. Moulton of the Institute of Economics, to reduce by 4 cents a bushel the cost to grain shippers of moving grain, would cost the taxpayers approximately 11 cents a bushel. These and other facts clearly raising grave doubts as to the economic soundness of the project were set forth by Dr. Moulton in a book on the subject which, presumably, the great protagonist of the waterway must have read. Yet he has made no effort to answer any of these criticisms of his favorite policy beyond the terse and unelaborated statement that the project would cost $200,000,000, as compared with Dr. Moulton's estimate of $712,000,000, which was set out with detailed supporting facts.

The sad aspect of the situation, from the standpoint of the railways, is that the President's severest critics, whose suspicions are lively enough where appointments or treaties or Prohibition are concerned, never think of looking behind his policies when scientific or economic considerations enter into them. The vitriolic *Nation*, in commenting upon his speech at the opening of the Ohio river waterway last Autumn, could only in effect say that here, at last, was a subject about which Herbert, knowing his onions, could talk convincingly. In this category of critics with but one blind spot belongs also the New York *World*.

But the railroads are seriously concerned in the matter, since they stand to lose business and at the same time to be socked as taxpayers—and taxes already take more than 20% of their net revenues. They are not likely to become an outmoded method of transport by the working of any natural economic force, but they must constantly fight to keep from being overwhelmed by regulation which extends far beyond reasonable safeguarding of the public interest, and against senseless hobby-riding at their expense by powerful politicians. The railways are not permitted, as motor lines are in most States, casually to discontinue unprofitable services, once they are started. They are not permitted to make special rates to meet those of a local competitor. They cannot issue a share of stock or sell a bond without proving to the Interstate Commerce Commission, through a laborious legal process, the wisdom of such action. They cannot adjust wage rates and hours of labor to meet local conditions. They have been forced to spend millions of dollars for a certain protective device—automatic train control—when in the

judgment of many railway managers the same money would have saved more lives if otherwise invested. In sum, the myriad of managerial decisions which in ordinary businesses are made by the bosses in the light of their best commercial judgement, with the criminal code their only restriction, must, in the case of the railroads, be referred to time-serving bureaucrats for approval or rejection.

An English railway officer, R. Bell, assistant general manager of the London & North Eastern Railway, was plainly flabbergasted by a recent study of American railway conditions. Of the Interstate Commerce Commission he said in a speech at York last January:

> One would imagine that the Commission should govern with a loose rein that it may govern at all. Actually its interfering hand seems to be everywhere. It has never been troubled by many qualms about its own omniscience and has recently shown signs of aspiring to omnipotence. . . . We often talk about government restrictions, but really we are as free as air in comparison with our brother railwaymen across the Atlantic.

Meantime, technological progress is still possible and the railways are not neglecting their opportunity. Freight trains are being made longer and longer, as locomotives increase in size, thus reducing the transport cost per ton. Last year's average freight train had 48.6 cars and it moved at an average speed of 13.2 miles an hour. The freight train of 1921 had 38.4 cars and its speed was 11.5 miles an hour. This change has resulted from larger locomotives, but it has entailed much more than that—longer yard tracks, more automatic signals, heavier rails, stronger bridges. In the seven years 1923–29 the railways invested more than six billion dollars in improvements made to enable them to move their traffic more swiftly and at less expense.

IV

One phase of discussion about the railroads which has attracted the widest public attention and which is, nevertheless, probably of slight intrinsic importance, is the plan for the consolidation of all of them into a limited number of systems. Consolidation as contemplated under the Transportation Act of 1920, *i.e.*, complete amalgamation with present corporate identities disappearing, cannot be brought about for a long time. The Interstate Commerce Commission is not permitted to authorize complete consolidation without first approving the issue of securities of the merged company, and such securities must not exceed the fair valuation of the properties consolidated.

Final valuation on a legal basis is a long way off, for the reason that the Interstate Commerce Commission in its valuation work has not followed the policy laid down in decisions of the Supreme Court in similar cases. The court has consistently held that public utilities must be valued for rate-making purposes on a basis of their worth today—regardless of what the original cost may have been. The Interstate Commerce Commission has with the same persistence essayed to set a value on railways considerably less than the sum which would be required to reproduce them. The celebrated decision in the O'Fallon case did not solve the valuation problem. The court disapproved the slight consideration given to the cost of reproduction in the Interstate Commerce Commission's valuation of that property, but it in no way set up a formula for valuation which will meet its requirements. The whole question of valuation we have still with us and until it is settled there can be, under the present law, no wholesale amalgamation. The current discussion of the subject in the newspapers, however interesting, is consequently largely without point.

Other means of achieving somewhat the same end, such as by permitting one railroad to acquire control of another by purchasing its capital stock, or by leasing it, remain, and these are the methods now in use. If one railroad wishes to acquire control of another, it must get the permission of the Interstate Commerce Commission,

but a similar result can be attained without the consent of the watchful commissioners through the device of a holding company, *i.e.*, a non-railroad (and hence relatively free and white) corporation which acquires control of a majority of the stock of two or more railroads and causes them to work in harmony with each other while they remain, before the law, entirely separate entities. It is this device which has lately caused so much excited denunciation by the left wing in the Senate—a device which is used in practically all other lines of business, except transportation, with but little loss of sleep resulting.

Consolidation, then, on the wholehearted and thoroughgoing basis contemplated in the Transportation Act of 1920 seems remote indeed. Nor should that fact make anyone unhappy. The railways are a tangle of routes with complex inter-relationships defying the comprehension of any one man or small group of men. To throw them helter-skelter into twenty-one companies, as contemplated by the law, requires arbitrary rather than reasoned action. Careless grouping is as sure to result in waste as careful progress is to promote economy.

Moreover, the consolidation of railways is not a step to efficient mass production as is the consolidation of manufacturing operations. Unification in the packing business brings lower costs per ham or per pound of steak because production is concentrated, permitting the utilization of efficient machinery and specialized labor. The consolidation of railroads, on the other hand, does not permit the production of ton-miles and passenger-miles to be concentrated on four-track main lines. The one daily mixed train from Podunk to Higginsville and return will have to keep wheezing melancholily along day after day on the Western steppes, whether the railroad is owned by local farmers or Wall Street nabobs. The savings to be effected by consolidation are, consequently, generally overestimated. England has had experience since the war with exactly such a policy and the results have been nothing worth getting agitated about.

The purchase of one railroad by another, involving the meeting of purchaser and seller on a price which will advantage both—the time-honored criterion of a bona fide business transaction—could probably be as profitably applied to the railways as to any other business, but that is not what the politicians and their servants, the Interstate Commerce Commission, desire. The arbitrary plan as advanced by the commission will do as much to keep railroads apart as it will to bring them together, since it assigns companies to groups which they do not care to join and separates them from others within which they would readily swap horses.

There has been, in short, a lot of tub-thumping on the consolidation question which has aroused more public attention than the proposal merits. There is reason to suspect that speculative fervor regarding the securities of companies which may be absorbed accounts for much of this interest. The analytical and literary genius spent in portraying the situation to the public might achieve much more in the way of augmented railway security prices if it would turn its talents to dissecting for the public view the progressive encirclement of railway activities by minions of the State—the influence which has made railroads one of the least profitable of all commercial enterprises.

V

Railway labor is in a comfortable condition. A loyal local union official of one of the strongest unions recently related that his local had had few meetings in recent years owing to its frequent failure to secure a quorum. A let-up in the former hard-boiled attitude of managements toward employés has brought greater contentment, less worry, and consequently a less truculent attitude on the part of the unions. The licking the unions experienced in the strike of 1922 has made them more amenable to

reason; while the great cost of that strike to the railroads has led railroad managements also to the desire to avoid industrial warfare.

The total number of railroad employés declined from the high point of 2,022,000 in 1920 to 1,662,000 in 1929. Promotion in the ranks is consequently much slower than it used to be, and is largely determined by seniority in service. The picturesque "boomer" of former years who went from job to job has disappeared. The man who punches your ticket or safeguards your freight now has had, probably, twenty years or more of continuous service on the particular division of railroad where you find him at his task.

Political labor leaders still exist, to be sure, and the railway unions support a propaganda weekly newspaper which regularly pulls the old tricks which were unsuccessfully used in the effort to deliver the labor vote to LaFollette back in 1924. The paper favors government ownership of railways and government ownership of almost everything else. It even cheers on the further development of waterways by the government, which would relieve still more railroad employés of their jobs. Its cartoons uniformly picture railroad owners and other capitalists with the conventional pot belly, checkered suit, white vest, diamond studs, burnsides and ogreish leer. The honest toiler, on the other hand, is invariably slim, clean and straightforward, with more than a suspicion of MacMonnies' "Civic Virtue" in his cast of countenance.

The outside observer might suspect from this journal an intense class consciousness on the part of railroad workers. But he would be wrong. There were probably more railway men who cast their votes for Dr. Coolidge in 1924 than for LaFollette *père*. At the same time the threat of subsidized competitors and regulatory strangulation to the industry which provides their livelihood is not sufficiently acute to cause violent alarm to the personnel. Hence the political activities which threaten the natural growth of railroad industry, and its attractiveness as a field of employment, draw but scant attention and even less action on the part of the large body of railway employés.

VI

Railway managements have had to contend with strict government regulation for many years and the fear has been expressed that they may have lost the ability to contend with their problems alone. This fear may be dismissed because of the growth, gradual but unmistakable, of a militant spirit on the part of several railway leaders. In this respect the situation presents some analogy to Prohibition. The beginning of the restraint finds the victim dazed and unbelieving and his cries of protest are feeble. As the constriction grows resistance increases.

There is, to be sure, as yet no general revolt. On the other hand, the industry, after years of great caution, is beginning to show evidences of independence and pugnacity in its leadership. The Van Sweringen brothers have found a way to take over railroads and make them yield greater profits without a by-your-leave to the bureaucracy. A railroad president has come to light who is courageous enough to take a prominent part in politics and to associate himself publicly with the wets. Another has so far forsaken cautious conventionality that he has consented to go to Russia to help the Bolsheviki reorganize their railroads.

In New England the railways seem to have rewon their way into the confidence of the public so that even the politicians have left off attacking them. One of them, the New Haven, has achieved a measure of security by gaining control not only of competing motor lines but of water lines as well. Railroads here and there all over the country are branching out into the bus and truck business, more and more each month, so that motor competition will become less dangerous to them as time goes on. There is an increasing popular agita-

tion, lead by E. N. Hurley, former chairman of the Shipping Board, toward removing the senseless restriction which virtually deprives the railways of the right to operate ships. All the while technical advancement makes railroad operation cheaper and places the railways in a stronger competitive position.

The future of the industry depends on the resistance which it can develop in the defense of its rights and natural advantages, in its ability to continue to satisfy its customers, and the success it achieves in getting other groups in the community, faced by similar political persecution, to make common cause with it.

The plaguing of the railroads shows the same pathological phenomena as Prohibition—a sadistic officialdom unrestrained by reason of popular political ignorance and lethargy. The individual howls only at his own, not his brother's, woe. By taking us on a group at a time, the politicians and their minions enslave us all. Today it is the railroads which are on the rack. Other economic groups stand by in tolerant indifference. But tomorrow it may be the banks, the telephone system, the chain stores, the automobiles, or the publishers. Some day even the peasantry, whose leaders are the Torquemadas of the railway inquisition, when they are reduced in political strength in proportion to their numbers, may feel the flames of the faggots which they now with such manifest relish heap up around another victim.

EDITORIALS

Götterdämmerung

That Dr. Hoover has blown up must be plain to everyone. All the great reforms in government that were to follow his elevation to the purple have failed to show themselves, and he has been kicked about by Congress in a manner almost pathetic. His appointments, with few exceptions, have been atrocious, and he is still surrounded in the White House by the same political buzzards who rounded up delegates for him in 1928 and brought about his nomination. His tolerance of such gentry seems to be almost unlimited: he apparently lacks all sense of smell. No President was ever put into office by a sorrier gang, and none ever revealed a more unashamed gratitude afterward.

In his statecraft no plausible principles are visible. He remains silent about most of the questions that engage the country, and from his acts one can deduce nothing save the fact that he is eager to be renominated and reëlected in 1932, and willing to do anything to bring the business about. No one, at this writing, knows what he actually thinks of Prohibition. He has spoken of it idiotically as a Noble Experiment, and that is about all. Does he believe that it can ever be enforced? He doesn't say. Does he believe that it is intrinsically just, wise and tolerable? No one knows. All that is plain is that he believes the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist bishops are still strong enough to give him help year after next, and that he is ready to play with them so long as he believes it. To that end he is apparently willing to sacrifice anything, including even the integrity of the judiciary.

During the campaign of 1928 much was made of the hon. gentleman's political innocence, and it was represented that he had nothing to do with the whooping up of religious bigotry that went on; indeed, he himself let it be known that he was "instinctively" opposed to it. But now the exultant babblings of Deets Pickett and company make it obvious that he was well aware of everything that was done, and that he made no honest effort to stop it. In other words, he profited knowingly and willingly by the dreadful performance of such fanatics as Bishop Cannon. A plain word from him might have shut them off: he'd probably have been elected anyhow. But he preferred the disgrace of their support to the honor of a frank man. And since he has been in office he has done nothing whatever to put them down, and is manifestly ready to do business with them again, and on precisely the same terms that prevailed two years ago, in 1932.

It is very hard to understand such a man. By what standard of values does he judge himself? What is his honest verdict when he looks into his shaving-glass of a morning? The Presidency is in his hands, and there is nothing higher for him to look for in this world. One would naturally expect a man in that situation to give some thought to the essential decencies—to devote himself to making sure, not of his immediate benefit, but of his ultimate reputation. But Dr. Hoover seems either unwilling or unable to take that view. He prefers to go on as he came in—playing shabby politics, consorting with creatures from the abyss, contributing his miserable mite to the destruction of free government among us.

It is a picture so depressing that it seems somehow fantastic. It is difficult to imagine any man of sound sense throwing himself away so tragically.

The Sorrows of Idealists

How many prophets and heroes the Liberals of this great Republic still believe in I don't know, but certainly it can't be very many, for almost every day another one is caught in *flagrante delicto* and has to be heaved overboard. As I write, the current villain is Dean Roscoe Pound, Ph.D., LL.D., of the Harvard Law School. For years, as everyone knows, Dr. Pound was the chief law lord in the Liberal Valhalla. Nearly all the other lawyers in America were suspect, but he stood as steadfast as Stonewall Jackson at Bull Run, denouncing tyranny in its every hellish form and whooping for the Bill of Rights. But then Dr. Hoover, prompted by the humorous Methodist bishops, appointed him to the Law Enforcement Commission, and at once he blew up with a dreadful bang, emitting suffocating fumes. When one hears of him now it is to the effect that he is before some uneasy committee of Congress, demanding legislation to get around the Fifth and Sixth Amendments.

Dr. Pound's cynical desertion of the Liberals came just after they had read Mr. Alfred Lief's collection of the dissenting opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes, with its disconcerting discovery that what the learned judge chiefly dissented from was not oppression but liberty. And hard upon it came the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court in the cork-and-bottle case, with Dr. Holmes appearing as its author and Mr. Justice Brandeis assenting—a decision which purged the books of the ancient rule that criminal statutes must be construed strictly, and so opened the way for Prohibition agents to flush whole new coveys of game, and for Federal judges to earn bigger and better LL.D.'s from Methodist and Baptist "universities." Meanwhile, the Hon. William Edgar Borah was running for reëlection again—and revealing again his amazing kinship to the eel (*Anguilla anguilla*). And Dr. Charles Evans Hughes, the last drop of Liberalism boiling out of his veins, was settling into the judicial sitz-bath of Mr. Chief Justice Taft. And so on, and so on.

The list might be lengthened almost endlessly. The whole history of Liberalism in America is a history of successive sad awakenings. Is it so soon forgotten that all of the Liberals once swallowed the Presbyterian theology of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, and were full of high confidence that he would save the world? Or that most of them, in the Bull Moose days, succumbed to the Roosevelt blather, and roared "Onward, Christian Soldiers" with the late Frank A. Munsey? Or that many of them, somewhat later, actually hailed the Hon. George W. Wickersham as a member of their order? Or that multitudes, until brought up painfully by the Mooney case, fell for the Hon. Hiram Johnson? If I rehearse these errors and catastrophes it is not to poke fun at the victims, but simply to show how dreadfully hard it is, in a country such as this is, to be a Liberal at all. It takes a kind of resolution that borders on the sublime, and a kind of hope that far surpasses a Seventh Day Adventist's. Every Liberal is a Christian Scientist covered with boils.

And, as I have hinted, with a new one every morning. Borah, Holmes, Pound, Brandeis—one by one they go over to the enemy, sometimes only furtively, sometimes with bold and brazen defiance. I hate to guess who will be the next. Norris? Alas, he is halfway gone already, as the Liberals will find out if it ever comes to a real battle with the Anti-Saloon League. Young Bob? Tut, tut! Brookhart? Walsh? Tut, tut again! Well, then, what of Felix Frankfurter? What of Zechariah Chafee, Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield Hays, Oswald Garrison Villard? Dr. Frankfurter, I must confess, looks pretty solid, though he is a lawyer, and so does Dr. Chafee. But so did Dr. Villard a few years ago—and yet today, in the *Nation*, he is advocating a Federal law restricting the possession and use of firearms to profes-

sional gunmen, in the plainest sort of contempt, not only of the Second Amendment, but also of the Fourteenth.

It is appalling to think of what Darrow and Hays will probably advocate, if, when and as they give Liberalism the raspberry. I can find only one article of the Bill of Rights that has not been reduced to *papier mâché* already, and so I suppose they will have to take it. It is the Third, and the thing it prohibits is quartering soldiers upon householders in time of peace. So far it has been overlooked; even the Supreme Court, searching relentlessly for liberties to proscribe, has let it go. But Messrs. Hays and Darrow are far more enterprising men than the learned justices, and even less squeamish. I predict nothing, but simply reach for the traffic signal and emit a warning cough. Let the Liberals be on their guard. Let them be prepared for a defense to the death if, on some near tomorrow, Hays and Darrow march a file of infantry down Vesey street.

An American Publisher

One day, years ago, I asked the late Henry Holt how he ever came to be a publisher. It was an idle question, but he answered it promptly and politely. He said that the idea had come to him while he was a student at Yale. One of the instructors there, in that remote era, was Daniel Coit Gilman, later to be celebrated as the first president of the Johns Hopkins. It was Gilman's habit to harangue the boys now and then on the general subject of reading, and one day young Holt asked him what was the best way to choose good books. The reply was: "Simply look at the imprint. If the publisher is good, the book can't be wholly bad. Whenever you see the name of Ticknor & Fields on a book you may be sure that it is fit to read. You may not like it, but at all events reading it won't do you any damage, for it won't be trash." "It struck me," said Mr. Holt, "that a business of which that could be said must be interesting, and fit for a decent man. So I went into it, and all my life I have tried to earn for my books what Gilman said of those of Ticknor & Fields."

The late Charles Scribner needed no Gilman to instruct him, for he stepped from college into a prosperous and dignified publishing house, founded by his father. But its progress when he and his brother got control of it showed what a lively sense both of them had of the idea that Gilman had implanted in young Holt. Mr. Scribner was an excellent business man, and he died worth a great deal of money, but there was no sign in any of his enterprises that he regarded profit as an end in itself. Always his main effort was bent toward printing better books, and so augmenting the honor of his firm. He made it, in the end, one of the sound and salient institutions of the country. In the world of books its place today is that of the Pennsylvania Railroad in transportation or that of the Morgan house in finance.

Mr. Scribner lived to be nearly eighty, but in the ordinary sense he never grew old. To the last he was full of curiosity, and eager to try new things. Just as, in his earlier days, he was quick to combine his fortunes with those of Robert Louis Stevenson, James M. Barrie, Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James and John Galsworthy, and, a bit later on, with those of such a revolutionary as James Huneker, so he was ready, at seventy, to see the virtues of such youngsters as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Boyd, Ring Lardner and Ernest Hemingway. In the Scribner list there was never any sign of the complacency which so often wrecks ageing publishing houses. New blood was coming into it all the time, and that new blood was commonly of the healthiest and most vigorous sort.

Mr. Scribner had his hand in every branch of the publishing business, from printing to retailing, and to every branch he contributed something valuable. He will be missed, and he will not be soon forgotten.

H. L. M.

TAPS FOR THE CAVALRY

BY LLOYD LEWIS

If you want to smell Hell, just jine the cavalry;
If you want to have fun, just jine the cavalry.

THE words of this old cavalry song must have risen to plague that squad of Confederate horsemen who, on March 9, 1865, lay beside a North Carolina road watching a cavalcade of Union troopers ride by. The song had been a proud one in the first years of the Civil War, but of late it had died on Secession tongues. Hell smelled a little too strong, nowadays, and it was plain that the Northern horsemen were having all the fun. For instance, here were the blue-coated troopers parading gaily home from a foraging trip with their saddlebags crammed full of hams and dripping with honey.

Things had come to this pass all over the South. Up in Virginia the Confederate cavalry was demoralized, its idolized leader, Jeb Stuart, dead on the field of Yellow Tavern. In Mississippi, General Forrest, greatest of horse-captains, had been at last defeated and his riders scattered. And here, in North Carolina, Joe Wheeler's cavalrymen had to dodge about the country pursued by the "Vandal" riders of Judson H. Kilpatrick, that savage little rooster of a man who commanded Sherman's horse. The marks of Kil lay on Georgia and South Carolina—smoking ruins, desolate fields, gutted granaries.

And it was this most personal of their foes, Kilpatrick himself, whom the Confederate scouts now saw as they sulked in the bushes. The hateful fellow was lolling back in a captured carriage, his head jolting softly in the lap of a beautiful girl, his sideburns waving on either side of his impish face.

Hams, victory, honey—and girls! Everything that a cavalryman wanted, everything that a horseman, by virtue of his romantic calling, had a right to expect of an idolatrous world!

There could have been nothing but gall in the craws of the Confederate scouts as they spurred away to bring the news to their chief commanding officer, Wade Hampton, who had lately been sent to supervise Wheeler and instil some fire-eating tactics into his drooping horsemen. Both Hampton and Wheeler were spoiling to get their hands on Kilpatrick "the ravager." For months they had been trading bitter words and bullets with the cocky Yank, and his jeers and audacious attacks were growing hard to endure. Consequently, they rejoiced to hear that their rival was off guard, frolicking with women.

The next night they struck the village where he was camped, and, after the fashion of professional cavalrymen, failed to look where they were going. So they collided ludicrously with a battery of artillery parked in the street. This cost them their fine Southern momentum and gave the Yankees time to hop out of bed and leg it to the swamps, where Kilpatrick's horses were picketed. Even with such delay the attackers almost caught little Kil. Battering in the door of the house where he slept, they found themselves embraced at the knees by a lovely female in scant nightwear and flowing hair, who piteously begged for her life. Brushing past her on into the bedroom, they saw an open window—and no sign of Kilpatrick but his pants. For at that moment the Union commander was bounding toward the swamps

in his shirt-tail, cursing, no doubt, most horribly, since that was his custom.

For a time the Southerners enjoyed themselves in plunder and had just harnessed horses to the captured cannon when a storm of bareback riders burst upon them. Kil had rallied his veterans and now led them to the counter-charge in his drawers. There was a brief rough-and-tumble fight, and then the Confederates disappeared, abandoning the cannon. The little town grew quiet again, and life, sleep and love went on as before.

This celebrated encounter, which was too minor to ever have a name other than the vulgar Battle of Kilpatrick's Pants, may be taken as a fair sample of how the cavalry had fun and smelled Hell in the Civil War—a maximum of noise, a minimum of casualties, a wealth of haste, whoops, dash and blunder, then a sudden end to it all with loud echoes of victory emanating from both sides for weeks thereafter—but with nothing of military import consummated.

II

The sad truth seems to be that despite the incessant hurrahs that went up for the armed centaurs North and South during and after the Civil War, the cavalry as a vital arm of modern warfare had, in those very years, begun to die. Cool realists among the military experts of the day, notably the penetrating William Tecumseh Sherman, seemed to sense if not actually foresee the virtual disappearance which would come to it in the subsequent half-century.

But no such inkling of the secret truth disturbed the minds of the newspaper correspondents and popular historians of the time. They tore open their shirts the better to cry the glories of horsemen. The melodrama inherent in the very idea of desperate riders flashing hell-to-split through the enemy's land, burning and slashing in sudden coups and daring surprises, was an easy thing for a reporter to write. The man-on-horseback was a traditional hero, one that newspaper readers could understand. Infantry campaigns were so vast, so tedious, so complex, that correspondents found as much difficulty in explaining them as the people did in comprehending them. And the slogging foot-soldier was only a dull worthy when compared to the equestrian warrior, and far beneath him in both the social and romantic scales of the time.

In the South social prestige naturally attached itself to horsemen. By tradition the sectional mind regarded cavaliers as aristocrats. Having read Sir Walter Scott's novels to excess, the Southerners were prepared to view horsemen as chivalric knights, fitted by their eminence to rightfully lord it over the plodding yeomen who did the dirty work. It was Ivanhoe whom many a Dixie mind was visioning when the newspapers trumpeted the cavalry exploits of Stuart, Hampton, Wheeler, Forrest and the Lees, Fitzhugh and W. H. F. And scarcely less romantic was the North in respect to such heroic blue dragoons as Sheridan, Pleasonton, Merritt, Mower, Custer, Grierson, Kilpatrick, Gregg and Wilson.

A most significant detail in the rise of this glorification was the entrance of a Virginia boy, James Ewell Brown Stuart into West Point with the class of 1854. Beauty Stuart, the cadets called him, because he had a peculiar lack of chin, and, although he acquired popularity by his kindness and manly conduct, such a nickname must have hurt. At any rate, he grew a magnificent beard soon after graduation. The acquisition turned him into a remarkably handsome fellow, a great favorite with the ladies, and the proud owner of a more satisfactory nickname, Jeb.

With the coming of war in 1861, Stuart speedily gave the lie to the old superstition that chinless men have no force of character. Commanding Robert E. Lee's cavalry, he became one of the most precipitate fighters of his day. If anything, he displayed too much decision, being often absent on daredevil raids when Lee needed

him for the slower, grubbier tasks by which campaigns were to be won.

It was Stuart's spectacular equestrian feats in the Summer of '62 that made the Southern and Northern populations cavalry-minded. In June, Jeb led his riders completely around a huge Yankee army and, on arriving home, found himself the man of the hour. To the Confederacy he was the very beau ideal of a Cavalier, a perfect example of the Southern genius for war. Horsemen by tradition, occupation and ideals, the Southern planters saw in his triumph the proof that the road to victory lay in enlisting more and more cavalry. They felt that as soon as the Confederacy could recruit enough horsemen, the peasant footmen of the North must fall weakly underhoof.

Up North the civilians likewise clamored for new brigades of cavalry, riders who would put an end to Stuart's affronts and pay him back with some thrilling raids of their own. The Yankees hungered for aristocratic warriors, too.

But the military experts in Washington and Richmond knew that Stuart's action had accomplished nothing to justify such a tumult. Some stores had been burned, some information gleaned, some recruits terrified, but no irreparable damage had been done. The responsible men of both sides were West Pointers reared on the scientific theory that, while cavalry might destroy enemy dépôts, wagons and railroad trains, guard communications and watch movements, it could not be relied upon to decide major issues.

Nevertheless, the popular imagination was so captured that when Stuart in August, 1862, swooped around the Union Army again—this time entering the tents and appropriating the spare clothing of the Yankee general, John Pope—the authorities on both sides of the Potomac had to yield and enlarge their horse squadrons.

In this expansion the Confederates, for a time, seemed the better justified. For the subsequent two years the Yankee horsemen were badly outridden and outfought by their rivals. The causes for this were not hard to find. Southerners, coming to the service from agrarian life, knew far more of horsemanship than did the Union cavalrymen, the vast bulk of whom hailed from the cities. Yankee mechanics, shoe-clerks, hatters, especially in the Eastern towns, felt a keen desire to mount horses and become gentlemen. Farm-boys, as a class, shunned the cavalry. Particularly was this true in the West, where, as the sons of self-sufficient pioneers, they had never suspected that a man acquired social prominence by climbing on a horse. These farm-boys also knew from experience the drudgery that attended the care of an animal. They preferred to walk through the war with only themselves to "do" for. So they sat on cantonment fences laughing at the town-boys floundering in the saddle. Current gossip had it that when one horse-recruit fell from his steed he took four comrades with him. Unable to manage their mounts, and ignorant of how to feed, water or curry them properly, the Northern centaurs, up to the middle of 1863, were treated by their enemies with contempt. As a class they were brave enough, tackling their superiors with gusto, but defeat was far commoner than victory.

Quartermaster-General Meigs, who had to supply horses for the Union Army, grew angry at the nonchalance with which riders killed off their mounts in senseless rides and careless pasturing. Briskly he told General Rosecrans, "No government can keep 120 regiments of cavalry mounted while such a system is tolerated. They have killed off ten times as many horses for us as for the rebels." He ordered that, henceforth, all cavalrymen be taught the A B C's of their art:

> to never move their horses off a walk unless they see an enemy before or behind, to travel only so far as to not fatigue their horses, to rest in a pasture during the heat of the day, to never pass a bridge without burning it, a telegraph wire without cutting it, a horse without stealing or shooting it, or a Negro without reading to him the President's Emancipation Proclamation.

To further reform the Union cavalry of the East, General Joseph E. Hooker, Fighting Joe, was enthroned in mid-Summer, 1863. Starting from the premiss implied in his epigram, "Whoever saw a dead cavalryman?" the new disciplinarian progressed until he had the force in fair order. It was not, however, until the Spring of 1864 that the Yankee riders could hold their own with the Confederate horsemen. In April of that year, Grant appointed an infantry officer, Philip Sheridan, to reform the cavalry attached to the Army of the Potomac, and the realistic little newcomer taught his men to behave like foot-soldiers —to dismount for serious engagements and fight behind breastworks. Such common-sense methods, coupled with the general decline in Southern morale, made the Union cavalry supreme in the last months of the war.

III

No other American cavalry, however, were ever so near the popular ideal as were Jeb Stuart's Confederates in mid-Summer, 1863. Well-mounted, bristling with success, they were the despair of the North. And yet, it was this very command that demonstrated most clearly the essential defect of cavalry —theatricalism.

To Stuart was assigned the all-important task of "scouting the enemy" when Lee, flushed with two years of victory, decided to invade Pennsylvania. Crossing the Potomac in July, Marse Robert sent Jeb on ahead to become the eyes of the army.

But human nature seems to have decreed, long ago, that a man cannot get on a horse without making a fool of himself. The elevation seems to be too much for his intellectual equilibrium.

Stuart, suffering from what Lee's confidant, General Long, described as either mistaken orders or too much "love of the éclat of a bold raid," dashed off on an independent operation of his own, lost touch with his commander, and did not return for eight days. In that time poor Lee, stumbling about the enemy's land "with his eyes out," had been drawn into defeat at Gettysburg, and now had no use for Stuart but to cover the army's retreat into Virginia. This Jeb did, bravely enough, sticking to his assignment for several weeks; then his unteachable spirit broke over the traces.

Lee, observing how his pursuer, General Meade, could be trapped during the maneuvers, ordered up Stuart's cavalry for the attack. But the cavalry was gone again! Stuart had dashed off to raid a Union wagon-train and had tangled himself ignominiously between two blue infantry columns. By hiding his men in the woods for a day and night he did manage to bring them off intact—a feat which his riders and the public hailed as another instance of his brilliance. But there was no rejoicing at Lee's headquarters, where the sober strategists knew what Jeb's absence had meant.

A little earlier, Joe Hooker, fighting Lee at Chancellorsville, had been similarly handicapped by the absence of his horse-chief, Stoneman, at the very moment that the Union cavalry was needed most desperately to gather information. Stoneman was away on a raid, seeking fame. This trait of horsemen was shrewdly perceived by the judicious Northern general, Jacob D. Cox, who wrote after the war:

> The use of cavalry in raids, which were the fashion, was an amusement that was very costly to both sides. Since Stuart's ride around McClellan's army in 1862, every cavalry commander burned to distinguish himself by some such excursion and chafed at the comparatively obscure but useful work of learning the detailed positions and movements of an opposing army by outpost and patrol work. . . . As to raids, on both sides the game was never worth the candle. Men and horses were used up wholesale without doing any permanent damage to the enemy.

The most effective raid of the war, viewed from the standpoint of military results, was Sheridan's through the Shenandoah Valley in 1864, but, properly speaking, it was not a raid so much as a great campaign in which both infantry and cavalry joined.

Through the Official Records of the Rebellion runs the evidence that the general psychology of the cavalryman was opposed to military effectiveness. What he wanted to be was a *beau sabreur*—and what the General Staff needed was a mounted rifleman. There was a sigh of regret when his gleaming sword was taken from him in the last years of the war and the repeating carbine substituted. He could not, however, object, for in private the troopers confessed that their sabers had lopped off more of their own horses' ears than enemy heads.

The cavalryman wanted to race his horse around the country and break women's hearts, but what the military experts required was a combination reporter and section-hand. Practical strategy found most use for the horseman, not in fighting, but in shrewd observations of enemy movements and in destroying railroads. He could best serve his country by burning railroad ties, heating the iron rails red-hot, then twisting them around trees until nothing but a rolling-mill could restore their usefulness. But such duties involved manual labor, a work better fitted for those yokels, the infantry. An aristocrat naturally shunned such grinding toil whenever his general was looking the other way.

Sherman, whose experience with cavalry is the most impressive index of its worth, said repeatedly, "The cavalry has not the industry to damage a railroad seriously. Usually it can be repaired faster than they can damage it."

Shrewd philosopher that he was, Sherman depended upon this defect in the cavalryman's character to protect the Union Army during his drive on Atlanta. To supply his force as it penetrated deeper and deeper into the enemy's country, Sherman relied upon a long railroad which, had Southern horsemen been willing to work hard with their hands, might have been so badly crippled as to have compelled him to abandon his campaign. But as long as cavalrymen were cavalrymen he was safe. His engineers traveling up and down the track could speedily repair all injuries.

So cynically did he hold the enemy dragoons that when word came that Wheeler and Morgan, two of Dixie's most dramatic horse-captains, were riding to destroy his source of supplies in Kentucky, Sherman sniffed, "I can't turn back for a cavalry raid. It is destined for clamor and nothing more."

Sherman's capture of Atlanta came when it did largely because General Wheeler had left the army of defense and ridden off to stage a spread-eagle demonstration in the Union rear. It was expected that Sherman, at this turn of affairs, would relax his offensive to protect his communications, but Uncle Billy merely dispatched some infantry reserves to shield the large supply dépôts and kept his army hammering at the Confederate fortifications around Atlanta. In this work he noted that the absence of Wheeler's horse had exposed the Southern railroad which fed Atlanta, and so he ordered up Kilpatrick's cavalry to wreck the line. Emphatically he lectured his centaur, "You go not to fight but to *work*." Soon little Kil was back with tall tales of how completely he had ruined *that* railroad. But the next day Sherman saw Confederate trains merrily running up and down the tracks as though nothing had happened, and in the end it was the infantry that had to fight its way around and perform the duty.

Although it is unquestionable that many of Sherman's cavalry leaders, notably Kilpatrick and Mower, were ferocious in battle, Sherman found difficulty in persuading several of them to fight consistently. Of General Hatch he once said "I hear of no collision, of none killed. He seems to hover around when he should dash in with saber and pistol." And of another, General Garrard, he observed, "I am thoroughly convinced that if he can see a horseman in the distance with a spy-glass he will turn back."

It was Sherman's favorite assistant, General McPherson, however, who wrote the classic comment on this type of Union cavalrymen. McPherson, in 1863, was writ-

ing to Grant, who had gone East to assume command of all the Northern armies. Grant was himself dismal regarding the cavalry and, at the time, was telling Lincoln that the service needed reformation; so he was in a mood to appreciate McPherson's wire, which read, "There is no disguising the fact that the enemy cavalry brigades are far superior to ours under Winslow. Many of his [Winslow's] subordinate officers are of no account whatever; even the horses have caught the timidity of the men and turn around involuntarily and break for the rear as soon as a shot is fired."

Sherman had vexations, too, over Sooy Smith, who commanded his cavalry in the Winter of 1863–4. The trouble came to a climax on a certain expedition wherein Smith, with the horse, was to meet Sherman, with the infantry, at Meridian, Miss., on a certain February day, and wreck the place. The foot-soldiers arrived, but no Sooy. "It will be a novel thing in war if infantry has to await the motions of the cavalry," Sherman growled. At length the patient infantrymen, having reduced the city, returned home—to find that Smith had poked along so leisurely that the enemy had been enabled to organize a force of half his strength and whip him with it.

IV

Similar disaster overtook all too many Union raids. General Kilpatrick and Colonel Dahlgren essayed a most sensational dash upon Richmond in February, 1864, but beyond losing most of Dahlgren's riders and frightening the good folk of the Confederate capital into ringing the church bells in their night shirts, accomplished nothing. Colonel Streight, in April, 1863, mounted 2,600 infantrymen on mules and set out to devastate Northern Alabama. The bold party was gobbled up *en masse* by their enemies at Rome, Ga. General Sturgis attempted a similar tour of Northern Mississippi in May, 1864, and was captured, the catastrophe perhaps aided by the commander's enthusiasm for alcohol.

General Stoneman, weary of protecting Sherman's food lines in the Atlanta campaign, persuaded his superior to let him make a grand gesture. He would ride on Andersonville Prison and free the thousands of piteous starvelings there. Sherman, swept off his balance by sympathy for the prisoners, allowed Stoneman to attempt it, but was not surprised to hear, soon enough, that the raiders, with outposts lulled by peach brandy and applejack, had been overwhelmed and were themselves on the road to the prison pen. But to the home populations, the very boldness and bravery of such pranks outweighed their lack of success. As for the reputedly successful dashes of Wilder in Tennessee and Grierson and Stanley in Mississippi, their results were never regarded by Sherman and McPherson as commensurate with their celebrity. Up to the very end of the war—when it was prostrate—the South always seemed to recover without difficulty from the injuries received in such affairs.

Sherman's general contempt for cavalry was by no means limited to his own force. For only one Confederate horseman did he voice any respect. General Nathan Bedford Forrest, that curious, unorthodox genius, drew compliments now and again from Uncle Billy. Forrest as an eccentric, nonmilitary, sub-literate individual, could never learn the simplest commands or manuals of arms, yet he was, until the late months of the war, always victorious over the Yankee horsemen. As a slave-dealer Forrest had been beyond the social pale and was consequently free from the burdensome technique of a gentleman. He merely used common sense in moving his riders, and, moreover, used them as mounted infantry, employing horses primarily to transport his riflemen from one danger spot to another.

"That devil Forrest" Sherman called him, and once was rumored to have said he would trade all his own horsemen for Forrest alone. When Forrest's men butchered some Union troops, both colored and white, after the flag of surrender had

flown above Fort Pillow, the whimsical genius became more or less an outlaw, and Sherman put a price on his head, offering to make a major-general out of any Union brigadier who would kill him in battle.

But examination of the facts reveals that Sherman paid Forrest a respect that was more conversational than active. Forrest's elusiveness and incessant flouting of his pursuers nettled Sherman and drew from him those explosive tributes. However much his tongue might run away with him, Sherman had his hands always under control. Tempted though he often was to send his redoubtable infantry against Forrest, he never did so when there was any need for them to be pounding the Confederate footmen, who were serious enemies indeed. Forrest at his worst could only be defeating Union cavalry.

When word would come, as it so often did, that "the devil Forrest" was threatening his communications, Sherman would yawn as he answered, "Let Forrest cavort about the country as much as he pleases."

For Joe Wheeler, the Southern cavalry chief most often opposed to him, Sherman had small regard. Grant had written to him, "Wheeler is easily whipped if boldly attacked by half his numbers," a description which Sherman found somewhat exaggerated yet true enough for all practical purposes. In his final campaign through the Carolinas, Sherman discovered that his own cavalry, under the cockerel Kilpatrick, was capable of pushing Wheeler back without serious interruption. Even when Wheeler would elude Kil and break through upon the infantry, there was still no cause for worry. "My marching columns of infantry don't pay the cavalry any attention, but walk right through it," Sherman wrote to Grant.

From the Official Records comes again and again the impression that Sherman, barring his occasional vexations over Forrest's impudence, was content to let the South have all the superiority in cavalry that it wanted. Occasionally he would snap out some angry wish for better Union horsemen but on second thought would register his belief that the more the Confederacy was encouraged to develop fiery and dashing bands of raiders, the better it was for the North. He saw that as the bands grew more and more independent, clattering far and wide, they naturally gravitated into lawlessness, and that while cavalrymen as a class might be plumed knights to distant newspaper readers, they were a plague to non-combatants near at hand.

Like all realists he saw that the destruction of Chambersburg, Pa., by Confederate raiders, and the histrionic ride of John Morgan up through Indiana and Ohio had done nothing quite so much as convert droves of Southern-sympathisers in those States into rabid Union men. Of the secesh cavalry organizations operating in Mississippi, Tennessee and Alabama, he repeatedly said, "I don't want those rebel bands captured. They are doing us excellent service. They are disgusting the minds of the Southern people with Confederate pretension and government. I want the people to feel that their rebel authorities care but little for them."

As though to confirm his wisdom were the protests that the Southern people made against their cavalry. Most succinct of these complaints was that of Sergeant L. G. Sleeper of the 44th Mississippi Infantry, who, on January 27, 1864, wrote the Southern Secretary of War:

> The cavalry in Southern Mississippi is a most perfect nuisance, a terror to the people and a disgrace to all civilized warfare. All men who are conscripted join this cavalry and consider themselves out of the service. I saw a number of absentees from this and other portions of our army who have deserted their commands and are actually protected by this cavalry.

Sheafs of demands that Wheeler's cavalry be curbed came to Richmond from the Georgians and Carolinians who had lost horses, quilts, corn, and clothing to their "protectors." In conversation, in letters, in newspapers and in formal documents they declared that they saw no difference

between the Union foragers and Wheeler's horsemen.

For much of this talk the cavalryman's own habit of braggadocio was responsible. "We get the first whack at the women and the banks" was a jesting boast of riders who liked to impress listeners with their daredeviltry. In reality, their depredations in the Civil War never included rape, a crime strikingly absent from the whole conflict.

Wheeler's dragoons, however, were so reckless with their friends' property as to draw official inquiry by the Confederate authorities, and of them Major-General D. H. Hill, C.S.A., reported in January, 1864:

> My experience with the cavalry in this war has not been favorable and I make no secret of my opinion. . . . There is something terribly wrong. They never think of delaying the Yankees by fighting them. Their simple business is to get out of the way. . . . What we need is efficient cavalry, not immense bands of plunderers scattered over the country. Nine-tenths of the so-called cavalry never see and cannot be induced to see an armed Yankee. If we are starved into submission it will be through these fellows.

There may have been actual prophecy in Hill's words. Perhaps the Confederacy died prematurely from the effects of that enormous draught of Cavalierism which it drank so early in the war.

Nevertheless, it was common for thirty years after the war to find Southern cavalry-enthusiasts attacking Jefferson Davis for not having armed more horsemen during the war. It was said that if he had mounted great sections of the infantry and let the Southern aptitude for horsemanship take its natural course, the Lost Cause would never have been lost.

Well might Davis have answered, had he cared to take up the matter, that the Confederacy suffered not from too little cavalry but from too much. Several thousand of those gay, nomadic Cavaliers, unhorsed and placed in the trenches, rifle in hand, might have saved the day at Gettysburg, Richmond or Atlanta.

V

While the real life of cavalry in modern warfare may be said to have died with the Confederacy, it was a Union horseman who signalled its interment. The tragedy occurred on May 22, 1865, when the Union Army of the Potomac held its grand review in Washington to celebrate victory.

Pennsylvania avenue was swarming with a throng even larger than it had held a month before when Lincoln's funeral had rolled on black wheels from the White House to the Capitol. Crowds screamed, banners flew, dignitaries craned their necks, little boys fell out of shade trees from sheer excitement. The soldiers were starched and polished almost beyond endurance and the most gorgeous figure of all was George Armstrong Custer, whose velveteen uniform was the bluest of blues and whose long, yellow hair floated in the wind—the same long, yellow hair that would later dangle from Indian belts on the plains, where cavalry would flourish for a time in a revival of primitive, savage warfare.

Behind Custer rode the dragoons who had followed him in Sheridan's Shenandoah campaign. No other horsemen were so spangled and so fancy as Custer's men, each rider wearing a long scarf, a paper collar and a gaudy pink ribbon around his neck.

Bands blared, the horses quivered and the parade began. All eyes were on Yellow Hair—a brigadier-general at twenty-four—the man who would demonstrate to the world how the cavalry, that fairest flower of chivalry, could ride.

Suddenly in the crowd an overwrought female threw a wreath of blossoms at Custer's head. The missile fell short and settled over the eyes of his horse. A snort, and away went the frightened charger, the bit between its teeth, soldiers, civilians scrambling and the poor general hanging on for dear life.

He disappeared in the distance and the parade went off without him.

A GALLERY OF THEOLOGUES

BY MERRITT WIMBERLY

CORBIN's infilling of the Holy Ghost resulted in his entry upon a ministerial career, which so enraged his father, a rich Nebraska farmer, that he cut his erring son from the paternal will, and booted him bodily from the old homestead. Such, at any rate, was Corbin's story when we welcomed him to our Divinity School. And we not only believed him, but respected him as a man who had made a huge sacrifice for the Gospel's sake. For the majority of us were aware of no such sacrifice even though we longed at times, as becomes disciples, to be reviled and persecuted. Ours was a feeling common to the religious, that they must, somehow, show the stigmata. Corbin bore the marks.

And we liked him, for he carried his martyrdom gracefully. He had a hurt look and a pious face. A member of a church which he supplied during his student days once told him, he looked like an angel. And when he talked sentimentally of home, his sisters and brothers, or his mother's death, which tragedy had failed to make his father relent, we felt deeply sorry for the man. He had "emptied himself" to preach the Gospel. We sighed wistfully for the spirit that carried him through. After all, we thought, the strange courage which characterized the martyrs was not unknown today. Steve Corbin embodied that courage.

He had spent three years as a dental student. His merger with the Holy Ghost had led him to drop that romantic pursuit, with its fancy emoluments, for the more humble rôle of shepherd. That he longed to save his former associates was evident when we noticed he never completely lost track of them. Since both schools were in one town he had ample opportunity to shed his benign influence upon these embryo tooth-drawers. He was careful, however, not to introduce them to us. And we never sought an introduction, suspecting that Corbin was afraid his bloody and ribald companions might, without thought, regale us with impropriety.

These men of the world used to stay late in his room. Somewhat of a night owl myself, I never knew when they left the dormitory. My gullibility was not vast enough to make me imagine they spent these long hours in prayer. My only guess was that they had a rich past to talk over, for Corbin frankly admitted that before his conversion he had been ensnared by the blandishments of the broad way that leadeth to destruction.

But one night, returning home late, I felt the need of camaraderie before I should turn in. Noticing a light on the door-sill of Corbin's room, I made my way there. Without knocking—for such ceremonies were passé amidst the sweet fellowship of St. John's Hall—I opened the door. Through the dense fog of lifeless smoke, I distinguished Corbin. His hornshell glasses were off, his long yellow hair was disheveled, his collar was loosened, and he was frozen stiff in the act of dealing stud poker to three fraternity brothers. Near his right hand sat a half empty bottle, while before each guest sat a glass. The four dental brethren were plainly on the edge of a large evening. I wanted to retreat at once, but an embarrassed amazement held me motionless long enough to be recognized.

"What the hell!" sputtered Corbin. "Well, I'll be ——! I thought that damned—that door was locked!"

Both Corbin and I were blushing painfully. Stammering out an apology, I retreated with what grace I could summon.

Half an hour later Corbin was in my room. His hair was in place and his glasses on, but he was grinning sheepishly. My position became immediately that of a priest in Holy Church. Corbin wanted to confess. He had, it seemed, been kicked out of home and school simultaneously for wrecking a young maiden who demanded, a bit too noisily, that he pay. It was the payment part, he told me, that so enraged his father. The old man had to let go the equivalent of twenty fat hogs.

"After that," he said, "I did make an honest effort to reform. But the flesh is weak."

From that time on Corbin and I were better friends. It was no longer necessary to hold him in awe, or to stand at arm's length from his persecuted inner self. He was graduated from our theological school, accepted a church, and served it six months. I then had a letter from him full of vile objurgations against the church, and with the announcement that he was through. He is doing well in the insurance business somewhere in Missouri.

II

Brewer is now studying for a doctor's degree at an Eastern university. The first time I ever entered his room, I was called on for prayer. As a first-year man I had to break forth, though it came hard. Brewer was a great prayer. It was to avoid attending extra prayer-meetings that men avoided his room. He would launch into holy petition upon the least provocation. We blamed this queer streak in Brewer upon an over-reading of the mystics. Fortunately, he later learned that not even monks pray as much as they talk about praying. After that we could visit him with some degree of safety, although we never felt entirely sure that he might not break forth at any moment and call for a season of prayer. He once admitted to me, months later, that he had been a bit too zealous. "Whenever I heard footsteps in the hall," he said, "I was tempted to poke my head out of the door and yell, 'Let's pray!'" Brewer had a variety of names for Jahveh, and confessed a desire to commune with the Over-Soul and the Cosmic Unity.

Withal he was a sinner, and to his intimates he made no bones of his waywardness. I distinctly remember him advising me to take a snort of whiskey before I delivered my initial homily. Even those who didn't know his weakness probably suspected him, for he appeared frequently at classes with at least three sheets in the wind. Liquor lent him a certain sullenness. Otherwise there were no visible effects. He was further stamped as a man of loose morals by his open use of the cigarette. These things never sat well with our pure and sweet neophytes. Neither did Brewer's habits of personal uncleanliness. He swept and garnished his room only semi-annually, and once, when some zealous young theologues who thought cleanliness next to godliness jumped him about his laxity, he said to me, "To hell with them! I'm no housekeeper. These protesting asses who object to my B. V. D.'s hanging over the mantle are all lizzies. They festoon their walls with doilies."

Brewer was particularly well versed in philosophy, and Spinoza, among others, was at his finger-tips. I'm confident he was the only man in school who understood Kant. He accepted the findings of the Higher Criticism, and Fundamentalists were anathema to him.

He was also one of the few theologues of my acquaintance who had made any sacrifice to enter the holy field. His former employer, a textile magnate, visited him during his first year at St. John's, and to my certain knowledge offered him twice the amount he could expect to earn as a parson if he would come back to the firm. As a matter of fact, Brewer was really in-

tensely religious. There was no doubt in his mind that he was called of God. He liked meditation, and could talk about religion in a way that didn't turn your stomach.

The last time I saw Brewer he was in his cups. His tongue wasn't thick but his eye was bright. Several of us had launched into a discussion of grand themes too heavy for our intellects. The skeptic among us was discoursing upon the naïveté of the average religious thinker.

"In the present age of enlightenment," he was saying, "the hope of immortality won't hold water. Religion must be drawn down to the practical issues. Don't you think so, Brewer?"

Brewer was slouched down on a sofa, with a gin flask plainly protruding from the inner pocket of his coat.

"Damn the practical issues!" he answered. "The intangible in religion is what I love."

III

Bradshaw was an ex-tramp, an omnivorous reader of adventure stories, and the best pulpit orator in our school. He was barely over five feet tall, but he had a voice like the Thunder God's. This, coupled with a talent for fine phrases and a Bryanesque delivery, made him the center of envious eyes. There were those who dared question the Lord God Himself, that He should deal so generously with one who obviously was not consecrated to high endeavor.

For Bradshaw was anything but righteous. One holy boy in a lucid moment described him as a pellet of viciousness. And when in his sermon he proclaimed Sinclair Lewis a competent judge of Christian ministers it all but cost him his B.D. Try as they would, the faculty could not induce him to recant. The best they ever got from him was the admission that he might have been guilty of "youthful generalization." The faculty was not satisfied, but it did not look well to oust the winner of three oratorical prizes on the eve of graduation. So Bradshaw continued to praise Lewis.

Bradshaw detested work, ideals, and men of ideals. He owed money to most of the students and to at least two professors, whom he had hornswoggled into lending him two hundred dollars. He was intensely proud of the fact that he had once led a life of sin, that he had drunk the dregs, and could still be wicked without bother from his conscience, when occasion demanded. His father had been an engineer of the Cunard Line, and through him Bradshaw had managed to see most of the world. He could talk of geisha girls in Japan and the señoritas in Mexico with equal familiarity. Buenos Aires was his favorite city, though he admitted that San Francisco had its points.

The Holy Ghost had descended upon him in Omaha shortly after the war. An Omaha policeman had found him one raw Winter dawn lying unconscious in front of a lower Farnam street grocery-store, a victim of double pneumonia. His weakened condition and the imminence of death made him an easy victim for the hospital chaplain, who not only prevailed upon him to confess, but on learning that he was a three-year college man, hustled him off to theological school before he was completely convalescent.

The "conversion," as Bradshaw now called his softening experience, had stuck only long enough for him to get his trunk unpacked.

"The first time I was alone on South Jefferson street," he told me, "hell and its legions re-invaded my soul. I realize my utter hypocrisy; don't think I don't. But what's a man to do? I'm tired of the road, and this is my only alternative.

"Beside," he would thunder during evening bull sessions, "do you mean to say that you birds who haunt this morgue are any better Christians than I am? What do you know of sacrifice? What do you know of sin? I have witnessed scenes which a sense of charity forbids my describing to you neophytes. The human depravity I've encountered would make you wonder about this Jahveh business too."

One conscientious brother took it upon himself to denounce Bradshaw for his hypocrisy, which was a stench in the nostrils of all who were sure of their own purity. Among other things this spokesman assured Bradshaw of the indispensability of ideals.

"Do you realize, Bradshaw, that you are absolutely without ideals? Are you aware that the only qualifications you have for this great work are a deep voice and rhetoric? And as for the sins you've seen and committed, I question the truth of some of your broader statements."

Bradshaw banged the table and thundered his protest.

"You may accuse me of having no ideals; I'll offer no denial. But to say that I haven't seen life naked, that I resent. I've been in crummy jails at home and abroad. I've drunk more brands of liquor than you ever knew existed. I've slept with twenty nationalities, and four colors of women. I've seen Paris, Honolulu, Port Said, Buenos Aires, and I've even sinned in the capital of your ideals, Holy Jerusalem."

Bradshaw, by the sheer power of his oratory, drew a big church upon graduation. But before the year was out he was tried before an ecclesiastical court, and found guilty of telling the president of the Ladies' Guild to go to Hell. He switched to another denomination and is now in Nevada. I had a letter from him last week. He's married, restless, and in debt. "I wish you could see your way clear to help me out of this desert, where the pasturage for both sheep and shepherd is most uncertain," he wrote.

IV

Walters was a big, husky lumberjack type. In his day he had been an all-State, praying fullback. I always imagined that if he ever broke loose he could easily acquire a captaincy among the ranks of the depraved. But he was a moral as well as a physical giant. He was proud of his iron will and disdainful of us lesser moral fry who were unable to curb our weaknesses. He belonged to that rare segment of mankind who find it easy to walk the gauntlet of comely women and all minor temptations without so much as turning to right or left. As if to demonstrate his utter purity he even abstained from coffee and tea. They contained drugs, he explained, which might eat at the fibre of his will. Big in bulk, and with an intelligence a little above the average, he made an ideal candidate for the ministry. He was a triple-threat man in the line-up of God Almighty. "I work eight hours a day," he once lectured us, "I play eight hours a day, and I sleep eight hours. I run on the schedule that the Creator made out for me. I've never tasted tea, coffee, tobacco or alcohol. Furthermore, I am a virgin and intend to remain so."

Walters met Zelda Dane during the last semester of his theological course. She was indeed fair to look upon. Born and reared a Protestant, she had spent the last ten of her twenty-two years in the home of an uncle who was a devout Catholic. She was consequently a religious mongrel, and, like most people who have endured the mental shock of two beliefs, she had come to eschew them both. She loved the garish day, and was obviously no mate for a parson. The president and dean of the school, knowing Walters' great possibilities as a prophet, visited him in an effort to guide their Samson away from Delilah's shears. But Zelda had already set the man-trap, and Walters jumped into it with both feet. His captivity was pathetic. "I have been guided by my heart." He vomited sentiments like that.

But the president and dean were right. They knew their pastoral theology. Walters had traded his birthright for a mess of pottage. Disaster and misery followed his ill-advised bargain. Not only was Zelda hated by every woman in the prize church which fell to Walters, but she hated the women. They were covetous of her clothes and of her ability to wear them. But worse than her clothes was the fact that she was

not a subdued personality. Her look was not as ingratiating as the look common to other mistresses of the manse. Her very carriage had about it that something which said to the church ladies, "Will you kindly go to Hell?" She ignored the women's societies, refused to go to Ladies' Aid, and refused to captain the primary section of the Sunday-school. An undercurrent of dissatisfaction became an uproar of indignation when Zelda attended a bridge party on prayer-meeting night. Every good Christian woman in the church cried for her blood. Pressure was immediately brought to bear upon the rams of the flock, who appointed a committee to inform Walters that he was fired.

He dropped from that four-thousand dollar parish to a twenty-four-hundred dollar one, and subsequently to an eighteen-hundred dollar charge, where I again met up with him. At his invitation, I visited him, and found him in his study, a mess of books, cobwebs, dead smoke, half-emptied cigarette packages, pipes, sticky glasses, old newspapers—an amazing contrast to his orderly seminary quarters. His wife, he said, was away; had been away for three months. He had been farming her out to various relatives for the past two years. "When they grow tired of her I don't know what I will do." He hoped she might have an affair with some man, and eventually divorce him. She kept him broke, but her absence allowed him some peace of mind.

Pulling a gallon jug from beneath his unkempt desk he proffered me a drink of wild grape wine. He had hornswoggled some parishioner into surrendering it.

"I've gone the way of all flesh. I even have a girl. She directs my choir, which practices in the church every Thursday evening. And I've come to believe that a life of sin is more adventurous than a life of righteousness, even though it lacks security."

He drank off a tumbler of wine.

"There's some rye in the closet if you prefer it."

V

Atkins had greasy hair, fat cheeks, a stocky body, and an implicit faith in the Word of God. In my first conversation with him I was informed that the Bible was the infallible rule of faith and practice, and that any other opinion would lead to eternal and horrible damnation. Atkins was particularly militant on the Jonah story. "And it wasn't a whale anyway," he would storm when crowded by some good student of biology; "it was a specially prepared fish."

He was also an expert on the millennium. It was from him that I first learned the importance of that holy event. Entering my room armed with a Holy Bible, he tortured me far into the night, until in sheer desperation I admitted that the Second Coming was a sure and established fact, and that all the wayward, including myself, had best take to our marrow bones in earnest petition. He was particularly strong, as I recall it, on Zechariah. I was led to understand, also, that he was a premillennarian and bitter against those to whom he referred familiarly and sneeringly as the posts. Apparently, there was a wide gulf of blue flames fixed between the pres and the posts, the former believing that Christ will return before the millennium of bliss and the latter contending, Satan-like, that He will return immediately afterward. The posts, according to Atkins and his favorite book, "Jesus Will Come," are naïve enough to believe that the millennium is mayhap already upon us, and cite the triumph of the Eighteenth Amendment as proof that at least one of Satan's arms is shackled to his back. I was never quite sure whether the posts or the so-called Liberals of the school were Atkins' pet antipathy. I only know that he was bitter toward both these arch-enemies of Jahveh.

Nor was he to be intimidated by the most beetle-browed and tyrannical of the theological profs. He generously allowed them some license, in concession to their positions, but it was dangerous for even a

professor to argue the existence of a second Isaiah in Atkins' presence. When such heresies were attempted he would at once begin to lick his lips, boil inwardly, lay bare his spiritual arm, and prepare to defend the faith which had been once for all delivered to the saints, among whom he himself was obviously included.

Our Bible professor once questioned the literal interpretation of Christ's words when He spoke of Satan's fall from Heaven, as set forth in Luke x,18. Atkins leaped to his feet in a white rage.

"Doctor! Doctor! That's rank heresy!"

Doc Hastie began to puff and blow a little on his own account.

"Atkins," he ordered, "sit down! You're a half-wit!"

But Atkins proved himself a staunch defender of Holy Writ.

"I may be half-witted, Doctor," he put back, "but I ain't one to poison people's minds against God, or make Him out a liar."

Doc Hastie naturally sought Atkins' expulsion, but by the very nature of things our pre-millennarian was secure. He had Jahveh and the president on his side. "It would hardly be expedient to expel a man for believing in the Bible," was the gist of the latter dignitary's decision. So Doc Hastie resigned and got himself a job where Holy Writ was in a class with Homer and Shakespeare. Atkins graduated in due form, and then joined the Baptists, where the majority is always on the Lord's side.

VI

Betz had experienced a vision. He had seen an angel in white and shining raiment walking hopelessly through a field of ripened wheat and lamenting because there were no reapers. "Believe it or not, the darned thing occurred three nights hand running," he told me. He was nineteen at the time of this visitation, and under the influence of a Pentecostal crank with whom he roomed while attending school. From Betz's description of her it was easy to account for the spiritual nightmares which afflicted the boy's mind.

"She would flop down and pray any old time. I've seen her do it in the kitchen. And sometimes she would get the tremors, roll back her eyes, and start praising God with howls and screeches that would bring the neighbors in. Lots of times she would let out a hallelujah between mouthfuls at table. She got more real satisfaction out of her religion than anyone I ever saw. She completely got me."

Anyway, Betz had his visions and sallied forth in due time to a Bible Institute. He suffered in trying to be a holy man. He took it seriously and didn't believe the exuberance which followed his visions should wear off too soon. He read the Scriptures, resorted to long prayers, and in general made a desperate struggle to subdue the flesh. But he fell into sin and was kicked out of his denomination. For some months he sold books and then joined another denomination akin to the one which had given him the boot. He located in the town where I herded a more high-hat flock.

There I learned to know him quite well, but could never find it in myself to be charitable to him. Even though he did possess some of the more picturesque vices, he was not intelligent and his conscience bothered him. I had a feeling that he would end up rolling on the ground, and jabbering like a monkey in the tongues. But so far as I know he escaped the horrors of Holiness.

He was eventually elected treasurer of the district association of his sect, and in due time skipped the county with $1000 in mission money. He was brought home in irons, restored most of the heathen fund, and was h'isted over the ecclesiastical fence a second time.

I later found his advertisement and picture in a religious periodical. He had turned evangelist and offered, for a consideration, to split Hell wide open for any community fortunate enough to secure his services. He had a slogan: "Betz Gets the Best of Beelzebub."

TRAVELING JIM CROW

BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Next to being strictly honest, there is no more trying state in this humdrum Republic than being simultaneously a Negro and a traveler. Indeed, the troubles of Job seem trivial in comparison with those that bedevil the poor Aframerican who ventures forth to see his country. No matter in what part of it he may reside he knows very well that the hotel and resort advertisements he reads in the newspapers and magazines are not intended for such as he. When such eminent men of his race as Roland Hayes find difficulty in getting even the barest accommodations, what chance has the lone, insignificant Ethiop?

This should not be true, for almost all Americans are great travelers, jumping from one part of the country or the world to another on the slightest pretext and at every opportunity, often for no reason except to be on the move—and travel, as everyone knows, is supposed to broaden the mind. However, if this generalization is sound, then Americans are a striking exception to it, for their narrowness, discourtesy and racial bigotry seem to increase with their mobility, as every Negro traveler is aware. In the few remaining places in the Land of the Free where he is not openly discriminated against because of his color, he can almost be sure that some touring member of the Superior Race will demand that something be done about it.

When the Negro assumes that ninety-nine out of every one hundred American hotels are closed to folk of his ancestry he is not far wrong. Where he is given accommodation it is often done so grudgingly and with such obvious ill-will and annoyance that it is exceedingly difficult for him to enjoy his stay unless his feelings are tougher than a prison warden's or he possesses a sense of humor like Jonathan Swift's. The exceptions are indeed so rare that the glad news is soon broadcast from one end of Aframerica to the other as a miracle surpassing that of Jonah and the whale. When a colored citizen boasts that a certain hostelry actually received and served him with courtesy and alacrity, the report is hailed among his brethren with about the same credence accorded a tale from the adventures of Baron Münchhausen.

Not so long ago a very wealthy but black American business man and his wife were overtaken by night while motoring through Southern Ohio. As they had been riding all day they decided to seek accommodation at a nearby hotel. The wife being a voluntary Negress (*i.e.*, a white woman with remote Negro ancestry) went in first to engage the room. The clerk greeted her with a smile of welcome and whirled the guest-book around. Then, looking over her shoulder and spying her sable husband in the doorway flanked by heavily laden bellhops, he announced coldly, "We can give you a room, Madame, but your chauffeur will have to stay in the servants' quarters."

A well-known Negro tennis player, lured by the ad writer's art, visited a famous Rocky Mountain resort three or four years ago. Despite the fact that the hotel was on government land, he was informed by the indignant clerk that no accommodations for him could be had, although the white tourists were being assigned readily to

rooms. Even when some of his white acquaintances insisted that he be served, the clerk remained obdurate. It was only after wiring to a politician in Washington that he was finally accommodated, and then he got a little room up under the eaves.

It is all well enough to say that the Negro traveler should go to one of "his own places," but Aframerican hostelries are not always at hand and when available they are frequently tenth-rate, owing to the small number of well-to-do Negro travelers upon whom they can regularly depend. In spite of the general belief that colored folk are all alike, the fact remains that there are all classes of people in Negro America, from tramps to millionaires, and a hotel or rooming-house quite satisfactory to stevedores, laborers and field hands would hardly be to the taste of a school teacher, a physician or an artist.

Hence, most Negro travelers of culture and prominence try to get a place to sleep with people they know, and if they are acquainted with no one in a town, they must perforce stop at any so-called hotel to which an obliging chauffeur takes them. Many times I have been taken to the worst imaginable places by taxicab chauffeurs whom it was necessary to trust, since I was a total stranger. Once, in a Southern city, I was awakened by loud curses and crashes, to find that the chauffeur had carried me to a bawdy-house that was being raided by the police. The madame, I learned later, had failed to pay off the representatives of law and order.

Once I saw the tables turned on white travelers seeking accommodations in an all-Negro town in Oklahoma. Two salesmen and a woman agent, all Nordics, found themselves in Boley for the night. There were no white restaurants or white rooming-houses where they could be served, so they forgot all about Caucasian supremacy and made the best of the situation. They ate in the restaurant with us black folk and put up at the best rooming-house the town afforded, which was none too good. The two white men slept across the hall from me and the white woman slept next door. In the very next town the same arrangement would have been the signal for a burning. I was struck by the attitude of the Negroes in this all-Negro town toward these white folks as compared to that of the whites toward Negroes elsewhere.

II

However, the Negro traveler's troubles do not begin when he seeks lodging for the night; they begin when he purchases a railroad ticket. If he happens to be somewhere outside the South he can get Pullman accommodation without difficulty, except in border cities like Cincinnati, St. Louis, El Paso and Kansas City. Only last April a Cincinnati Negro of great prominence who served his city for many years as an important official and is well known as a writer and musician, had the Devil's own time getting a berth from his home town to Durham, N. C., and he only got it in the end because he knew some high official of the railroad. Going into Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas from St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo., the Negro traveler, unless clever and insistent, will often have to ride in a cramped "colored" coach. But outside of Dixie the only evidence of color prejudice encountered in sleeping-cars, aside from the growls and sniffs of professional Southerners, is the growing custom of assigning Negroes to end berths, and perhaps this is as much to the Negro's interest as to the Caucasian's, since the end berth is more easily returned to in the night, thus lessening the chance of mistakes and the opportunities afforded moronic matrons to yawp Rape!

The real fun starts in the South, for the obtaining of Pullman accommodations in that section of America by a Negro is a feat that requires great ingenuity. As a usual thing reservations and tickets are obtained through a voluntary Negro (*i.e.*, a white Negro), a dark Negro who stands in well with the white folks, or a black bellhop at a white hotel. Four years ago

a woman journalist and I wanted to get Pullman seats from Richmond, Va., to a point in North Carolina. We wondered how we were going to do it. A fellow journalist solved the problem. Going down to the station, he marched up to the ticket window and with becoming meekness asked for two parlor car seats from Richmond to Durham for "Mr. George S. Schuyler and Mrs. ————." Hearing the terms mister and missis, the agent naturally assumed that the seats were for white people, so we got them.

I am acquainted with a Negro physician in a Mississippi city who owns an entire block of brick buildings and is something of a power in the community. Yet, when he wanted to get a drawing-room once to send his son and daughter to Howard University in Washington, D. C., he was told that there was nothing doing. Being a clever man, however, and knowing his white folks very well, he managed by the expenditure of several dollars for telegrams to get what he wanted by playing one railroad against the other. He finally secured the drawing-room, but his children had to first go to New Orleans by jim crow before they could get into it.

Last Spring a colored government official told me how he and another Negro, a journalist, got a drawing-room from Atlanta to Birmingham. They had come in on the train from Washington in the drawing-room, but instead of getting off and going into the station in a vain effort to get the same space into Birmingham, they stayed right in the drawing-room after ascertaining from the porter that it was not reserved. The train started and the conductor came for their tickets, whereupon they proceeded to break down his resistance with talk and ended by being permitted to occupy the room at no more than the usual charge.

Two years ago a young postoffice employé in Mobile, scheduled to attend a Negro conference in Los Angeles, found it impossible to get Pullman accommodations out of his town. Unwilling to ride from Mobile to El Paso in a day coach, he wired to New Orleans for a reservation. When he arrived at the Crescent City the ticket agent was flabbergasted, but there was no way to lie and say that all of the space had been reserved.

Down in the Carolinas there is a very cultured little lady who teaches English and heads a Little Theatre group which has appeared before enthusiastic audiences at neighboring white universities. Though classed as a Negro, she looks enough like a Japanese to be just off the boat from Nippon. Her home is in Texas and when traveling in Pullman cars through that and the adjacent States, she passes as a subject of the Mikado and tells me that she is usually the center of attraction in the parlor-car and diner. Whites who would insist that she be thrown off if aware of her Negro ancestry crowd around her and listen raptly to her account of life in the Flowery Kingdom. It is interesting to note in this connection that Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Hindus, Mexicans and other dark aliens, to say nothing of our own Indians, can easily get Pullman accommodations throughout the South, while Negroes whose African ancestry is known must ride jim crow.

Negro convicts accompanied by officers and Negro domestics accompanying their employers are tolerated in Pullman berths, but black ministers, editors and bankers have to wade through miles of red tape to get them. I know a colored woman who frequently goes from New York to New Orleans and always puts on an apron when she gets below the Rope and Faggot line. It is a badge of servility which acts as a protection, since it definitely places her in the servant class. Of course the most rabid Negrophobe has no objection to riding in a Pullman car or diner with a Negro if that Negro is in a menial capacity. That such a seemingly absurd precaution is frequently wise was well demonstrated three or four years ago when a Negro woman was dragged out of a Pullman car in Northern Florida by officers of the law and fined

$500 for the crime of riding through that progressive Commonwealth in comfort. It was in the same enlightened State that a mob of chivalric Nordics boarded a Pullman car not so long ago seeking the head of a large Negro fraternal organization and his wife, who they had been informed were committing the heinous crime of occupying a lower berth. As both the conductor and the porter lied to the mob and the terrified couple remained inaudible behind the curtains of their berth, the 100%ers went away disappointed.

In a certain border State there is a Negro editor and politician who has been a member of the Legislature and held high official positions. Three years ago he found himself in a large Southern city. He was eager to leave for the North on a train departing at nine in the evening, but he knew no voluntary or "good" Negroes who could obtain a Pullman reservation for him. Then he remembered that he knew a prominent official of the railroad who was from his home town in Virginia. He went to the man's office and asked to see him. The clerks shook their heads. Then he got them to take in a note reading "This is ——— ——— from ———, Virginia. I would like to see you." Immediately the official bounced out of his office and wrung the Negro's hand as if he were a long-lost brother, much to the astonishment of the office force.

In the white man's private office, over cigars and liquor, the Negro explained his mission. The official said it would be difficult, but finally he arranged it and told the Negro to be at the railroad station at six o'clock. At the appointed time the Negro was there and a young white man gave him his lower berth ticket. For safety's sake, however, he was forced to crawl into his berth and draw the curtains right then and stay there until after the train had departed. The time of the year was July.

Usually when Negroes get Pullman accommodations in the South they are assigned to Lower 13 (the drawing-room) but charged only the price of a lower berth. It is generally wise for them to stay in the drawing-room during the entire trip and they are frequently advised by the conductor to do so. An old friend of mine who disobeyed this injunction was greeted by a barrage of stones cast by the village cutups when his train paused in a small town. Another gentleman, a traveling representative of a national Negro organization, having obtained a drawing-room from Atlanta to a point in South Georgia through the offices of a black Atlantan who stood in well with the railroad officials, was grossly insulted by two drunken white men and threatened with bodily violence because he objected to them entering the room to drink whiskey and play cards.

In the capital city of a trans-Mississippi Commonwealth there is an elderly Negro who not so long ago was a traveling school official visiting all parts of the State. He was able to get a Pullman berth only when going to a city about 150 miles distant, and he got that through being the friend of the Pullman porter who ran "in charge" between the two cities. It would have been out of the question for this Negro official to have got a reservation through the ticket agent. The train did not leave until late at night. The porter would prepare the berth and then when there were no white folks looking, this Negro official would sneak into it, button the curtains and stay there until all of the white passengers had left the car the next morning.

On one trip there was an elderly female of the Superior Race who lingered in bed until she thought the porter and herself were the only ones present. Then she complained that this and that article of clothing had been lost or dropped under the berth and had the alarmed porter hunting for them. After that she made him help her get dressed, wanted to know if he was married, and sought his opinion concerning her general appearance and shapeliness. She ended by insisting that he go out and get her some breakfast. Both the Negroes were scared to death. The porter tried to

explain that it was dangerous for her to remain on the car, while the school official, now fully clothed, shivered with fear behind his curtains. At last, about eight-thirty, the woman departed and the two Negroes had to consume a pint of corn liquor to restore their shattered nerves. After that the school official rode jim crow.

III

The Negro traveler notes with interest the changes that come over his white fellow passengers in passing the imaginary line between North and South. A Negro I know in Arkansas was once *en route* to a national teachers' convention somewhere in the North in company with several other Negro teachers. On the same train was a delegation of white teachers. It was Summer and the car doors were open. The whites looked back into the Negro car and the Negroes looked forward into the white car, but no word passed between the two groups, though they were well known to each other. Finally the Missouri border was passed, the whites trooped into the erstwhile jim crow car, a Negro school principal produced a quart of corn, and a good time was had by all until the end of the journey.

A friend in Houston relates this experience: He was *en route* from Los Angeles back home and a white passenger went out of his way to strike up an acquaintance. As a general thing Negroes eye such white folk with suspicion because their attitude seems too good to be true; but this Negro is broadminded, so the two men had a very jolly time until they reached El Paso. After that the white man closed up like a clam, averted his gaze and kept it glued on the passing sage brush for the rest of the trip.

Once I was going from Charleston, W. Va., to Washington, D. C., and I went in the diner for breakfast when we were about at White Sulphur Springs. Before I was half through my meal we were in Virginia. Almost immediately everybody in the dining-car began to look inquiringly in my direction. Not at all disturbed, I continued my meal. Soon a typical Southern gentleman of the old school, with broad-brimmed black slouch hat, white goatee and black string cravat, came in. He stopped short when he saw me, then rushed to the steward and protested. The steward shrugged his shoulders apologetically. Finally, the irate passenger sat down as far away from me as possible and ordered his meal. Later he came into the smoking-room, where I was enjoying a cigar and a magazine. He grunted with disgust and sat down. I continued to read. He pulled at his long cigar, eyeing me ever and anon. At last his curiosity grew too great and he asked where I was from. I said New York City. He announced that he was going that way himself. One remark led to another and before we had reached Washington we had discussed Congress, Rabelais, the late war and the inevitable race question, and I had smoked two of his cigars.

Very often Northern white people, eager to show their Southern brethren that they also are believers in white supremacy, raise as much Negrophobic clamor as a cracker from the Texas Panhandle. For example, Congressman Britten of Illinois was recently accused of raising a loud whoop on a trip South when he learned that a Negro had been assigned the berth over him. He went on, it is alleged, at a great rate until the Negro in question came back into the car, and who should it be but Benjamin Jeff Davis of Atlanta, editor of the Atlanta *Independent* and for many years Republican National Committeeman from Georgia!

In traveling through the South I have frequently been inconvenienced because of inability to obtain Pullman accommodations. It was not the discomfort so much that I minded (I've hiked and hoboed too much for that) but the missing of appointments and engagements. Some trains, usually the best ones to get you to your destination in time to transact your business, are through trains, all-Pullman and

carrying no day coaches. On many occasions I have had to spend needless and aggravating hours in a jim crow coach when I should have been at my destination hours before.

The great majority of Negro travelers, being without pull, cannot get Pullman accommodations, regardless of the law, and so must ride jim crow. I find many white people who have in some way got the idea that the jim crow coaches are exactly like the white coaches of the same class. Sometimes they are but not often. While the whites invariably have more space than is necessary, the Negro coach as a rule is one-half or one-third of the baggage car or what in the North is the smoking-car. Frequently there is but one toilet for men and women, while the coaches are often old wooden ones, easily smashed to kindling in a wreck. Going from Augusta, Ga., to Washington, D. C., in July, 1926, I rode in a jim crow half-coach that was so crowded that a dozen passengers had to stand up or sit on the arms of seats. Several women with infants sat cramped up all of the way to the nation's capital. The white coach ahead was only half filled, yet the Negroes could not sit in the vacant seats.

The news-venders, the conductors and other members of the train crews usually occupy from two to four seats, and sometimes more, of the small space available, and on them they spread their wares, their official papers and their feet, and no Negro passenger dare disturb them. I recall going from Little Rock to Fort Smith, Ark., in a jim crow coach one night. I had settled myself in the dirty plush seat and had just opened my book when the Negro train porter hurried up and advised me with bated breath to move because I was occupying the conductor's seat. I pointed out that there were plenty of vacant seats for the conductor and refused to move. The porter departed and returned soon with the conductor, a lantern-jawed, red-necked hillbilly with a cruel eye. He insisted profanely that I find another seat. Realizing that I was in an uncivilized country, I decided that discretion was the better part of valor and moved. Off and on for an hour afterward I heard the conductor making loud remarks about smart niggers.

At the present time some Negro observers below the Torch and Tar line claim there have been some changes in the attitude of the railroads toward passengers of the Inferior Race. Says one Virginian:

> In recent years the tendency has been for Southerners to pigeon-hole the jim crow laws where they conflict with their personal and economic interests. I have known conductors on the Southern Railroad, which admittedly has about the poorest accommodations for Negroes in the State, to actually take the surplus Negroes out of an overcrowded jim crow coach and put them into a half-filled white one. This would have been impossible six or seven years ago.

I must confess that it has not been my experience to run across such evidences of intelligence below the Potomac and Ohio rivers. The only railroads that have regularly impressed me with the fact that they considered the "equal but separate" clauses of the jim crow laws as more than scraps of paper are the Southern Pacific and the Illinois Central. And I have traveled close to 20,000 miles in the Coon and Cracker country.

In spite of all the annoyances, there are many laughs to be enjoyed by an intelligent Negro traveler in the land of our contemporary ancestors. For instance, the journey from Cincinnati to Louisville on the Big Four does not fail to yield them. The road does not enter jim crow territory until a little more than a mile from its Kentucky terminus. For that last mile there should be jim crow arrangements according to the law of the Blue Grass State, but the white and black passengers ride as blissfully together during the last mile as they do during the 113 previous ones. However, the two groups must separate to their respective "white" and "colored" waiting rooms when they leave the train. I inadvertently started to enter the "white" room and three employés yawped a warn-

ing in chorus. In this same city there is no jim crow on the street cars!

Many times I have had an entire jim crow coach to myself for a hundred miles or more. Riding from Louisville to Memphis one Sunday last January on the Illinois Central, I counted forty-four seats in the jim crow coach and only four passengers. On the fast Yazoo and Mississippi Valley train from New Orleans to Baton Rouge I was once the only occupant of the Negro coach except the porter. In both the above mentioned cases the white coaches were almost as empty as the black coaches. These are by no means isolated instances, for I have seen the same thing on practically every railroad in the South. It might be of some social or economic value to give a young investigator a scholarship to ascertain the cost of maintaining this expensive flattery of the Nordic commonalty.

IV

Sometimes conductors have a devil of a time trying to determine to what race a passenger belongs. There are so many "Negroes" as white as Dan Moody or Greta Garbo and so many "Caucasians" of allegedly Indian or Spanish ancestry who can easily pass for Negroes, that anthropologists might be puzzled.

I know of a prominent Negrophobe in Virginia who belongs in the latter category and who was instrumental in getting through the ridiculous Racial Integrity Act in that erstwhile civilized State. Such folk are quite a trial to a conductor bent on enforcing the exact letter of the law. Shall he take a chance on offering grievous insult to a suspiciously dark passenger in the white coach on the ground that he might be a mulatto passing for white, or shall he keep his mouth shut? Shall he assume that a certain white person reclining in the jim crow coach is in reality a Caucasian, there through some horrible mistake, and invite him into the white coach? Here are questions that might stagger even civilized minds.

Moens, the Dutch anthropologist, tells of the time he decided to ride jim crow in Oklahoma just to see how it felt and mayhap get some local color. When the conductor came to take up his ticket, he glanced sharply at Moens, noting his pale skin, blond hair and blue eyes, and asked him if he wasn't in the wrong car. The anthropologist said he wasn't. Then he asked Moens if he was really a Negro and when the Dutchman replied in the affirmative, the puzzled conductor went off shaking his head and mumbling to himself.

I know a Negro in Harlem who originally hailed from North Carolina. He is a mulatto, while his wife is without African ancestry so far as anyone knows. Each year this man and his wife visit his folks in the Old North State and return to New York City alive. The explanation is easy: Seeing a white woman with a Negro who appears to be in his right mind, both whites and Negroes assume that she is an Ethiopian despite pigment, hair and eyes. And who can blame them? I am personally acquainted with many "Negroes" in all parts of the country who are merely voluntary Negroes. Strange to say, most of them are to be found in the South, where there is the greatest "natural sexual aversion" of whites to blacks and *vice versa*!

There is much amusing manœuvring in the dining-cars. In the Land of Cotton and Chivalry, Negro passengers are served after the third call (when white folks have finished) if they want to be served, but many have told me that they would rather go hungry than run the gauntlet of malevolent glances in the parade through the Pullman coaches. If a Negro is very pale, a steward will sometimes take a chance on serving him.

Of course a foreign Negro can often get all kinds of service refused to a black citizen and taxpayer. Due to this peculiar Caucasian reasoning, Negroes who can speak a foreign language suddenly become Haitians, Brazilians, Egyptians, Moors or Colombians for travel purposes. I know a mulatto girl who would starve to death in

France if she had to order her own meals, yet she successfully passed for a citizen of the Third Republic from Chicago to New Orleans and was treated accordingly. She declared that Paris was her home but she neglected to say it was Paris, Texas. A mulatto friend in New Orleans (that great mulatto metropolis) writes: "Several weeks ago I had occasion to go to Houston, Texas, with a Haitian friend. Hence the dilemma: Must I try to pose as a foreigner or have my foreign friend accept jim crow accommodations?"

In the liberal North every effort is made to keep black diners away from white diners, though black waiters serve both. One night, leaving the Windy City on the Chicago and Milwaukee railroad for Minneapolis, I entered the dining-car and spied five or six empty seats, but all of them at tables where white passengers were seated. Before I could take any seat the steward rushed up with that hypocritical courtesy frequently assumed by Northern whites when discriminating against Negroes and begged me earnestly to take a seat in the adjoining parlor car "until a nice clean place is prepared for you." This is a common occurrence and is quite as offensive as a curt refusal because it is a reflection on the Negro's intelligence. Aframericans have wrestled too long with Mr. James Crow not to know all of the fine points of the game.

Two years ago I was going from Salt Lake City to Denver. I was assigned to a vacant table at the end of the diner with my back to the partition. Persons waiting in the corridor for a seat could see the vacant places at my table but couldn't see me without entering the car. In the van of the waiting group were a man, his wife and a young lady, with whom I had been conversing off and on the whole afternoon. The man saw the vacancies and asked the steward if they might occupy them. The steward replied that he might with an ominous "if you wish to." Triumphantly the three marched in but when the man saw me he jumped back as if shot and yelled "No! No!" and precipitously retired. I ordered more food and ate much more slowly than my military service trained me to do.

What is particularly annoying to the Negro traveler is the lack of uniformity in jim crow customs. For instance, when he descends from a train at a station in the South, he has no way of knowing whether the "white" taxicabs will accept him as a fare or not. If there are no Negro cabs about, he has to take a chance on being refused and perhaps insulted.

In Memphis it is necessary for a Negro to obtain a Negro taxicab. In Little Rock one may take any cab, whether operated by white or black, and either will call at one's hotel or rooming place at any hour of the day or night. In Vicksburg one must take a Negro cab. In Monroe and Shreveport a Yellow cab will carry anybody and answer telephone calls in a jiffy. When I first visited Dallas four years ago I had to call for a Negro cab from the station but I understand it is different now. In San Antonio you take any available cab and the same is true in all Virginia cities I have visited. In New Orleans last Winter I missed the morning train to Mobile because of my inability to get a Negro cab in time, while dozens of empty white cabs careened past me. On the other hand I nearly missed a train once from Shreveport to Marshall, Texas, because I thought a Yellow cab would not carry me and I was waiting impatiently for a Negro chauffeur to happen by. When I told the landlady about it, she telephoned for a Yellow cab and it was there in four minutes. Despite the name, some of the Black and White cabs will not carry Negroes, while others in a town a short distance away will gladly do so.

The following experience of a white Negress is evidence that it pays to be informed on the vagaries of jim crow. Not knowing the custom in Birmingham, that great intellectual center, she hailed a white chauffeur when she got off the train, since she saw no black ones about. The fellow

came with a smile. When the taxicab arrived at the address she had given, a very black woman, a relative, rushed out and embraced the passenger. The chauffeur, who had been paid his fare and given a substantial tip, threw the money into the woman's face, cursed her fearfully and warned her never to get in a white taxicab again. She hasn't.

V

This confusion of jim crow practice is not confined to taxicabs, for the strange Negro can get into a peck of trouble on the street cars. For instance, all passengers, white and black, enter and leave from the front of the car in Charlotte, N. C. In Atlanta the blacks may enter from the center or rear but they must leave from the rear. In Memphis Negroes enter from the rear and leave from the rear while whites enter and leave from the front. In Little Rock all enter from the front. While Negroes sit in the rear of street cars in every other place in the South, the short electric line from Fort Gibson to Muskogee, Okla., insists that they sit in the front rows. I clearly recall being bawled out by a long, lanky conductor because I sat in a rear seat, thinking I was abiding by the laws of the South.

Many street cars in Dixie have movable signs, marked "White" on one side and "Colored" on the other, which fit by pegs into holes in the back of each seat. Whites are supposed to fill the car from front to rear while Negroes fill it from rear to front, and these signs are supposed to be moved by the conductor accordingly. Other street cars have no signs at all, only an imaginary line. There is naturally bound to be confusion and misunderstanding, especially during the hours of heavy traffic. Sometimes white folks sit where they please, which embitters the Negroes who dare not follow suit; at other times, because of crowded conditions, Negroes have to push into what the whites consider their part of the car. On some lines there are always few Negroes and many whites; on others just the reverse is true. In such cases a car may be overflowing with blacks or whites with no room for members of the opposite group. There is dynamite in such situations and mass fights and murders are sometimes the result.

Four years ago a woman teacher in a Negro college in Atlanta was beaten by a white conductor who told the police she had refused to move back (although she was already in a "colored" seat). She was arrested and *en route* to the police station in the patrol an elderly bluecoat sought to seduce her. At the station she was the butt of several torrid jests. The president of her college finally managed to get her released. When the case was brought to trial she was fined $25!

Some time afterward a West Indian Negro, a professional man, unacquainted with the customs of the community, took up for a colored woman who was being slapped by a street car conductor, only to have his head cracked by the motorman. The other Negro passengers fled precipitously, as is frequently their wont. This is not so much due to cowardice as it is to the sure knowledge that if they assume a manly rôle they will have to fight the entire police force, the State militia and perhaps the nearest detachment of U. S. Regulars. From Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, a young man writes:

> A street car conductor once slapped a prominent colored woman in Danville. There was an argument about her change and the conductor slapped her because, as he said, she was too sassy. In Richmond a Negro cut a street car conductor to death for an insult to a colored woman. The guilty man was never discovered, but they found a scapegoat and sent him to the chair for it.

The Negro who would travel by bus is no better off than his brother who journeys by train. He cannot be positive about catching a bus even in certain Northern parts, where the *de luxe* buses will often pass him faster than a freight train passing a tramp, or else he will be told there is no more room.

Aframericans are always seated on the rear seat in buses, where they get all of the bounces, but in the first passenger coach on trains, where they get all of the smoke and cinders. Some localities report a changed attitude on the part of the railroads toward Negro passengers since the advent of the buses while others say conditions are the same except that a handful of "good" Negroes are getting more consideration than formerly.

Hence, all Negroes who can do so purchase an automobile as soon as possible in order to be free of discomfort, discrimination, segregation and insult. Many white people have commented on the number of automobiles owned by Negroes in the South but they have failed to point out—if they knew it—that this is a gesture of manliness and independence. As an insurance man in Arkansas told me last Winter, "any Negro with self-respect down here is forced to get an automobile." One can imagine how many scores of thousands of dollars the railroads have lost by not complying with the laws calling for "equal but separate" accommodations.

Of course, the ownership of an automobile does not solve everything for the Negro traveler. It is true that he is accorded courteous treatment at practically all service stations and garages (largely due to the competition between the rival oil companies), and sometimes, even in the South, he is dumbfounded to hear that he can eat a quick lunch at a roadside lunchstand, but when it comes to staying at a tourist camp he is usually out of luck. There are said to be some exceptions in Tennessee and Texas but I can get no definite information about these Valhallas.

The South has grown accustomed to seeing Negroes riding in automobiles, so they are seldom molested nowadays; but there was a time not long ago when in most sections of Dixie a Negro with a well-kept or expensive automobile was suspected of stealing it. Up until very recent times, it was unhealthy for a Negro motorist to whizz past a white automobilist in certain parts of Mississippi. In Jackson, Miss., there used to reside a Negro who owned more property than anyone in town. When he bought an automobile he had to keep it in the suburbs for a long time until his white fellow citizens got used to the idea of him owning one. A prominent Memphis Negress had her expensive car taken from her in Northern Mississippi by law officers on suspicion that it *might* be stolen. I know a prominent Negro politician in Georgia who was forced to stop his limousine in a backwoods village and be questioned by some ignoramus as to its ownership. He managed to get away all right by saying that the car belonged to "Mister ——— of Atlanta" (giving his own name). The use of the term mister convinced his interrogator that the automobile must belong to a white man. It is in such charming localities that the yokels frequently steal Pyrene extinguishers off automobiles and swill the contents mixed with Coca-Cola or soda water.

Few Negroes, as yet, have taken to travel by airplane. There have been more black aviators than passengers, but undoubtedly the time will come when many Aframericans will fly back and forth between the South and the rest of the Republic. When that time arrives, it is not unlikely that Mr. James Crow will be equal to the occasion, and where Negro passengers are not completely barred we can confidently expect to find them openly or subtly herded into whatever happens to be the dirtiest and most uncomfortable part of an airplane or dirigible.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

Workings of the Holy Spirit in the rising town of Florala, as reported by the *News* thereof:

> The revival of the Assembly of God Church is making fast progress this week. Larger attendances every night are present to hear the Gospel preached in its fullness, confirmed with signs following. Last Monday night a wonderful miracle was performed. A man of Florala, Mr. J. L. Cochran, has been unable to see with his left eye for about sixteen months, but was prayed for Monday night at the service, and within three minutes he was able to see and read with his left eye. Now, we have people who tell us that the days of miracles are past, but Christ is the same as He ever was. This man gave his testimony of his healing Monday night and Tuesday night, and he lives here in town. If anyone wish you might talk with him yourself.

Social note from the Opp *Weekly News:*

> Mr. Mallie Woodham celebrated his fifty-second birthday at his home here last Sunday with about forty-five of his family and friends present. When Mr. Woodham and his family and friends came up to the table, he announced that the dinner was dedicated to Collier Merrill's candidacy for tax collector and invited all that could eat with him to come up, proposing to excuse all that couldn't eat. He said that he never saw a dinner eaten any more heartily, with no one standing back.

CALIFORNIA

The hospitable gesture of a Pasadena scientist:

> *Visual Diagnosis Without Drugs* — *Myoculator Technician Wakefield 1562*
>
> DR. M. A. STEWART
> Optometrist
> 345 East Colorado Street
> Opposite Strand Theatre
> Pasadena, Calif.
>
> Dear Friend:
>
> I have just learned that you are to make your residence in our community and hasten to extend the hand of fellowship.
>
> You'll find this a neighborly sort of place. A mighty good place to live. A place full of folks who want to make you feel at home.
>
> I'm one of such. Any time you have a question to ask concerning things here about, drop in and ask it here. It will please me to be helpful.
>
> Or, if in getting used to a strange community, there comes a moment of lonesomeness—step in and have a chat with a fellow who has time to make new acquaintances.
>
> Don't think you'll be obligating yourself in any way. The only thing I could possibly sell you would be a pair of glasses—and I can't do that 'till your eyes say "Aye."
>
> Optometrically yours,
> M. A. Stewart

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The House of Representatives, sitting in committee of the whole, pants and blisters under the eloquence of the Hon. Thomas Alva Yon of Florida:

> Mr. Yon. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the last word and ask unanimous consent to proceed for five minutes out of order.
>
> The Chairman. The gentleman from Florida asks unanimous consent to proceed for five minutes out of order. Is there objection?
>
> There was no objection.
>
> Mr. Yon. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen of the committee, I will say that I left my home district on the afternoon of January 1, after driving over a lot of the most delightful and picturesque paved highways and for the next two days over through Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia of the old historic South. And on this drive through Florida I was reminded of Ponce de Leon, De Narvaez, and De Soto; through Georgia of James Oglethorpe, Robert Toombs, Sydney Lanier, the poet, and others of the illustrious past; through South Carolina of Frances Marion, John C. Calhoun, and others who have added laurels and luster to the nation's history; through North Carolina I was reminded of the dispute between North and South Carolina as to which belonged the honor of giving the first light of day to the personification of democracy in America—Andrew Jackson, and thought also of Na-

thaniel Greene, and of a more recent date, Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy in the late war and he dried the Navy. Through the grand Old Dominion, Virginia, and of Washington, Jefferson, Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, Lee, and a host of others that have added luster, and memory of them should act as a guiding star to future Americans as examples of patriotism and fidelity to democratic and patriotic principles, and arrived in the capital of the greatest nation on earth just in time to get dinner and walk out on the street in front of my hotel, just in time to hear the fire alarm. To my consternation, I heard the added remark, "The Capitol is on fire." Living down across the Capitol grounds, northwest, I looked up and beheld the flames just bursting forth. Imagine the emotion and the consternation that raged in my soul, for it was nearly three years ago when I first came to this city to assume the responsibilities that my people at home had intrusted to me, and from this same abode I trudged up the Hill and thought of the greatness and grandeur of this edifice, representative of a great nation and this thought came to me in all of my excitement on the night of January 3, 1930: that this grand exemplification of the American Nation was on fire.

In my excitement, I ran for my topcoat and hat that I might go and help extinguish the blaze, and as I ran up the walk through the grounds that surround the Capitol and reached the ramparts or western approach, never such an emotion or a more patriotic fervor overcame anyone. From these western ramparts I looked up and, as the blaze and threat from the flame was whipping toward the magnificent dome, yet and yet Old Glory in the light of our early evening, by the light of the innumerable illuminations that make an object of beauty of our noble Capitol dome, and in the lightning blaze of a fire that was threatening its foundation, yet with the screeching sound of the sirens of the fire engines from the twenty-seven to thirty fire stations in the District which were shrieking a warning for the right of way, nothing so thrilled me, though, as I looked skyward, and even though the blaze threatened its foundations, I was reminded that it would not give way its duty "to wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." I was restrained to remember of what I had read of the immortal Francis Scott Key as he was held on a ship in view of Fort McHenry when, in his patriotic fervor and after going through the terrible night's vigil, from the early morn's light he could vision Old Glory, and the view inspired him to write those memorable lines: "Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming," and so forth, or the words of our national anthem, and with a thought of what happened to the nation's capitol in 1814, under General Ross and his army of Britishers, I rushed around to the east front about the time the firemen arrived and, after having observed such a threat as I had to the Capitol, I joined in with the gallant firemen and others who felt as I did, to aid in pulling the hose through a smashed main entrance Capitol door that it could be used at the seat of conflagration on the top floor; and I tell you it was no easy job. Pretty soon the blaze was out and I started away, and pretty soon I ran into a policeman and a Mr. Lieutenant of Police—that, after everything was over, except the moving pictures. I did not see the picture taking as I had gone to my place of abode; but there was a fire, but not nearly so much fire as there was smoke afterward. But during the height of the flame I got a thrill I will never forget. I thank you. [*Applause*].

How heroes save their country in times of peace:

CHANGES No. 1 } WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

TM 2100–152, is changed as follows:

90. Care of cooking equipment, kitchen, and dining room.—*a*. Bake pans will be kept thoroughly clean inside and out. After cleaning they will be wiped dry and hung on the back of the range with "S" hooks.

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:
C. P. SUMMERALL,
General,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:
C. H. BRIDGES,
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

GEORGIA

THE HON. W. B. TOWNSEND, editor of the illustrious Dahlonega *Nugget*, pays his respects to a contemporary:

The baby editor of the Gainesville *Eagle* is still puffed up at the editor of the *Nugget*. If he will have his nurse furnish him with a clean diaper he will rest more comfortable and not be so ill.

ILLINOIS

SCIENTIFIC news from Chicago in the eminent New York *Times:*

The lie detector, operated by University of Chicago and State criminologists, was held today to have solved Chicago's canary mur-

der case. As a result of the detector's tests, Judge Henry Horner adjudged Policeman William Tobin guilty and ordered him to pay $25 to the Public Administrator.

The canary was the only estate left by Miss Anna Gustafson, who was found dead in her apartment last November. Tobin was assigned to guard the property.

A few days after Miss Gustafson's death the bird disappeared. A few days later another, but not so fine a bird, was found in a pile of rubbish with its neck wrung. The Public Administrator started an investigation.

August Vollmer, professor of police criminology at the University of Chicago, and Leonard O. Keeler of the State Department of Criminology, reported that according to the lie detector, Tobin, who, with Henry Dompke, another policeman, was assigned to guard the property, displayed marked tension regarding the disappearance of the canary. Dompke, on the other hand, showed no tension regarding the actual theft, but did so when questioned as to how the bird was returned.

Tobin will appeal the decision.

MASSACHUSETTS

CULTURAL news from the celebrated Boston *Post:*

Cardinal O'Connell, in an address to members of the Massachusetts Technology Club at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross yesterday morning, vigorously condemned many of the modern tendencies in psychology, such as Behaviorism, Freudism, Einsteinism and similar teachings. In attacking these modern isms he pointed out that they are hidden in obscure language for the purpose of mystifying young men and women. Any sound theory, whether philosophy, psychology or anything else, he said, can be explained in simple, everyday language that everyone can understand.

Although students in colleges and universities are bound to look up to their teachers and regard them as superior, as they ought to do, they should not necessarily accept the philosophy or psychology expounded by the professors, he said. Faith teaches a man what he should believe and the church teaches him what he should know.

In referring to their studies, he urged the students "to work hard, try to be successful, respect your professors, but always be mindful of the fact that you do not have to accept the philosophy, the psychology of your professor, who is paid by the university to instruct you.

"You are simply students and as students you must learn those things necessary for your profession. You are paying for technique. See that you receive it. But your philosophy and your psychology you take from Holy Mother Church and her only."

MORE from the incomparable *Herald:*

An anonymous correspondent has suggested to Acting Director of Public Celebrations Frank B. Howland that all male lineal descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans forego shaving during the tercentenary celebration. Howland indorsed the idea, but denied that he made the suggestion. During a somewhat recent historical observance in California, many of the men who claimed to be related to the original '49ers raised beards. Howland admitted that he did not know how the descendants of the Puritans and Pilgrims will take the suggestion, but he believes it to be worthy of general recognition.

MISSOURI

IDEAL justice in this great Commonwealth, as revealed by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

Miss Helen Vachuda, twenty years old, former proprietor of Helen's Place, a roadhouse near St. Louis, who recently served a ninety-day jail sentence for killing her stepfather, Big Bill Zaruba, a blacksmith, was sentenced to eight months in jail and fined $400 by Federal Judge Faris on her plea of selling liquor.

COMPLETE report of a travel talk by a Kansas City lady in the celebrated *Star* of the same town:

In a four-month tour of Europe, Hungary was the only country where Mrs. Albert D. Flinton, Sophian plaza, was able to find corn on the cob served, she said yesterday in a travel talk at the Westminster Congregational Church.

NEW YORK

CULTURAL document from the advertising columns of the illustrious New York *Times:*

Finchley
requests the honour of
your attendance at
An Exhibition
of a gentleman's complete wardrobe
selected by
the former valet to Lord L.
whose reputation for correctness
in dress is never questioned
Afternoons from three to five
during the week
beginning Monday,
at Five sixty-four Fifth Avenue

NORTH CAROLINA

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the Asheville *Citizen:*

SUNDAY NIGHT
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
SAINTS AND SINNERS WELCOME
Hear
PASTOR OWEN
Discuss

1. Will There Be Any Bootleggers in Heaven?
2. How do SONS-IN-LAW get along with MOTHERS-IN-LAW in Heaven.

PASTOR OWEN is original. He gives you thoughts no other preacher ever suggested,—you never read them in a book, either.

HEAR YE OWEN
Eight O'clock

THE Hoover Prosperity appears in the want-ad columns of the Greensboro *News:*

Wanted—A position by a young man, 25 years old, two years college education, and two years as manager of a soda shop. Preferably salesman. Can use crêpe paper effectively. Anything considered. Write Box F, Mebane, N. C. 5920

PENNSYLVANIA

The Harrisburg *Evening News* on a memorable event in the rising town of Liverpool:

Two tablets and a silver plate, to be placed in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Liverpool in commemoration of the honor bestowed upon the church when President Hoover and his party worshipped there Sunday, were ordered here this morning.

Resolutions providing for the erection of the tablets were unanimously adopted at a meeting of the official board of the church Wednesday night. A copy of the resolutions was sent to President Hoover and another to Governor Fisher, who was a member of the Hoover party, expressing appreciation for his presence and inviting him to take part in the unveiling ceremonies which will be held within four or six weeks.

On the back of the pew in which the President sat will be placed a silver plate designating it as the Hoover Pew. At the end of the pew will be placed a bronze tablet with the inscription:

Herbert Hoover
Sat
in This Pew
at Morning Worship
Sunday, June 1, 1930.
Sermon by Pastor,
Rev. H. L. Jarrett

A larger bronze tablet, to be erected outside near the main entrance, will be inscribed as follows:

Herbert Hoover,
Our President,
Worshipped in This Church
Sunday Morning, June 1, 1930.
Sermon by the Pastor,
Rev. H. L. Jarrett

The resolutions, which bear the signatures of H. L. Jarrett, H. E. Ritter, A. M. Shuler, S. Maurice Shuler, W. H. Hebel, M. Alvin Grubb, H. L. Arnold, T. J. Williamson, H. E. Barr, Wilson W. Ritter, W. W. Holman and H. A. S. Shuler, are as follows:

"*Whereas*, Herbert Hoover, our President, on Sunday morning, June 1, 1930, joined with us in devout worship of the Almighty Commander of the Universe; and

"*Whereas*, Recognizing President Hoover as a man of God and having all confidence in him as our national leader; be it

"*Resolved*, That we not only fully appreciate the great honor of having President Hoover worship with us but realize the significance of his presence in God's house on the Sabbath day, which was and will continue to be most inspiring to us as a congregation and as a community; and be it further

"*Resolved*, That as an expression of our deep and abounding gratitude toward President Hoover we place a tablet on the front of our church indicating this notable event and also place another tablet on the pew where he sat during the service, which was conducted by our pastor, the Rev. H. L. Jarrett."

Wilson W. Ritter, treasurer of the church, stated today that the congregation and officers of the church were anxious to avoid anything that resembled commercialization of the interest attached to the church because of the President's visit. "We shall be very glad to welcome visitors," he stated, "but it is not our intention to seek financial profit from the occasion. The church is already in good financial condition."

TENNESSEE

LETTER-HEAD of the president of the celebrated Isbell Missionary College:

ISBELL MISSIONARY COLLEGE
DR. CHARLES G. WHITE, PRES.
I have traveled in all parts of America, Central and South America, in all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and on many of the Islands of the Seas.
I Am Who's Who Among North American Authors.
I Am Life Member of N. E. A.
MARTIN, TENN.

THE AMERICANS IN SHANGHAI

BY EDGAR SNOW

SHANGHAI, to a noticeable extent, has become Americanized. There, in the most polyglot city in Asia, the roving American finds all the comforts of home: Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, the radio and jazz bands, cocktails and correspondence schools, night clubs and cabarets, neon lights and skyscrapers, chewing-gum and Buicks, wide trousers and long skirts, Methodist evangelists and the Salvation Army. And there, too, he finds such peculiarly American institutions as navy wives, shot-gun weddings, Girl Scouts, Spanish-American War veterans, a board of censors, daylight hold-ups, immaculate barber-shops, a Short Story Club, wheat cakes, and a Chamber of Commerce. All these things may be, as touring Congressmen and other such idealists are fond of saying, the "splendid evidences of American influence in China." They may be the instruments of attaining confraternity between China and America. But I do not think so. The fact is that nobody in Shanghai worries himself very much about Sino-American understanding. Both the Chinese and Americans are too busy making money.

It is not strictly true, however, as I once heard a sagacious old China-hand remark, that most Americans go to the town "because it is the only big city in the world where a bank clerk can afford to keep a mistress." They are there for the same reason they have implanted themselves elsewhere: they have something to sell. The business man goes to market sewing machines, hot water bags (for which, incidentally, there is a lively demand), or what you will; the missionary goes to sell the Bible. And both use high-powered American merchandising tactics—much to the dismay of their European competitors.

A few Americans are blown to Shanghai under auspices less innocuous. Some arrive for plain adventure, some to satiate a thirst for *Wanderlust* or for things hard and intoxicating, others to acquire what is known as "experience abroad," a number simply because no questions are asked. But if they remain it is because it is easier to make a fortune and that fortune will buy more bodily comforts than in most other centers of Christian culture.

Shanghai has been accused of many things. It has been called the most materialistic city in the world. Assuredly it is one of the ugliest. Repugnant to some, its fascination for others lies in its very crudities, its stark and frank carnalities. Over it hangs the promise of gold and Gehenna. Never drab, it burns with the primal longings of an animal heart. It is as swift, as sudden, as elemental as the jungle, its appetite ever-ravishing, always unappeased. It has at once the charm and the futility of a mistress who never knows repletion. But, politically speaking, there are three Shanghais.

Hypothetically under the joint management of all nationals with extraterritoriality rights is the International Settlement. Adjoining it, the French Concession is governed by the French, who permit a few well-chosen Chinese to sit on their Municipal Council. Rolling up to the very boundaries of these foreign land grants, which China disgorged after losing the wars forced upon her by British opium smugglers, are Chapei, Nantao Hongkew, the Native City and other districts under

Chinese jurisdiction. Collectively, the latter are called the Municipality of Greater Shanghai. Thus, in the major city, there are three dissimilar and separate administrations, although the casual visitor will not easily discern where one of them joins another.

Of the trio, the International Settlement is the most thickly populated, and contains the greatest concentration of wealth, and the more important Chinese and foreign business offices. It is governed by a Municipal Council, in *theory* representative of the foreign population, and in *theory* responsible to the international consular body of Shanghai, of which the chairman is the Hon. Edwin S. Cunningham, the American consul-general.

Chinese compose more than 90% of the Settlement's slightly less than a million population, and they contribute almost a like percentage to the total taxes gathered. Until lately they were allowed no members on the Council. At present they are not permitted to vote, can own no property except through foreigners, and have no perceptible political rights. But they now have three councillors, chosen by the Chinese business interests to sit with the foreigners, a concession to which the local reactionaries gave grudging consent under pressure from their home governments. Actually, however, the basic situation remains little affected, for the foreigners still have nine members of the Council, a safe majority which can be reduced only with their own consent.

While supposedly international in character, the Council for years has been composed only of Britishers, Japanese and Americans. Of the present members six are British. Against that majority, the remaining councillors, two Japanese and one American, are ineffectual. This has regularly been the case since the Settlement first became "international."

In practice the Americans wield little if any political power in Shanghai. Although an enterprising, rotund little American barrister, Stirling Fessenden, receives $25,000 a year for wearing the grandiloquent title of Director-General of the International Settlement and for journeying to Washington to propagandize against the withdrawal of American marines and sailors, and against the abolition of extra-territoriality, his British employers deceive no one—at least no one in Shanghai.

The Settlement is thus a poorly camouflaged British colony today, and it has always been so in the past. This is possible because, while in population the British are not greatly in excess of the other foreign groups, in voting strength, determined by property ownership, they easily dominate. Ironically, they derive most of their power from votes which ought to belong to the Chinese—from the scores who have been required to register land-ownership at the British Consulate in the names of rich Crown subjects. Thus the uniquely feudal and hybrid government which prevails in the town enables not more than a score of Britishers to rule the Settlement as one of the narrowest oligarchies surviving in the world today. Everything from the *u* in *labour*, as spelled in the Council's *Municipal Gazette*, to the British uniforms worn by the White Russian mercenaries who supplement the British police, has about it the odor of jolly old England. Yet Washington naïvely accepts dual responsibility with London for what is done, while virtuously assuring the plain people that America has and wants no concessions in China.

Having no real voice in the British municipal government, the Shanghai American concentrates on trade. Because he has nothing to say about it, the physical condition of the city leaves him unworried. Behold, the spectacle of an American uncontaminated with the virus of civic pride! In many ways he is a more likable, more interesting, more intelligent fellow than the unroving friends he has left at home. Personally, he will advise you that he is more cosmopolitan, more tolerant, and—with a flash of pride—more wicked.

Let us see what he is really like.

II

It is said that in the International Settlement and the French Concession there are more gamblers, more opium addicts, more criminals, more diseased persons and more illegitimate children than in any other large city under occidental administration. Sociologists who have studied the scene attribute the prevalent immorality to the fact that the male population is so greatly in the majority. They declare that it explains the abnormally widespread gaiety among foreign married women as well as the astonishing number of murders committed by the Chinese over love betrayed. That females are few is not difficult to understand: last year the corpses of more than 25,000 girl children were picked up from the streets and rivers, and several thousand of these victims of infanticide and starvation were found in the foreign concessions.

Statistics show that the ratio of professional prostitutes in the International Settlement, as determined by the Shanghai Moral Welfare League (now expired) is one to every 149 of the population—the highest in any city of the world. Tokio, next in line, enjoys but one prostitute to every 277 females, according to the same authority. So Shanghai is a man's town and no place for unprotected feminine chastity.

Although the Municipal Council (and hence all foreign consuls) officially maintains the pleasant fiction that prostitution within the Settlement is illegal and exists only furtively, in practice no effort is made to curb it. After five o'clock in the afternoon no downtown street is without its quota of "business women"—to employ a Chinese euphemism. The avenue Edward VII, for a distance of perhaps a mile, from Szechuen road to Tibet road, is lined with hordes of them. In groups of a dozen or more they stand on every street corner, beneath every convenient arch, come Summer, Winter, rain or shine. Most of them are native slave girls, purchased in the famine districts of the interior at ages varying from twelve to twenty. They work generally for a period of five years. After that, if they are still alive, they are given freedom by their masters, but they usually die in the profession. Such women swarm on all the streets in the heart of the Settlement and after six o'clock even busy Nanking road, near the great shopping center, is sedulously avoided by unescorted decent women who fear they will be misunderstood.

So far as I have observed, public solicitation is permitted nowhere in China save in the foreign treaty ports. In strictly Chinese cities street urging is vigorously suppressed. I have seen offenders summarily punished, after the imperial fashion, with lashes of long bamboo. In the Settlement, however, it is common entertainment to witness a well-meaning China-lad, virtuously bending homeward with his week's rice money, suddenly beset by a brood of fluttering silk-clad figures who, with their cackling amahs, drag him bodily from the main thoroughfare into some alleyway—all this under the proboscis of a British or Sikh policeman.

Foreign civilians are also occasionally snagged, but I have seen the girls refuse flatly to entertain American and European soldiers. Some remote seemliness, some unsurrendered chauvinism, some never-lost and innate delicacy, gentle and puzzling, revolts against accepting the uniformed *chan dan yang kwei tzu*—bandit foreign devil. There are, of course, enterprises operated exclusively for the alien military. And there are others maintained exclusively for foreign civilians.

Of the latter the most eminent are Nos. 14, 15, and 16 Soochow road and 52 Kiangse road, in which American and Russian talent is employed. Run on a royal scale by the American Misses Darling, Wolfe and Estis, these establishments operate with immunity from the attentions of the Municipal Council. That their existence is known to the American consul-general cannot be doubted, for I note in the corre-

spondence of the late Moral Welfare Society several letters calling them to the attention of the American authorities. A letter written by the Rev. Carleton Lacey, addressed to the secretary of the Municipal Council, alleges that "houses with American and European inmates long have enjoyed immunity because of the personal interest of high officials." To this charge I can find no record of an adequate reply.

In these houses a single drink costs $10. This obviates the necessity of a bouncer; on liquor so expensive few care to indulge in bacchanals. The establishments are conducted in a manner sedately suitable to the habits of the middle-aged and elderly taipans who patronize them. By their henna-haired proprietresses all things are managed in a ree-fined way. Customers are provided with limousine transportation when they depart. There is no droll exchange of silver. An obsequious *compradore* appears at the end of the month, presents his chits, receives payment from the white man's Chinese cashier, and silently disappears. That is all.

In their more communicative moods, the ladies speak of the romance that has walked in their halls. They tell of nice matches that have been arranged between ree-fined girls and gray-haired potentates of the farther East. And when they are a little drunk, they scatter mud on the reputations of many of the adornments of contemporary British and American society. Strange things happen in a city where there are four foreign males to every eligible foreign female.

III

In the cabarets of Shanghai you will, if you listen carefully, hear a certain phrase oft-repeated during the course of an evening's, more accurately a morning's, revelry. The Russians hiss it to each other every time another Yank comes through the door: *Amerikanski durak!* It is a greeting not unlike that which has made Texas Guinan famous, for it is a way of calling you a sucker, an "American damfool."

Who is the most generous spender in the Shanghai cabarets? Who buys the most dance tickets, the most "smallbottlsvine" at $20 a quart? Who keeps the ladies supplied with holeproof hosiery and argent slippers? Who drinks the most, shouts the loudest, dances the best? Who falls for the ex-princess, sick-mother, younger-brother-and-sister sob stories? Ask the White Russian cabaret girl. She will answer *Amerikanski durak!*

Without him night life in Shanghai would be a pallid thing, inanimate, beggarly. With him it is the most glittering madness in the orient. From the evil-smelling "Golden Eagle" in the lower Szechuen road, where inebriated marines and sailors reel, to such pretentious salons as "The Tavern" and the "Del Monte," where eminent members of the American colony are wine-buyers for fair Siberian emigrées, it is American money and American laughter that enables all the joints to function profitably.

Nobody knows how many Russian women there are in Shanghai. I have heard estimates running from 5,000 to 15,000. Since they are not required to produce passports—Shanghai being a so-called free port—it is next to impossible to know their exact number. Refugees out of proletariat Russia, they have fled down from Vladivostok and Manchuria. Of the small burgeoisie who refuse to accept the new order in their homeland, they arrive on the China coast penniless, without social status, without legal nationality, without means of earning a living. Many are orphans; others have left their parents in Russia. They grasp the first opportunity that offers them a livelihood. And to many of them that means a cabaret.

With the cleverer of them, it is but a stepping-stone to something better. That something better may mean lawful marriage, or merely luxurious concubinage. While more expensive, the latter is more in favor among the Americans. For though a man may with social acquittal change mistresses frequently, odium attaches to him

if he marries a Russian or an oriental. All Europeans and Americans in China regard themselves as socially, morally and mentally superior to the "indigines" and Russians. When a marriage occurs it is popularly believed that "foreign prestige" suffers. An Englishman, discussing this, once remarked to me, "No gentleman ever marries a woman who ought to be his mistress—and in Shanghai every occidental is supposed to be a gentleman."

Sometimes unions of this sort prove very embarrassing. I remember one hilarious instance. Two American tourists were sitting with me in the lounge of the Astor House one afternoon when a Shanghai American stopped for a moment and introduced his wife, a beautiful ex-cabaret girl. She asked, wishing to show interest in her husband's countrymen, what rooms they had. One said his was No. 216. The other was on the third floor. "Oh," exclaimed Olga, "zey are both ver' nice. I have like zem ver' much." She laughed her captivating laugh and I think the significance of the remark went over the heads of the visitors. But in the eye of her husband I saw agony; he feared she had been in every room in the hotel.

I do not wish to convey that the American community is without the solid fiber provided by wholesome American women. That would not be true. The trouble is that in numbers they are far from adequate. For fewer than 800 females there are some 3,000 males. This is exclusive of the 1,200 marines, and the gobs, who vary from 2,000 to 3,000, according to the number of armored ambassadors of good-will lying off the Bund.

Most American women are married before they go to Shanghai; if not, they marry soon afterward. It is safer that way. If one may believe the things one hears and half the things one sees, some of them are advocates of a certain latitude in love. And Shanghai is crowded with fiends in human form who will take advantage of a lady when she is slightly squiffed.

For good clean fun there is the Columbia Country Club. It provides a social background for anyone who can pay the initiation fee and the membership dues. For the men, there is the American Club, which boasts the second longest bar in the world —first honors going to the British Shanghai Club. There is also a Y. M. C. A. Erected largely by American money—John D. Rockefeller invested in it for the future of Standard Oil in China to the extent of about half a million dollars—it caters mainly to the British, who occupy about 60% of its rooms. No Chinese are admitted, nor are Eurasians of Chinese nationality.

Other divertisements exist in the form of horse-racing, dog-racing, hai alai, fantan, roulette and ma-chong tables. In the orient only Macao rivals Shanghai in the variety of its gambling enterprises. Besides the pari-mutuels run in connection with the equine and canine tracks, the foreign authorities permit the functioning of lotteries and a wide range of skin-games. The most successful is the International Savings Society. It sells "bonds" offering participation in "prize drawings" held each month. Although it, and all the other speculative pursuits I have mentioned, are contrary to French, British and Chinese law, most of them operate under licenses issued by the local French or British authorities.

Opium is sold in the Settlement in much the same way that liquor is sold in the United States. In the French Concession, where no effort at concealment is made, it is purchasable at more than 200 different establishments. The French Municipal Council is alleged to derive an annual income in excess of 8,000,000 taels from the opium merchants, prostitution, the pari-mutuels and "squeeze." Much of the last is regularly collected and paid over by the Ching and Hung Pongs, Chinese criminal parties that control what the pulpit denounces as organized vice. Opium-smoking is the one illicit pastime that has not won acolytes among Shanghai Americans; it makes them deathly sick.

Somewhere in the city are hidden the virtuous men and women. I have been told

there is an American merchant who has never been in a cabaret and whose contact with Russian and oriental women is limited to alms-giving to the mendicants infesting the streets. Such a man seems plausible when seen on the green lawns of the Columbia Country Club.

Here the best foreign food in the orient is served, and here there is an outdoor tiled swimming pool, and a brace of tennis courts. In Summer, in the heat of an August evening, the Shanghai American can sit in a cloistered tranquillity. Far from the sickly orient, he lolls in cushioned ease, sips amber drinks, dreams lazily under a sky of deep velvet and misty chrome, hears Rudy Vallee come out of the orthophonic, feels the warm breath of the parched earth against his temples, and believes he is back in Evanston—and perhaps wishes to God he were.

But presently his glass is empty. He bellows across the peace and quiet, "Boy, bring one piece whiskey soda!" and the spell is broken. To his companion he remarks that Shanghai is not such a helluva place after all.

IV

If people say that in Shanghai there are more heathen, more sinners, more concubines than anywhere else in the world, there are also more missionaries. Before going to China I cannot remember having seen a missionary. Of course I had met some of the millionaire soul-savers of Honolulu; but somehow the opulent Castles and the Youngs and the Bishops of that town never seemed to me to be of true missionary calibre. The first hero of the true line I encountered in China made a vastly different impression on me.

It was in the lobby of the Navy Y. M. C. A. I was waiting to greet an old gob whose acquaintance I had made in Hawaii. Suddenly there appeared before me a man wearing a shiny alpaca coat, baggy trousers and dusty shoes. Under his arm was a bundle of tracts, which he was distributing among the sailors. In his eyes there was the gleam of one who has found his God, and the fact that they were badly crossed somewhat enhanced their zealous effect. It is said, indeed, that because of this infirmity the rev. gentleman has been particularly successful as an evangelist, for every time he gazes down upon an auditor and asks him if he will stand up for Jehovah, two men rise from their seats. He addressed himself to me as follows:

"My friend, excuse me for this intrusion, but may I ask if you know your Saviour?"

They really talk like that! Although he spoke like a caricature, he was obviously serious and I replied in the same spirit, confessing that my religious education had been neglected.

"You are a traveler?" Yes. He hurried on. "So are we all, all travelers on the great road of life. And all of us need a companion, a Jesus Christ. He has helped me; He has helped millions of others; He can help *you* if you will acknowledge His presence. Jesus is living in us always—" And so on. Through all the bathos he continued, as subtle as a popgun.

After reciting his piece, the missionary handed me a tract, which contained, "in simplest language possible, the good news of salvation from sin through the Son of God, our Saviour, Jesus Christ." More than 5,000,000 such tracts are distributed each year by Protestant missions in China, most of them paid for by Americans at home who fancy that they are thereby accomplishing a splendid good. But the actual speed of proselytization in the country may be judged by the fact that after more than a century of effort, the net result today is but 700,000 communicants claimed by Protestant Christian crusaders. That many of these are rice Christians—professing the faith with the hope of snapping up an occasional square meal—no one doubts. But even regarding them all as *bona fide* converts, at this rate of progress we may hope to see China a Protestant Christian nation some 500 centuries hence!

Of the 4,000 Protestant missionaries in

China today about 700 live in Shanghai. The foreign business man sees little of most of them, or of their work. Cross-eyed Larson, the disciple who approached me in the Navy Y, is the only one I have seen bothering about the future of his own backsliding nationals, and he confines his effort largely to sailors and soldiers. But he is an independent, attached to no church. He preaches the Lord's will on gratuities from friends in America.

The most exciting of recent events in Shanghai evangelical circles was the arrival of one Edward Carter, a colored brother. He was a great favorite with Chinese who could not afford the price of admission to a foreign cinema. Of him I read in the latest China Christian Year-Book:

> Edward Carter, African by descent, uninvited but apparently providentially sent, arrived in Shanghai. His first meetings were held in Martyr's Memorial Hall: for the first week under missionary auspices, but for the second week under those of the Y. M. C. A. The hall was well filled each afternoon. A number professed conversion and a few were healed in answer to prayer and anointing with oil. Mr. Carter was a comedian before his conversion, earning $275 per week; hence he was well skilled in interesting his audience. This skill he now consecrates to the Lord's service.

I read further how Brother Carter's evangelical drive so impressed his white colleagues that he was invited to make appearances at Nanking, Yu Yao and Ningpo. He scored his greatest success at Ningpo, where,

> five days ran into ten and 3,000 persons were reported to have been affected. The Presbyterian Church, which seats 1,000 people, was too small to accommodate the audience. Women walked long distances on their bound feet, only to find no seating room.

Brother Carter could not speak nor write Chinese, but that was a minor handicap. Through music, the universal language, he first roused his audience to a receptive frame of mind. And then:

> What was new in his meetings was the emphasis laid on singing by himself and the congregation. Although the meetings were for the Chinese, most of whom knew but little English, the singing was in English. Mr. Carter was fortunate in having his addresses translated by a very sympathetic interpreter. At least once the interpreter was a woman; in every case a Chinese. Mr. Carter's prayers for the sick and anointing with oil in evangelistic meetings was a rather unusual feature.

The missionary who wrote that account for home consumption knew quite well that it was not Brother Carter's rib-ticklers, nor his anointings with oil, nor his "message" that attracted his audience. It was his dark skin. To the Chinese a black man is full of mystery. He is good joss in Taoism. He will draw a crowd wherever he goes.

Shanghai recently has been visited by several other evangelists. The Rev. Joseph Flacks, a converted Jew, came with the burning ambition of "reviving all the churches and then evangelizing non-Christians." He exhausted himself in the revivals and "all attempts to reach non-Christians proved unavailing." Professor Kuramada, a convert from Tokio, acquitted himself with greater honor, being responsible for about seventy of his countrymen accepting and serving Christ. Last Autumn one Leland Wang conducted a series of revivals in which he exhorted several thousand attentive orientals to heed the call of their Lord. They listened patiently, kept their seats, and accepted the free literature and the free food, but there were no converts.

Many of the missionaries in Shanghai may be found in the six-story Missions Building, headquarters of the amalgamated Christian holy men in China. Their duties range from those of treasurers, handling large sums annually, to the job of stamping Bibles and tracts with indelible mission heraldry. Among them are some wealthy hierarchs, rivaling the exploiters who looted the Hawaiians while confounding them with the wonder of "salvation from sin through the Son of God, our Saviour, Jesus Christ." Cluttered with unnecessary

servants, their homes are expensively furnished and from them they travel back and forth in imported motor cars. They enjoy membership in the American Club and the Columbia Country Club; they smoke large cigars and grow to resemble them in girth and mentality. They have made their money in Shanghai real estate. They provide elaborate and fashionable weddings for their daughters and furnish them with rich dowries, insuring marriage with the Best Families.

All the while, a few hundred miles to the northwest, 20,000,000 Chinese are waiting to be "delivered"—not *via* the glorious pathway of our Lord—the Taoist promise of a Jade City is to them more alluring than the Christian Heaven; what they seek is rescue from starvation. They plead only for a meagre cup of millet a day.

Hard to put down in even the most devout American breast is the acquisitive instinct. Far in the interior you will find missionaries who have built for themselves houses in every respect modern, usually the most substantial in their communities. Throughout China the average missionary has three or four minions at his bidding, his table is set with the best that the land provides, his children—and he propagates more rapidly than the Chinese—are sent abroad to college.

But the future of Christian endeavor does not appear too roseate. Hostility against the foreign dominies shows such a bristling face that all but a few of the outposts have been deserted. The brethren are running for the coast towns and treaty ports as fast as their legs will carry them. The government at present is too weak-kneed openly to declare against Christianity, although the Kuomintang itself is virulent in its denunciations of "Christian imperialism." The Nationalists have gone so far as to forbid compulsory religious instruction in mission schools; they have threatened to withdraw registration privileges from the Shanghai Baptist College and Gin-ling University (Nanking) because this order has been ignored. In Christian schools, numerous student strikes, organized by communists and the Kuomintang, have greatly interfered with proselyting. As Christian propaganda the Kuomintang has banned such films as "Ben Hur" and "The Ten Commandments."

V

"Arrogance" is the word commonly used among white foreigners, particularly Americans and Britishers, to describe the aggressive attitude of what for them is becoming a more difficult China. "Affrontery" is also a popular term in the official British *North China Daily News*. But except when their epidermis of racial vanity and conceit is pricked by unpleasant contacts with the independence and cockiness of the new China, the Shanghai foreigners little bother themselves about what is happening in the hearts and minds of the multitudes around them. The Caucasian Shanghailander lives in a world unto himself, in what an English writer, Arthur Ransome, has called "a hermetically sealed glass case." To him the some 3,000,000 Chinese workers in Greater Shanghai are so much background—necessary for trade and industry, but isn't it—ah—unfortunate that they couldn't all be like us?

Americans have been doing business in Shanghai for about eighty years. A number of families have attained to the second, and not a few to even the third adult generation in China. I do not know all of them, but of some score I can remember only four who speak any Chinese. In three families of my acquaintance that have reached the second generation in China only two of the children (and none of the parents), speak the language of the country in which they were born. In one such family none of the children, nor the father nor mother, has ever been to another city in China, not even to the neighboring historic beauty of Hangchow, although they have made numerous trips abroad.

Indeed, few Shanghai Americans, excluding the missionaries, learn to speak Chinese. It is not taught in the local American grade- and high-schools, supported by the American community. The consul-general himself does not speak it. With the exception of some traveling tobacco and oil men, to most Americans the native tongue is only a bother; it is thought that China would be better off if all spoke English. To tell such persons that Chinese is capable of delicate conceits is to make them laugh. They prefer to converse with the "native" in pidgin-English. If a servant does not at once comprehend the meaning of such jargon as, "Boy, catchee mastah one piece No. 1 motor-car wanchee go Bund-side more far catchee young missee that side," the impatient American ascribes it to the inferior intellect of the yellow race.

The Shanghai American knows this city, or that part of it which concerns his income and entertainment, but about China he knows little. Li Po, Tu Fu, Po Chu-yi, Wu Tao-tzu, all names golden in the classic glory that was T'ang, mean no more to him than to the average newspaper reader in America. Likewise the names of Chen Tu-shiu, T. T. Lew, Hu Shih, "Jimmie" Yen, Chang Fa-kwei, Sun Chung-shan, "Red" Chu Tak and the others who will go down into history as having given form and vigor to the new China, are to him "just so much Chinese."

Although he has made numerous appearances in Shanghai, many Americans there have never heard Mei Lan-fang; a number had never even heard *of* him till he was acclaimed by New York. The Shanghai *mei-kuo ren* thinks his tourist-countrymen are funny—but when they ask, he cannot tell them whether the anaglyphs they inevitably buy are genuine jade or polished quartz. He is still under the impression that there are only eighteen provinces in China and he cannot pronounce their names so that a non-English-speaking Chinese will know what he is talking about. Nor can he do much better with the names of the last Chinese dynasty and the present year of the republic—if he knows them. He thinks that it is dangerous to travel outside of Shanghai and seldom ventures it; he meticulously avoids Chinese food, screams when he hears Chinese music, assures visitors that all Chinese are potential criminals, and believes that the practice of "squeeze," or the accepting and giving of gratuities, is the cause of China's inferior position in the family of nations. In pidgin-English he holds solemn conversations with his house boys and from them makes sweeping generalizations about the Chinese people.

Much the same prejudice is present, perhaps even to a greater degree, among the British; it also shows itself, though to a lesser degree, among the French and other Europeans. On their part, the Chinese hold opinions of the white colonials which are adequately expressed only in their own language. Practically every attempt at Sino-foreign fraternizing has become a farce. The latest example is the bankruptcy of the Union Club, in which, for "face," a number of prominent foreign and Chinese business men pay membership dues. But they are seldom seen in the clubhouse. The Kiangwan Country Club, the Shanghai Club and the Columbia Country Club exclude Chinese.

Recently the American Club condescended to receive them, but that too was a "face stunt" only. It had been rumored that the Shanghai (British) Club planned to admit two or three selected bourgeois Chinese in order to furnish propaganda on the progress of Sino-British understanding. The Americans in Shanghai, while little loving the Chinese, have even less esteem for their English cousins, so the thought that the latter might benefit commercially through this act of magnanimity made them decide to let down their own color bar. Over the Shanghai Club, however, where the old guard rallied to crush the "oriental recognition" motion, the Union Jack still waves only for God, the King and St. George!

CHESS RECLAIMS A DEVOTEE

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

RECENTLY, after an absence of nearly twenty years from the chess world, I returned to the game of my first love, and may now be seen at the Manhattan Chess Club, along with many another ex-expert, college champion or duffer, puffing away at a pipe, stogie or cigarette, and shoving or banging white or black figures through a dreamy atmosphere, the while onlookers or kibitzers indulge in gratuitous comments at the expense of the losing players.

No game of chess in the old days had the least zest unless it was encircled by spectators infinitely wiser than the unhappy combatants; and for some time after my retirement from action I sat with the kibitzers and vied with the ancient fraternity in showing a defeated player, much against his will, how he could have won a lost game. The fraternity is open to any tyro with the requisite impudence for loosing his tongue in the face of the masters themselves; and the post-mortem is usually opened with some expletive such as *Potzer! Pfuscher! Nebich!* Ultimately, I drifted away from the game altogether. It had savagely reduced my energies, lost its nocturnal fascination and never earned for me more than a few dollars a week—my sole livelihood for a number of years. All in all, the mad, intricate, logical, ferociously difficult combat had subjected me to too many heartbreaks.

I played my game as most other men played theirs: with passionate intensity. To the ignorant outside world, two men over a chessboard look like a pair of dummies. And yet, inside the pale automata, dynamos pound incessantly. Here is nothing less than a silent duel between two human engines using and abusing all the faculties of the mind—the will, the imagination, logic, memory, caution, cunning, daring, foresight, hindsight, perspective, detail, unity and courage—in an effort to outwit, corner and demolish the not-less-than-hateful opponent. It is warfare in the most mysterious jungles of the human character. Chess has also its lighter, jocular, outrageously funny aspects; but first I wish to revert to its tragedies; and anyone who has ever participated in tournaments will know at once what I mean.

Those in which I took part from boyhood on—I made my début at eleven—were absolute nightmares. In my last tournament—a national contest won by Frank Marshall, with José Capablanca half a game behind—I lost nine pounds over a simple oversight I committed in a game against Chajes—then the Western champion and an East Side idol. I broke down near the close of a combination some seventeen or eighteen moves deep with all the pieces on the board, excepting a pawn or two on each side. To my king's pawn opening—a pawn which has given way to the queen's in present-day chess—Chajes retorted with the Sicilian defense: a delightfully risky game involving both players in counter-attacks from the outset. Counter-attack, the basis of chess of the classical or romantic era, gave way, about twenty years ago, to the growing inroads of safety first, conservatism and science—a movement ushered in by queen's pawn openings, a movement we'll come to later. At the moment, I must once more relieve myself of that everlasting bugaboo: the

game with Chajes. Before I plunged into the mazes of the combination, I spent about fifty minutes working out in advance all the possible ramifications involving both sides of the board.

I have to explain to the layman that tournament games must be conducted with time-clocks in order to force the combatants to move at reasonable intervals. Time-clocks had to be invented against old-time players who won their games through a preponderance of *Sitzfleisch*—or as my old friend, Dr. Siff, used to say: "What you need for chess isn't brains, but buttocks." During the classical era, a man with a lost position could wear down his opponent by sitting like Buddha and refusing to move—except once every hour or two. Staunton, the old British champion, won many a lost game in that fashion.

Time-clocks were the only means of keeping such devils within gentlemanly bounds, and, in the course of events, all tournaments, international, national or local, were conducted with the little double clocks ticking in accordance with which player's turn it was to move. World championships and international contests are run at the rate of fifteen moves an hour; contests of lesser importance at the rate of twenty: a fairly fast rate for players congenitally slow. I was one of these, and the tournament in question was run at the twenty-move rate. I now look upon that oversight of mine as the luckiest break in my whole existence. But at the time it was an overpowering tragedy.

Having spent fifty minutes on the first move of the combination, I would have only ten minutes to make my next nineteen moves. This, however, was a safe matter: I knew the combination by heart and, one by one, Chajes was making the anticipated moves. But I was deeply excited. Each time he made his next move and I made mine, I got up from the table and flitted about the room. My state was intensified by the interest in our game shown by the other contestants. Whenever they were free to leave their tables, they came over and followed the course of the combination—Capa and Marshall no less than the others. No one spoke to anybody else, but I could see experts nudge each other and eye me amazedly.

The whole thing went to my head. For years and years, I'd had a consuming chess ambition to rise by degrees to the New York State championship, the American and finally, nothing less than the world crown—then held by Emanuel Lasker. A year or two before, I had tied with Capa for the State championship and only lost the play-off after a long, heartrending end-game in which a mere tempo defeated me. Had it been his move, we would have drawn, but since it was mine I lost: the result, I swore, of defending the damned queen's pawn opening. Here was young Capa again; "fools" were already predicting he was destined to defeat Dr. Lasker. And here was Marshall, the American champion—and here was I, after having drawn an uphill battle, with two pawns down, against Hodges, a former American champion—and having won a game against the tantalizing Rice Club champion, Tenenwurzel. En route to victory over Chajes—the dark horse of the tournament—I would close the third round in the lead—providing I made my moves by heart. Veteran that I was at twenty-five, how could I possibly go wrong?

But I did. The general excitement was too much for my nerves. My hand began shaking with each successive move. The silence, above all, was unendurable. If I could have spoken to someone or someone could have spoken to me—but no. Chess contestants are pledged to non-communication as if they were prisoners under sentence for committing egregious crimes.

I shoved my pieces mechanically. The time-clock dangers were reduced. My opponent, beginning to detect the outcome of the combination, moved with increasing deliberation. But no matter how he pondered, he still had to make the moves I had figured on, once he'd entered the trap. They were the best at his disposal. By the time

we neared the close of the combination, all the unengaged players were seated about the table, surrounded by practically all the spectators in the long, gray room. Capa and Marshall had been forgotten. I was the centre of the chess world and I paced up and down outside the dark ring, a prey to frenzied emotions. After Chajes made his sixteenth move, I would only have to make my seventeenth and he his seventeenth. Then my eighteenth, the *coup de grâce*, would force him to resign.

I kept looking at the ring for a sign that the East Side veteran had made his sixteenth move. The sign came. A number of men looked my way and respectfully opened a path. Capa was one of the men who stepped aside. I could see him smile a little. I don't quite recall what followed. I was in a tingling haze and through the haze I saw that Chajes had made the necessary move. He shook his stoical head as he made it. I haven't the slightest idea why I didn't sit down and deliberate before making my penultimate move. I remember looking at my clock: I had ample time. But I didn't take it. Nor did I sit down. Exultantly, I made the move leaning over the table and then sat down. And then—to my frozen horror—I saw I had made, not my seventeenth, but my eighteenth move! I had transposed the moves and blundered outright!

A few moves later I resigned. Instead of an immortal game, a game for chess history—as Marshall assured me later—I had blundered like a tyro. An infinitesimal aberration cost me the game, my chances in the tournament and my whole chess career. Throughout the remaining rounds, people reverted to that strange oversight. They buttonholed me in off hours and again and again I had to explain how it had happened, from the first move to the last. And abed at night, each time I lost another game—I lost game after game—I rehearsed the cause of my collapse. Instead of finishing at the head or near the head of the contestants, I finished next to last.

But I had already reached a solemn determination. While sitting petrified in a chair which should have been a throne, and accepting Chajes' cordial condolence, I resolved to have done with chess tournaments, chess clubs and chess forever after. I lost nine pounds over that oversight. And thanks to a constant devotion to poetry, side by side with chess, there wasn't another pound I could afford to lose. I was about thirty pounds underweight and poorer than a sparrow. So I gave up chess for poetry. But that, as Mr. Kipling used to say, is another story.

II

Ultimately, I caught the serene view of the Chajes tragedy. Had I won the game, I would have been lured on to further victories and defeats, only to end in a chess master's grave—a dismal profession withal. The invincible Steinitz had fallen before the invincible Lasker, and Lasker before the invincible Capablanca, and Capa before the invincible Alekhine. Chess mastery—possibly like any other mastery—is a thing to keep away from. The people who usually enjoy chess are the dubs and duffers, experts who have resigned their ambitions and now play for pastime, and the fraternity of kibitzers.

One uncertain day, rather bored with the self-centred world of poetry and the self-centred world at large, I found myself in the neighborhood of the Manhattan Chess Club and, being able to "resist anything but temptation," I dropped in. I was greeted with a delight I could not have received anywhere else on earth. And here, scarcely a day older than when I had last beheld them, were some of the friendly enemies of my youth: Rosen, Rosenthal, Meyer, Warburg, Beihoff, Tener—not a Gentile in sight. In chess, the Rosens bloom on and on. In the old days, over on Second avenue, the crack players numbered Rosen, Rosenbaum, Rosenfeld, Rosenthal, Rosenzweig—the last truly a twig compared with the others.

I had done well to give up tournament

chess, but nothing less than an idiotic whim had forced me to desert my old friends. I cannot attempt to describe how their welcome stirred me. The affections are outmoded these days: sentiment has been gobbled down by the sciences and by dollars mounting on dollars. One has to be hard-boiled. But hard-boiled here? Impossible. The chess world anywhere is a world unto itself, and when a gang of dark Jews welcome a goy with unrestraint, there's nothing to do but enthuse. For nowhere else is the goy held in greater contempt. The man who dubbed chess Jewish athletics, dubbed it correctly. With rare exceptions, Jews have graced Caissa's throne for a century past. And what, over on Second avenue, did they used to call the insignificant pawn? A goy, a little goy! But even the Gentile rises to honors in time. Look at your Jewish Who's Who and you'll find me there. And why not? I bragged about that once too ofren and was hailed by a Jew: "Dirty climber!"

Well, I was at home again, more at home than ever before. No time-clock was in evidence; no tourney in progress. Safe from the past, was I safe from the present? What was going on here? What had happened to chess? "Pots—" Rosen ventured.

"What are pots?"

I was swiftly initiated. Pots is a game invented by a fellow named Calladay—"Cal, he's called—" by way of destroying serious chess. And who is this Cal? A third-class goy who's just as poor at this game as he was at the old game. But pots are now the rage all over the chess world.

I watched the marvelous invention. Three players take turns playing one another the while the odd or disengaged player acts as the referee calling time. He calls time, not at the rate of fifteen or twenty moves an hour, but at ten seconds a move! I never saw so many blunders in my life—it was delightful. And the best of players blundered—still more delightful. No wonder Cal had invented Pots. If a fellow didn't move on time, "Forfeit!" the referee called and took the place of the offender, who took the place of the referee. The stakes are always a quarter a game. They are called "union rates." And shades of Caissa, what a noise—noise of all things at a chess club! It was all most alluring.

We had played rapid-transit chess in the past, but never with such wholesale gusto. In the earlier days on the East Side, where chess could be seen at its best and grimiest, a man named Louis Hein invented a game called the Marathon, in which twenty, thirty or forty dynamos engaged in a round-robin the while Hein bellowed "Move!" That was also ten-second chess, but Marathons used to drag on for hours, and long sessions of any sort were precisely the torture most old-timers had begun to revolt against.

Before I knew where I was at, I was seated at one of these crazy tables—"Try it and see, you old duffer," I was challenged. Never a fast player, and long out of practise, I could barely see two moves ahead. Still worse, my lack of ambition undermined the will to win. I lost often and didn't mind losing. What had happened to me? I dropped in at the club again, merely to look on—and then to play, always to the friendly greeting, "you old duffer!" The name didn't nettle me. There were always old experts who recalled my former exploits to the youngsters who derided me. One day, I won a quick game from the Intercollegiate champion and the old-timers chortled. A large, grave gentleman, watching proceedings, remarked: "*Das war wie Eisen gespielt!*" The speaker was Alexander Alekhine. I thanked him and fled the table.

No one could rouse my ambition again, least of all the new world's champion. I'd sought the old haunt in pursuit of that momentary Nirvana which chess clubs afford to any profession: the law, medicine, music, commerce, religion or what not. I recalled a chess proverb: You can lose your wife one day and come here and forget her the next. Each of these men came here for relaxation, had always done so and always would. Best of all, these pots had buried

the cut and dried queen's pawn opening. Chess was irregular again, adventurous, delirious, novel, absurd, human. The mummies who formerly shoved pieces about were flesh and blood again. And the laughter I heard had not been heard in my world for years. The rude explosion was neither ironical nor cynical. It had nothing to do with modernity, psychology, reasoning. It was forthright. And no one laughed louder than the dubs.

Men who had rarely won a game before won many a game now, and won it from many a master. The master resigned with grace and then proceeded to trounce the potzer as the potzer had never been trounced before. Nothing pleased me more than the momentary rise of the duffers. Among my chess memories—or memories in general—none cling more tenaciously, or with more enduring affection, than those which shadow underdogs I have known. Here I have to revert again to the Second avenue of my youth and young manhood.

III

I was then the queer little shaver who earned his livelihood by playing anyone and everyone at so much a game at all hours of the day and night. One thing that attracted me to the East Side was the fact that most men earned their living in just the same way. Another thing—most of the men were older than I, much older, some of them patriarchs. Still another—they were cultivated. When we weren't playing or talking chess, we talked about music and books: I went to school over there. And I learned philosophy without calling it such. We had no abstract words for what we felt and thought. When we wearied of talk, "Let's have another game—" there was always that. And no one was so hard up that there wasn't someone worse off. I remember the proprietor of a chess café who let the addicts sleep on or under tables overnight. I remember a potzer too proud for such beds. If he lost instead of won, he'd sleep on park benches. None of us found that out till he died on one. Then we chipped in to save him from Potter's Field. A witty fellow he was; none wittier over there where wit is an essential weapon to losers.

I remember a game I played with a rabbi old enough to be my father's grandfather. He had a beard longer than the beard of Moses. He combed it with care and let it hang at ease over one corner of the board. It was too long to hang anywhere else. We were in the midst of an exciting game in the midst of an excited band of kibitzers. I noticed nothing at the time but the game itself. The old rascal had "swindled" me out of the first game: a legitimate swindle, a coffee-house trap. I vowed vengeance and dug myself into the table. The smoke was terrific—I didn't smoke in those days. The pieces we handled were heterogeneous: queens looked like bishops, bishops like pawns, and some of the knights had no heads. I was near-sighted, but I didn't mind. I'd got the hang of the pieces. And I'd got the hang of the position. But I didn't get the hang of the beard. I paid no attention to that.

The game was going my way. The rabbi was attacking on all sides, but I revelled in such tactics. I was always at my best building up walls against attacks, and then forcing a hole with a pawn, another pawn and then the counter-attack. The counter-attack was at work; it was working beautifully. The old fellow shook his head; so did the other old fellows. They began poking fun at him, unmerciful fun. "*Warte nur*," he said, but kept on retreating. "*Warte nur* yourself," I retorted, and went on advancing.

Suddenly, I detected a mate in three and cried, "Check!" He moved his king. Then I shouted, "Check again!" and he moved his king. Then I grabbed my queen, banged her down and crowed, "Checkmate, my friend!" The rabbi shook his head calmly. "Not yet, my friend," he replied, lifting his magnificent beard off the corner of the board. Out came a rook that removed my queen!

Then there was an old fellow named Ziegenschwarz who hated to win games that didn't end in checkmates. He took a sadistic delight in encouraging his victims to struggle on to the very end. He simply wouldn't let them resign. He'd even make bad moves to keep them going awhile longer, and chattered away in an effort to keep them cheerful. His favorite opponent was a melancholy soul named Levkowitz.

Levkowitz was an ideal loser: he not only lost as a rule, but he lost with a series of groans that deepened and lengthened with each hopeless move. One evening I watched the pair: Levkowitz looked not alone forlorn, but ill, very ill. He kept complaining about his *Magen*: he'd eaten some indigestible herring.

"There's nothing the matter with herring," Ziegenschwarz argued; "it's your game disagrees with you."

"I've got a lost game!"

"No, you haven't, move, you *Pfuscher*!"

Levkowitz made a lame move—"I've got a lost game, I resign."

"No, you don't—" and Ziegenschwarz made a weak move.

Levkowitz brightened a little, but suddenly scowled and moaned:

"I feel sick."

"No, you don't—move, *Dummkopf*!"

Levkowitz made a heroic effort, moved —and was sick in earnest. He tried to get up, but Ziegenschwarz wiped off the board with his sleeve, made a move and grabbed his victim's sleeve.

"I'm nearly mate."

"No you're not. Move, move!"

Levkowitz moved and was violently sick again. His tormentor wiped and moved with mad acceleration.

"I'm lost, lost," Levkowitz moaned.

"Move once more, just once more."

Levkowitz moved and staggered from the table.

"*Schachmatt!*" howled Ziegenschwarz without wiping the table and hustled after his friend: "Come, I'd better take you home."

IV

The crown prince of East Side chess was and still is Charles Jaffe. It is impossible to convey the weird type of game he used to play and the respect it won him among the cohorts along the avenue. If ever a man held court around a table, it was this very dark, slender, cigarette-smoking gypsy. The moment he arrived and sat down with some dub, most other tables were deserted. I venture to say that if Capa and Lasker had fought out their battles on the avenue and Jaffe and his dubs sat down nearby, the world warriors would have been deserted by the kibitzers.

Jaffe kept up a running fire of caustic badinage and could give amazing odds to the potzers. I never saw any high-class player give such odds and get away with them. The reverence in which he was held was mainly due to this faculty. He was a genius against weaker players. And they measured the rest of the chess world accordingly. If a better player than Jaffe (there were, of course, none better!) failed to win games at the odds the prince gave, he was treated with comparative contempt.

The ability to play coffee-house chess was one in which Jaffe surpassed any master. Coffee-house chess depends on an alert ingenuity in waylaying the opponent through subtle little traps or swindles. Usually the trap is baited with a sacrificial pawn no potzer can resist smelling and seizing. Were the pawn a consequential piece, the fellow would hesitate and look around. But the little goys overwhelm his appetite. It is almost an axiom that most games have been lost and won through hastily grabbing those innocent pawns.

Jaffe was a veritable devil in leaving them about and in keeping up an undercurrent of teasing cajollery, mock-heroics, encouragement, quips and puns. No wonder Second avenue held him in awe! And no wonder the avenue held the outside masters in comparative contempt! Even Lasker, king of the Jews and the whole chess

world, was held in doubt where Jaffe was concerned. As for the Gentile Capa, he was a duffer by comparison. "Jaffe could beat Capa blindfolded!"

Unhappily, once the crown prince left the avenue he was not so invulnerable. Invite him to a tournament among his peers, take away his magic banter and force him to face sound, scientific chess, and his traps proved of little avail. Traps were often his own undoing. What we call playing for position—a damnable modern invention—was something his valiant combinations couldn't penetrate. The extreme caution of modern chess wore down his temperamental inspirations. He belonged to the school of Paul Morphy, giant meteor of the romantic era.

Jaffe, in truth, should have been born among the Labordonnais and MacDonnells who never defended themselves, but went on attacking till the other fellow's attacks demolished them. Even inferior players, by playing book openings and developing "according to Hoyle," could defeat him by letting him defeat himself. Jaffe seldom disgraced himself in tournaments. He had the habit of defeating superiors and losing to inferiors which seems to be the outcome of taking chances. No matter how he fared, he was always defended by the cohorts.

I recall the international tournament in Europe he embarked on some years ago. He didn't have the fare abroad and had to raise it through subscription—so I was told at the time. Doubtless, most of it was raised east of Third avenue and south of Fourteenth street. Over on Second avenue, newspapers were scanned as they had never been scanned before, and there was only one daily event the readers turned to. I'm not in the mood for rehearsing those long days of silent gloom. Jaffe went abroad to show the *Schachmeister* what duffers they were and finished, not on top, nor anywhere near the top. When he returned, did the avenue upbraid him or drape itself in mourning? I went across town with that question in mind, ready to say what I could if necessary. I didn't have to say it. Jaffe was surrounded by a ring of laughing, gossiping kibitzers. Opposite him sat a time-honored potzer.

The potzer was eyeing and trying not to eye a terribly tempting pawn. I prayed to all the gods that the fellow would nab it. He didn't nab it. He hesitated, circled the board with his eyes and looked at everything but the little goy. The suspense was growing quite awful. It silenced the kibitzers. It silenced Jaffe himself. He looked rather drawn after the foreign débâcle. I wanted to shake hands with him, ring his arm off, slap his back, hug him—but I'd have to wait.

He was smoking away as usual. His side of the board was strewn with cigarette stubs, ashes and burnt matches. The famous lurking smile was absent. Confound that *Pfuscher*! Why didn't he relieve our suspense? All he'd lose would be a dime, and that pawn was worth a fortune to us. His glance no longer circled, but concentrated on one spot. The spot, confound him, was far removed from the pawn. Then he smiled slyly and lifted his left hand. Why did he lift that hand—he always moved with the other?

Then, praise Elohim, the hand closed round his queen and quietly clipped off the pawn. Jaffe smiled, lifted a knight and put it down ever so gently—forking the duffer's king, queen and two rooks. Hysteria rent the air. Jaffe raised his hand —"Wait, let him look!"

"I have to lose the exchange," sighed the duffer.

"Look again."

"I have to lose one of my rooks or the queen——"

"Look again."

"I'm in check—wait—I'll move my king—but wait—I don't want to lose my queen—why didn't you say check?"

"I didn't have to say check, potzer! Where are your ears? Didn't you hear me say mate?"

The hysteria revived. Pandemonium smote the table. "*Rinnsvieh, Nebich, Dummkopf, Schlemiel!*" the cohorts clamored. . . .

V

Well, here I am, here I am again, a ghost unashamed of his past. The game I now play is less than the shadow of the game I used to play. Fellows I formerly gave odds to, now play me even, or have the impudence to offer me odds. Worst of all, I'm no longer a hard loser; and if I leave a rook enprise in one game, I leave my queen in the next. *Sic transit etcetera!*

Luckily, I'm in first-class company. Other old-timers who sit down with me are not much better than I. Sometimes I pay them a quarter; sometimes they pay me—and we always play Pots. We open our sessions with a few plausible alibis. One man has a headache from trying to sell life-insurance policies; another looks weary from having done nothing all day, and the third—I mention actual cases—has read a rotten review of his latest poems.

Somehow, on the evening in question, the weary gentleman had won three pots in a row: an unheard of record for him. The life-insurance salesman—who is none other than George Beihoff—let it go at that and shrugged his shoulders. Throughout chess history, vanquished players are entitled to the immortal post-mortem: "I had a won game." The third time I sang the slogan, Anonymous—I have to call him that—shot back: "You had a won game, but I won it." We started to sputter and argue. Beihoff finally cut us short and turned on Anonymous: "Why shouldn't you beat us at chess? You've retired from business, you live on your income and your sex-life is over."

Without further ado, I rejoined the Manhattan Club in earnest. I entered my name for a life-membership. But there's a special clause in my application. It provides that if I'm ever caught starting anything remotely resembling a serious game, I'm to be expelled without trial by the board of governors.

THE RADIO VS. THE VIRTUOSO

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

RADIO, the phonograph, the movietone, and other comparatively recent inventions for the transmission of music in quantity have opened up such new and bewildering possibilities that it is no wonder if we musicians find ourselves at first a little dazed. The questions of artistic values involved are subtle, far-ramifying, difficult to disentangle; our scientific technology develops by leaps and bounds, while our psychological and æsthetic divination of its implications lags far behind; we thus find ourselves possessed of new instrumentalities of which the effects on our artistic welfare remain more or less undetermined, but which naturally delight our scientific curiosity and profoundly impress our business imagination.

Suppose, for instance, accustomed hitherto only to symphonic concerts of the kind given in Carnegie Hall, we visit the studio in the building of the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth avenue, whence Mr. Walter Damrosch broadcasts for the General Electric Company an hour of orchestral music every Saturday evening. We find ourselves in a large, oblong, high-studded room, brilliantly lighted by six chandeliers designed in modernistic gray cylinders. Their vertical lines are echoed in long gray curtains draped from ceiling to floor, the main purpose of which is to provide admirably complete control of the sonority of the room. On a platform two-thirds of the way down stands Mr. Damrosch beside a microphone that receives both his explanatory comment and the music itself. Seated in the larger portion of the hall before him is an orchestra of fifty men; behind him sit a few guests.

Precisely at nine o'clock, at a signal from the announcer, conversation and tuning cease with surprising abruptness, and in the midst of an impressive silence Mr. Damrosch greets his immense unseen audience, and begins one of those skilfully made programmes for which he is famous. At the point of vantage, just after the opening "Freischütz" overture, are two movements of a new symphony concertante for solo horn, piano, and orchestra by a young American composer, Mr. Mark Wessel, who on this occasion plays the solo piano part himself. Such presentation of the work of Americans to their compatriots spread over the continent is a regular feature of these concerts, impressive in its possibilities.

After three charming dances from Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" suite have provided relief from the effort of listening to wholly unfamiliar and complex music, there comes the high point of the evening—the entire *andante* movement from Brahms's Third Symphony: in other words, some of the noblest and finest music in the world, played for those who can appreciate it, without inhibition by undue tenderness for the many who cannot. They have their turn ten minutes later, when the concert ends with two delightful dances from "Carmen" . . .

In all this, one is struck by the admirable quality and balance of the sonority, due to carefully worked out relation between size of orchestra and size and resonance of hall: with about half the players needed for Carnegie Hall, there is more compact and sensitively adjusted tone. We have here, in short, an orchestra of fifty instead of a

hundred, playing to an audience of millions instead of three thousand. No wonder the business imagination finds itself inflamed—and indeed, with certain reservations, the artistic imagination too.

On the other hand, these surprising achievements have had, as everybody knows, a ricochet, economic and artistic, singularly far-reaching and in some respects highly menacing. It is no exaggeration to say that they have brought to the profession of music such a crisis as it has never before had to meet. The pessimists, indeed, are already telling us that music is dead, murdered by the machine; more hopeful observers see a new and wider life for it, emerging after a period of readjustment; all agree that the present changes are unprecedented, and the dislocation profound.

In 1929, for example, the United States, with a normal purchasing power of four hundred thousand pianos, bought only ninety thousand. In the same year thirty-eight million dollars were spent on phonographs, and eight hundred and ninety million dollars on radio sets. During the last two years between twenty-five and fifty thousand orchestral players are estimated by Mr. Olin Downes of the New York *Times* to have been thrown out of work. The Musicians' Union has considered it worth while recently to run advertisements in the magazines and daily papers, warning the public of "the robot as an entertainer," and deploring that the young are being deprived of "all incentive to develop their talent and to make music their life-work." Opera too is said to be on the wane. "The lure of radio," says Mr. T. R. Ybarra in the New York *Times Magazine*, "the general mechanization of our day, all contribute to a decrease in opera-house audiences." As for solo players, Miss Jeanette Eaton presented their desperate case in *Harper's Magazine* for last January, using in the title of her article, as did also Mr. Ybarra in his, the depressing word "twilight." "There can be no doubt," insists Mr. Basil Maine, a London critic, "that the virtuoso, as we have hitherto known him, and mechanized music, as we are beginning to know it, cannot exist side by side. Yet we must admit that the invasion of mechanized music is inevitable. The virtuoso of old must eventually be defeated."

II

To recognize with a healthy realism, however, the havoc that radio and other mechanisms are for the moment working upon the living musician, and especially upon the virtuoso, is not by any means tantamount to concluding that the decline of the virtuoso is an unmixed evil, nor that it is due entirely or even primarily to these devices, nor indeed that their own later effects may not in some degree correct their earlier evils, especially if we take the trouble to understand and guide them. It seems desirable, therefore, to supplement our first scientific or commercial enthusiasm over the new toys with a soberer estimate of the artistic benefits and injuries likely to accrue from them; and our first step toward drawing up such a balance sheet of their deeper human significance may well be the elimination of certain factors not really relevant, but likely to confuse us.

To begin with, it is well to realize that in all periods the virtuoso has been far from an unmixed blessing to musical art. We find him developing, through music history, in three well-marked periods, into three striking types: first there is the prima donna of Eighteenth Century Italian opera; then there is the "wizard of the piano" (or violin) of the early Nineteenth Century, a Liszt or a Paganini; finally there is the contemporary guest or prima donna conductor. In all three types, along with real services to music, there has been much of that vain and cheap exploitation of personality before an empty-headed hero-worshipping public which is known as the star system, and is notoriously injurious to the art on which it is parasitic. The

vanity of prima donnas has generated a whole literature of anecdote; instrumental "wizards" and boy prodigies have engrossed those gossips who care more for musicians than for music from the time of Mozart to that of Yehudi Menuhin; and the prima donna conductors of today are still usurping much of the attention we might better be giving to the growth of musical art itself.

Now radio, to give it its due, has two decidedly salutary effects on those players who think more of themselves than of their art. First, it tends to eliminate entirely a large group of the merely mediocre, the people who have no vocation for music save a desire for the notoriety it may give, or a vague longing for "self-expression," a class who have always been a drag upon it. Second, on the performers it employs it imposes a most salutary absenteeism so far as their corporeal presence is concerned. It removes from the spot-light even that latest virtuoso, the guest conductor, or at least a large part of him, and that the most meretricious, publicity-seeking, and artistically valueless part. It gives us, within limits, his sonorities, his nuances, even his expression (musical, not facial); it happily veils from us his flowing locks, his tailor-made waist-line, his challenging or swooning gesticulations. It makes of us, willy-nilly, no longer spectators, but up to our capacity auditors, and in so doing emphasizes music rather than *tableaux vivants*.

An admirer of the Liebestod from "Tristan," an excellent judge of music, protests, laughingly but with conviction, that the best performance of it he has ever heard was on a record made by a conductor of such ferocious personal appearance that in the concert hall he had never been able to enjoy his playing. One must in candor admit, to be sure, that should television be perfected, with natural color and stereoscopic relief, Rachmaninoff's hair, cut *à la* convict, would probably again distract from his music the attention of many of his admirers.

A second simplification worth making is to note that while radio has been exerting its influence, for good or ill, considerably less than a decade, the decline of the virtuoso began so much earlier as to be attributable in the first instance to conditions with which radio has had nothing to do, although, as we shall see, it did later greatly intensify their effects. The actual causes are doubtless many, and highly diverse. On the artistic side there is the decline of singing, and the simultaneous gradual improvement of taste in instrumental music; psychologically there is the desire of the latest virtuoso, the guest conductor, to push the others out of the spot light in order to occupy it himself (in which, of course, he has been powerfully supported by considerations of expense, especially in view of his enormous salary).

Whatever the causes, a recent study undertaken by Mr. J. M. Coopersmith of Columbia University makes the facts singularly plain. Mr. Coopersmith investigated the number of instrumental concertos and vocal arias performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, and the Chicago Orchestra, in four specimen double-seasons, 1899–1901, 1909–1911, 1919–1921, and 1927–1929, representing as nearly as was possible the four decades ending respectively with 1900, 1910, 1920, and 1930. He finds that the arias sung reached their peak at the end of Decade II (1910) and have since been declining, while concertos played reached their peak a decade later (1920) and have now entered on a similar declination. The sum totals for the four decades are especially striking when compared with the number of concerts given, greatly increasing for all three organizations. On comparison of the figures it will be seen that arias have fallen off precipitously since 1910, and concertos appreciably since 1920:

Decade	I	II	III	IV
Concertos played . . .	90	93	160	155
Arias sung	67	147	120	33
Concerts given	216	316	433	557

The itemized results are as interesting as

the summaries. Without taking space here to go into disproportionate detail, it may be noted that of arias by Mozart there are in the first three decade groups, six, ten, fifteen; in the last none at all; by Beethoven, in the first three groups, two, seven, six; in the last just one. If it be objected that in any department these classic composers would suffer from changing tastes, we may take the figures for Wagner, who certainly retains to the full his immense popularity: they are fourteen, forty-six, eighteen, eight (and one will of course bear in mind the steadily and greatly increasing number of concerts). As for concertos, here are the figures for the four decades on the standard piano concertos of Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Brahms, Franck, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Tschaikowsky, Rachmaninoff: 19, 21, 58, 38. . . . It is obvious that arias began to give way to concertos twenty years or more ago, and that for the last ten years at least concertos have also steadily lost ground. This means that the concert vocalist is nearly obsolete, and the concert pianist obsolescent.

At this death-struggle of the soloist we cannot, as music-lovers, look on unmoved, especially when we remember that he is only on his worse side the vain showman we have been decrying: on his better side he is also the eloquent artist, the devoted, self-forgetful, and inspired apostle of music. Anyone who can remember the days when orchestral concerts frequently contained the noble and beautiful concertos of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms, interpreted with masterly musicianship by such players as Paderewski, D'Albert, Bülow, Carreño, Hofmann, Rachmaninoff, and Gabrilowitsch, can hardly regard their progressive disappearance with anything but sadness. Even the arias and songs of such vocalists as Melba, Nilsson, Jean de Reszke and Edmond Clément were of unforgettable beauty. The "sensational events" of our own day, formidable works by Stravinsky or Schoenberg played by far-heralded guest conductors, hardly make up for their loss. It cannot then but arouse profound uneasiness when we observe that although this progressive restriction and standardization of the concert repertory began, under the spur of commercial profit-seeking through appeal to the majority,[1] long before the advent of radio, the effect of radio has so far been momentously to accelerate and aggravate this restrictive, standardizing process by which commercialism always impoverishes every art it touches.

III

Is such restriction and impoverishment an inevitable result of the application of mechanism to music, or is it merely the natural sequence of our first incomplete understanding and control of new instrumentalities, capable in themselves of serving our highest values, if we can but learn to use and not abuse them?

Such questions as this are the pertinent ones to ask of recorded music from now on. Its pressing problems are no longer the mechanical and scientific, but the economic, social, and psychological ones. The machines themselves are wonderfully developed: with the advent of electrical recording a few years ago, and of transmission of phonograph records through the radio more recently, the renderings obtainable are immeasurably improved. But for this very reason, a deeper study than we have so far attempted or even considered must be made of the psychological implications of these new means, of their incidence on public taste and on demand and supply in music. What we now have to ask ourselves is not what are we going to make of the machines, but what are the machines going to make of us.

Looked at from this point of view, that very vastness of the radio audience which we saw to be so exciting to the commercial mind is seen to be, for the artistic or humane mind, a matter for apprehension

[1] See the present writer's article, "Our Orchestras and Our Money's Worth," reprinted in the book, "The Dilemma of American Music."

rather than jubilation. To be candid, the commercial and the higher human interests seem to be here flatly opposed. For it is a fundamental axiom that majority tast is always comparatively crude and undeveloped, and that where it is allowed to dominate art languishes and dies; on the other hand, art survives and grows only where majority taste undergoes that winnowing and progressive refining whereby minority standards emerge from it.

As an instance of this crudity of majority taste, one may cite the case of jazz. The features of jazz to which it owes its popularity are precisely the ones that make it most intolerable to a sound taste: its banal melody, its commonplace and sometimes sugary and sentimental harmony, its obvious, over-accented, monotonous rhythm. Now, it is interesting to those of us who have high hopes for the future of radio to find that while jazz is still probably the preference of the majority of the vast radio audience, there is already a distinct tendency of that taste to refine itself, automatically, by accumulating experience. A newspaper note that farmers are asking that less jazz be broadcast is highly suggestive. So is the correlative fact that as audiences have progressed in experience more and more good music has been recorded and broadcast: probably two or three years ago Mr. Damrosch would hardly have dared include in his programme an entire movement of a Brahms symphony. There seems to be a natural evolution of taste, from fondness for the most trivial jazz and other popular claptrap to appreciation of the great masterpieces, which takes place automatically wherever full opportunity combines with the desire for growth and the strength of mind to concentrate. The great hope in radio is not only or chiefly that it gives this opportunity to more people than have ever had it before, but that for all of them it may prove to carry thus within itself the eventual correctives for its own more sinister immediate tendencies.

As in the attitude toward music, so in the choice of performers there seem to be unfortunate primary reactions, with some tendency to later spontaneous correction of themselves. The first incidence of mass psychology is certainly disastrous. Lack of standards, inattention, indifference lead to uncritical acceptance of almost any performances presented, to tolerance of empty showiness or of mere mediocrity, even to preference of them to more subtle and therefore attention-exacting qualities of interpretation. The result of this lack of fastidiousness in the large public, only too eagerly exploited by the short-sighted economies of producers, is the devastating cheapness of what is called "studio talent." Miss Eaton seems to feel that radio is extending to youthful players in its studios the opportunities of which it is depriving them in the concert halls. But it is a sufficient commentary on the quality of such of these "artists" as she mentions that not one of them is known even by name in the extra-radio world of music, save only Mr. Arcadie Birkenholz, of whom it is erroneously stated that he began his career in the broadcasting studios. And meanwhile many young artists of real gifts, of fine promise, deprived of their recital and concert market by radio competition, and excluded from radio itself by the underbidding of mediocrities or by lack of opportunity and influence, find themselves obliged to give up professional playing altogether—to the irremediable impoverishment, let us not forget, of musical art.

Here again, however, the first tendency is fortunately followed by a reaction. As they hear more music, audiences become more exacting in their standards of performance as well as of programme, and learn to respond to true musical eloquence and power. A curious evidence of this maturing process, from an unexpected quarter, may be found in the present increasing favor of what is called "electrical transcription" (*i.e.*, broadcasting from phonographic records instead of from actual performance). Of course, the records

are cheaper; but it is even more to the point that when made by trained artists they are immeasurably more expressive than the haphazard products of undisciplined "studio talent." It is therefore significant that the new developments are giving the providers of such talent serious concern.

"Can radio music survive as a definite art form," asks a questionnaire sent out by a Chicago firm, "as long as it depends on the grade of amateur talent the broadcasting studios now attract?" (The answer should be an unequivocal negative.) "Statistics show decided increase," continues the questionnaire, "in radio and phonograph combination. . . . Broadcasting chains are more and more using records instead of studio talent. . . . Is it possible that recorded music has, unaccountably perhaps, more 'soul' in it than studio music?" The answer here is that when it has more "soul" in it, it is for no reason unaccountable to anyone not blinded, as producers sometimes are, by economic greed, but for the fairly obvious one that the records are made by better artists; and the inevitable corollary is that the producers may eventually find it worth their while to make a wider and more alert search for talent than has so far seemed to them necessary.

In this search, if it is to be artistically and not merely commercially fruitful, they must look for talents, however unknown and timid—not for great and blazoned names. The superstitious reverence of our public for such names, catered to by producers for whom standardization is convenient, seems at first sight to contradict its tolerance for mediocrity, but on looking more below the surface we find that both traits come from the same inertness and lack of intellectual curiosity. It is the inability of people with rudimentary taste to judge qualities for themselves that leads them into servile worship of much-bruited names—labels guaranteeing value.

Everybody has met stupid people, often of considerable wealth and social position, who recognize no pianists but Paderewski, Hofmann, and Rachmaninoff, no violinists but Kreisler, Elman, Heifetz, and possibly Spalding, no singers but Metropolitan stars, and no music schools but millionaire endowments. This narrow vision, played upon by the herding tendency of business combination and wholesale advertising, brings about a restriction of the field, a denial of opportunity to all but a handful of famous artists, that is one of the most dangerous menaces of radio, and that must be counteracted by more constructive criticism either from within the industry itself or from outside if music is to maintain any vitality and flexibility.

A strong influence in the right direction may be expected to develop from the increasing interest beginning to be taken by the serious music public and by music critics. Mr. Downes of the New York *Times* has touched upon these problems in several Sunday articles of late, and Mr. Lawrence Gilman has inaugurated in the *Herald-Tribune* a department for criticism of records and broadcasts happily called "Music's New Gateways." Criticism of this sort, which should increase rapidly, will tend to expose errors of taste and vision such as we have touched upon, and especially to break up the dull herd into intelligent groups. One of Mr. Gilman's correspondents has hopeful suggestions for the direction such educative effort should take. "Because phonograph recording," he points out, "has its mass production side and much atrocious music is put on record and dinned into unwilling ears, many persons fail to see the difference between its possibilities and the conditions entailed by attempts to reach at one swoop millions of the uncultivated. The difference is that the recording of music for home use at suitable hours and under suitable moods opens the way for fine music to reach its special audiences of one or more under the right circumstances. The effect of recording the best music in the best possible way (which is making progress in spite of com-

parative unprofitableness and lack of wide critical attention) is the exact opposite of mob appeal." *Mutatis mutandis*, it ought to be possible to work out ways of applying the same selectivity to radio as to records.

IV

It is in such ways as these that we may hope progress will be made by public, artists, and producers in criticizing the mechanical processes in the light of the experience they themselves give, and in thus learning to enhance their benefits and counteract their evils. Such experience will make it increasingly clear that commerce and art make opposite demands at almost every point, and that commerce will have to adapt itself intelligently to art if either, in this type of industry, is to survive. Commerce demands vast audiences, all thinking and feeling alike; art requires smaller groups, united by independent and personal tastes held in common, and each producing a market for the specialized qualities it appreciates. Commerce finds economy in highly centralized administration, exploiting vast territories by routine procedures; art thrives only in conditions of decentralization, development of local talent, free competition. The temptation of commerce is to market great reputations by national advertising; but this means, in terms of art, to strait-jacket new enterprise, to reduce everything to the dead level of the already completed, of today and yesterday, to give tomorrow no chance.

Above all, commerce will be obliged to realize sooner or later that all mechanical processes only reproduce and transmit, that living art and artists alone create. These processes should be conceived and administered, therefore, not as substitutes for living artists, still less as rivals to them, but as adjuncts and extensions of their activities, of high value in their true place. They may increase the range of appeal of music by bringing to it many new listeners. They may refine these listeners up to a certain point by providing them with the elementary musical experiences. They may even, intensifying competition, eliminate among the living players the dead wood, and nerve the serious artists to finer efforts by narrowing their field.

But it is essential that a field of some sort should be left them: a field of sufficing scope and diversity of opportunity, open to merit, in which young and unknown artists may develop their talents under valid professional conditions, and may make new contributions to art. That is the irreducible minimum without which art must die.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Psychology

THE BABEL OF THE PSYCHE

By Grace Adams

In that quiet era between the publication of William James's "Principles" in 1890 and Stanley Hall's famous conference of psychologists in 1909, it was possible to read a score of psychological treatises by as many different authorities without once doubting that they all expounded the same subject.

The very words of the text were reassuring. On the first page, usually in the first paragraph, most happily in the first sentence, one was sure to come upon "mind" and "consciousness." It is true, of course—as Dr. John B. Watson, after almost twenty years, is still pointing out with the breathless air of a new discovery—that few of the pedagogues ever agreed as to just what these two magical terms stood for. Some tended to accept Titchener's opinion that they were identical, while others were inclined to agree with Ladd that consciousness was the mind's awareness of its own activity. Yet these distinctions, while they seem to have been of the greatest possible importance to the intercollegiate standing of their inventors, meant very little to anyone else. For mind and consciousness were both common enough, and few persons felt obliged to ponder each successive definition.

So it was with all the other terms that stood out in italics or great black letters throughout the text: association, will, habit, perception, attention, memory, emotion, thought, feeling, imagination, sensation, instinct. They were all familiar, comfortable words and had become eminently respectable through three centuries of intimate association with the best in British philosophy. There was still a wide variation of opinion as to their exact meaning; but all the text-books which employed them looked just alike. They all contained the same trick pictures of optical illusions, the same fanciful analyses of complex thoughts, the same interminable lists of instincts. Even James admitted that their few apparent differences were due to a mere "fondness on the authors' parts for certain phrases."

Thus psychology in America passed its first twenty years. Then Stanley Hall, who had been much too busy founding laboratories, associations, and periodicals in which his colleagues could air their verbal differences, to take a very heated part in their discussions himself, viewed them with a critical eye and decided that they suffered from "a veritable and multiform psychosis," and were doomed to be remembered only as the perpetrators of a "new type of scholasticism." Quietly he plotted their reform.

Under the innocent guise of commemorating the close of the second decennium of Clark University, he invited to that institution all the most illustrious pedagogues in America and to them he introduced three strange clinical gentlemen: Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna, Dr. H. Ferenczi of Prague, and Dr. C. G. Jung of Zurich. The three foreigners addressed the gathering; Freud stayed on for a series of lectures. And from that Summer the homogeneity as well as the innocent simplicity of psychology in America vanished.

Freud brushed aside consciousness and all its problems without pausing to give them new definitions. Instead, he discussed something that was far more fascinating—the unconscious. As though he did not know such words existed, he ignored attention, perception, and for the most part

even thought. He talked of the libido, of fixations, inhibitions and erogenous zones, and most of all of complexes.

Instead of succumbing to these mysteries, the American professors dismissed them abruptly and went serenely back to analyzing and measuring the accepted forms of consciousness. But Freud's lectures were printed, and soon his exotic terminology found its way into the American language. Before many years even sophomores were impudently inquiring about their Œdipus complexes. And if complexes were not embarrassing enough, the pedagogues discovered by 1914 that they had still another monster to deal with—the conditioned reflex. To make matters worse, this newcomer was introduced, not by a foreigner, but by one of their own fraternity, Dr. John B. Watson, then strongly entrenched as professor of psychology at the Johns Hopkins.

He could not be ignored as the others had been; the very next year, in fact, he became president of the heretofore orthodox American Psychological Association. Instead of replying to this conciliatory gesture by a graceful return to the shrine of introspection, he became all the bolder and announced that he was forever done with "discussions of consciousness." As for all the other words beloved of his colleagues, "I frankly do not know what they mean." Soon his only acknowledgment of any psychology other than his own was through such remarks as: "There is the misconception going the rounds that there is such a thing as the mental." For Freud and all his concepts and terminology he predicted a rapid slide into the limbo of Gall and phrenology.

Freud, for his part, continued loftily to ignore the fact that Watson, or, for that matter, any other non-clinical psychologist, existed. If such a theory as James's of the emotions was brought to his attention, he dismissed it politely by saying that it was utterly incomprehensible to him. His animosity he reserved for denouncing his own pupils—for declaring that Adler's theory of the inferiority complex explained nothing, and that Jung, in giving to libido a meaning different from his own, had forfeited his standing as a psychoanalyst.

As though gaining courage from the open dissension within the psycho-analytical camp, the first supporters of Dr. Watson began to mutter their discontent. By 1925 Prof. Tolman, one of the sternest deniers of mind and consciousness, was declaring publicly that true and proper behaviorism was "not a mere Muscle Twitchism of the Watsonian variety."

But before these discords became apparent the men in the colleges became aware that the supremacy of their orthodoxy was hard-pressed on both sides, for if the Freudians did not go all the way with the Watsonians in denying the possibility of a conscious mind, they were every day demonstrating its relative unimportance in the life of man. Could the traditional respectability of introspection hold out against the intriguing intricacies of infantile fixations or the vast potentialities of the conditioned reflex?

Today one group, made up for the most part of those who were almost fanatical in their loyalty to Titchener, still have an astounding faith in the endurance of the old order. They shut themselves in their laboratories and introspect with all the passion of a dying man telling his beads. Yet even within the ranks of the faithful a new difficulty has arisen, and with it a new terminology. A few years ago a group of German professors, Wertheimer, Koffka and Koehler, voiced once more the almost forgotten heresy of James that the complex vastness of human experience could never be satisfactorily analyzed into the precious mental elements known as sensations. From this modest practical stand they took a wild leap into metaphysics and promised to revolutionize not only psychology but biology as well by a system to be known as the *Gestalt Theorie*.

Now, in its original German, the keyword to the understanding of *Gestalt* was the term *Struktur*, but from his Vatican-

like retreat among the soft hills of Ithaca, Titchener forbade his cardinals to give to this word its logical English equivalent of *structure*, which was already canonized through its association with the holy theories of Wundt. Instead, said his recognized American representative, the new word must be Anglicized as *configuration*. So all the optical illusions had to be hauled down from their shelves once more, while the psychological journals blazed with discussions as to whether the apparent difference in the lengths of two lines constituted an analyzable perception or an indissoluble configuration.

Thus stood psychological opinion in the early nineteen-twenties. From the welter of claims and accusations and denials and even bitterness, only one thing seemed permanent; despite all small internal differences and bickerings, there were, in America at least, three distinct and incompatible schools of psychologists: the conscious, the unconscious and the anti-conscious. The pronouncements of any one group must remain forever unintelligible to the other two. There was apparently no hope of compromise or reconciliation.

Yet the miracle has come to pass. There are today in American universities professors who recognize no conflict between the fundamental positions of the behaviorists, the introspectionists and the psychoanalysts. They can skip nimbly and agilely from one set of concepts to the other. They can quote Watson in one sentence and Freud in the next as if both gentlemen were talking about identical processes. The only instruments they need are elaborate "restatements" of old theories and a brand-new terminology for each book they write. Their ideas of reconcilability seem to be derived principally from the similarities between the three important words: complex, reflex and sex. Now an *ex* on the end of a psychological term is as overworked as an *ex* in the title of fictionized biographies. Foremost among those who are determined to omit nothing from their psychologies are Professor Floyd Allport of Syracuse University and Professor Leonard Troland of Harvard.

Dr. Allport's system begins in the correct modern (though to the Gestaltist absurdly conservative) manner with the reflex. But unlike Dr. Watson, he is not satisfied with a simple reflex or a conditioned reflex. Instead he must describe allied reflexes, antagonistic reflexes, chain reflexes, circular reflexes, and, most important of all, prepotent reflexes. There are, according to Dr. Allport, six prepotent reflexes: starting and withdrawing, rejecting, struggling, hunger reactions, sensitive zone reactions, and sex reactions—which, as any student of McDougall or Thorndike will immediately recognize, are some of the most reliable instincts of the introspectionists tricked out in a behavioristic disguise. Thus Allport reintroduces the reflex, clothed in its alluring prepotency, to polite society; and quite frankly, too, for he admits that it explains consciousness as well as behavior.

And even more than consciousness. By changing Freud's erogenous zones to sensitive zones "allied to the sex drive," by explaining that fixation is only a fancy name for conditioning, by substituting "things done in the interest of sex" for sex sublimation he has arrived at a complete and, to him, perfectly satisfactory "restatement of the Freudian theory." It is true that in so doing he has deprived the theory of the special significance its originator intended it to have, but that is of little consequence in view of the advantage of analyzing it into its proper prepotent elements. Likewise, by the simple device of listing Jung's extroversion and introversion in the same category with "drives" (whose physiology is "obscure," but whose "original motive power arises from one or more of the prepotent groups") these mysteries are reduced to the same common foundation.

If Professor Troland's policy of reconciliation is even more comprehensive than Professor Allport's it is because he has gone at his job with greater thoroughness. He

describes in some detail the behavior of a little girl "who cries and struggles every time she is put into a barber's chair, . . . due to the fact that on her first visit to the barber's the latter pulled her hair severely in the process of cutting it." This little scene is hauntingly familiar; it might be one of Watson's own choice illustrations of a conditioned reflex. According to Dr. Troland, however, it is not. No crude behavioristic reflex produced the child's screams, but a "conditioned retroflex." The difference between these seemingly similar processes is enormous. No mere mechanical stimulus sets off a retroflex, but only a conscious perception in association with a conscious affective process; and back of all lies a proper Gestaltish "configuration of the incoming excitations." Thus three systems are accounted for; and the rest are not neglected.

Deep study had convinced Professor Troland that his retroflex "bears a close similarity to the complex as described by Freud"; but the complex itself has somehow mysteriously ceased to be the unconscious mechanism its originator led us to believe it was and has become "a system of ideas (images and perceptions) and affective dispositions." Thus a process which, according to Freud, is of necessity essentially unconscious can be analyzed into the most conspicuously conscious of conscious terms. Professor Troland must not be criticized on this score, however, for it appears that he understands the mysteries of psycho-analysis more completely than the master analyst himself. "Freud," he says, "is not altogether clear as to what the agency is which brings about repression. . . . An examination of his actual cases, however, shows that the agency in question is always a negative retroflex."

As thankful as the warring factions in psychology should be to Professors Allport and Troland for arbitrating their differences so neatly, there is cause to doubt that they will be accorded the gratitude that is their due. It is almost certain that it will be very difficult for a psychologist to know just when the reconcilers are taking his side of the question and when that of an opponent. Both professors, for example, discuss unconscious inhibitions, and they describe them so psycho-analytically and cite examples so nearly identical with those found in the psycho-pathologies, that an alienist must feel himself on familiar ground. Yet should he turn back for a definition of an inhibition he will find Troland calling it a process which "is supposed to be due to a decrease in the conductance of the adjustor which is involved in the response," and Allport proclaiming that "antagonistic and irrelevant responses are believed to be inhibited by an increase in the synaptic resistance." Evidently they are believing and supposing about two other inhibitions.

The most alarming feature of this general trading of psychological terms among the various schools is that it is so contagious that even Dr. Watson is becoming slightly infected whenever he enters the nursery. When he is proclaiming behaviorism from the platform he still denounces the psycho-analysts for the charlatans he has always found them; but when in softer moments he advises young mothers about how to fashion their daughters' nighties and how to powder their sons' small behinds, he speaks of inferiority and father fixations as though they were the most respectable of established facts. If Professor Babbitt should cite "Sister Carrie" in his defence of Humanism it would be no more confusing.

Perhaps Dr. Walter Hunter has hit upon the only solution of this terminological tangle. He occupies the position of professor of psychology at Clark University; but he does not teach psychology. Indeed, he can scarcely find words adequate to express his contempt of psychologists. The subject he expounds to his students is called by him, if by no one else, anthroponomy.

Now, the difference between Dr. Hunter's anthroponomy and Dr. Watson's behavioristic psychology is evident to no one but

Dr. Hunter and Dr. Watson. Just what distinctions they find remains forever baffling, but they must be very real, for each hurls at the other the fighting word, "mystic." Still they avoid confusion; and perhaps if every time every other psychologist wrote a new book he would call the subject it discussed by an arrestingly new name, then every reader could come to it with the safe feeling that it could have no relation to his own preconceived ideas of the nature of psychology.

Law

THE RIGHTS OF THE DOG

By H. H. Sawyer

Under the Common Law it was held by the courts of England that a dog was not property. It was looked upon much the same as a wild animal. It was not taxed, damages could not ordinarily be recovered for its injury or death, and its owner was not liable for any injuries inflicted by it, unless it was shown that he knew his dog to be of a vicious or destructive nature. A statute of George III., passed in 1770, first made dogs property. Previous to that time it was not larceny to steal a dog, although it was held to be larceny to steal its skin after the animal was dead.

The status of the dog in this country was determined by the Common Law of England until changed in each State by legislative enactment. These changes have been slow and even now the Common Law continues to play a large part in many States. In the absence of statutes making dogs property, the terms chattels, goods, effects, personal goods, personal property, and domestic animals have all been held not to include them. But with the enactment of dog laws the standing of the dog has been so far changed that it is now recognized as property, but of a qualified and limited kind, and in every State it is now larceny to steal dogs. A dog, however, still has a legal status inferior to that of other animals, and the constitutional sanctity of property which may not be taken by the State without due process of law does not extend to it. Here is the latest decision of the United States Supreme Court on the subject:

> There is but a qualified property in dogs, and while private interests require that the valuable ones shall be protected, public interests demand that the worthless shall be exterminated. They have, from time immemorial, been considered as holding their lives at the will of the Legislatures and properly falling within the police power of the several States. Laws for the protection of domestic animals are regarded as having but a limited application to dogs and cats, and regardless of statutes a ferocious dog is looked upon as *hostis humanis generis* and as having no right to his life which man is bound to respect.

Until recent years dogs were not taxed. The first attempts to bring them under legal regulation and control were by means of registration; then was added a charge for registration which was in effect a license. In most of the States they are now the subject of special laws commonly known as dog tax laws or dog license laws, which fix a uniform fee for all dogs of like class without regard to value or breed. While this fee is often called a tax, it is in fact not a tax within the strict sense of that word, and is usually held by the courts to be purely a license required for the privilege of keeping a dog. In some States dogs kept for sale are now taxed as personal property according to their value. In a few others they are not taxed or licensed at all.

With each dog license is issued a numbered tag which is required to be securely fastened to a collar and worn by the dog at all times. When this is done he is not a stray within the meaning of the law, no matter where he may wander. But if he is found without a collar and license tag the law regards him as a stray without protection, and it is the duty of the police to impound him, and it is lawful for anyone to kill him. However, if the owner of a stray dog can be found, he does not escape liability for any damage done by his dog.

The laws of some States provide that a dog which has been impounded may be taken out by any one who will pay the license fee for him. In the absence of such a law, when a dog is taken from a pound and the owner afterwards claims him, the courts have uniformly held that authority to impound and kill a stray dog does not include the right to appropriate him to another; and the owner on establishing his claim may recover the dog, though in some jurisdictions he may be required to pay the expense of keeping him.

In connection with dog licenses a number of States have passed peculiar laws for the use of the license money. For example, there are the sheep fund laws. Sheep killing dogs have long been recognized as a special menace because of the difficulty of capturing them so as to bring home to their owners the guilt of the culprits. These laws provide that a portion or all of the money obtained from dog licenses, above the cost of administration of the law, shall be paid into a special fund to reimburse the owners of sheep killed or injured by unknown dogs. Wherever these laws have been enacted they have been bitterly contested on the ground that they are taxation in aid of private business or taxation of the property of one class of citizens for the benefit of another, but with few exceptions the courts have upheld them as a proper exercise of the police power.

The owner of a dog is, in addition to the ordinary meaning, defined by many statutes as "any person who keeps or harbors a dog." Under such statutes any person who permits a dog to remain about his premises, or feeds, shelters or cares for him is responsible as though he were the actual owner. In the case of a stolen dog, the thief, while he could acquire no title to the dog, would, nevertheless, be liable for any damage done by him while in his possession. The ownership of the offspring of a stolen dog is a more complicated question. For example, in a case where a dog had been stolen, her owner two years later discovered her whereabouts and brought suit for her recovery. The one in possession, having bought the dog from a stranger, did not contest the ownership of the mother but claimed her puppies. In this case the judge ruled that the offspring belonged to the owner of the mother on the well-known principle that a thief will not be permitted to profit by his crime and that the purchaser of stolen property obtains no better title than the thief had, and further, by the rule established in civil cases that where there is no agreement to the contrary the offspring goes with the dam.

The value of property ordinarily means the market value. Pure breeds and trained dogs now have such an established value but common dogs do not, and their worth is not easily determined. Whenever the worth of such dogs is in controversy the courts have held that it is competent for the owner and those who know the dog to testify as to his merits and character, and the judge or jury may fix an arbitrary value from such testimony.

The identity of a dog, when brought in issue, is entirely a matter of proof and must be determined from the evidence produced. It is always permissible to bring the dog into court in any case concerning him so that the judge and jury may the better determine any questions regarding his identity, disposition, etc. The disputes arise chiefly over lost or stolen dogs, or those alleged to have committed depredations. Dogs of the same breed are often so nearly alike that it is very difficult to identify them with any degree of certainty and attempts to do so frequently end in disaster, as when witnesses identify two dogs as the same one. Where a number of dogs in a pack commit depredations, it is a rule of law that if identification of each dog cannot be established, proportionate damages may be collected from the owners of any known dogs. Some States go so far as to make the owner of any known dog in the pack liable for all the damage done by the pack.

As a general rule the rights of a licensed

dog to his life and liberty are dependent upon his behavior; as long as he is quiet and well behaved few restrictions are imposed on him, and the fact that he is a trespasser gives no right to take his life. Because of the nature of the animal to roam and because he does little or no damage in trespassing, the law has always recognized the right of a dog to run at large if he is peaceable and harmless; otherwise his owner is bound to restrain him at the peril of the dog and the risk of paying damages for his acts. He has a right to be on the public domain; and his master is not liable for damage due to his merely being there, such as automobile accidents caused by running into or dodging him, or injuries to animals caused by fright at seeing him.

The law recognizes a dog's right to attack and bite a person engaged in unlawful acts, but under other circumstances if he attacks a person or destroys property he may be held to answer with his life. By statute or court decision this is the rule in nearly every State. Iowa's law is typical, it reads:

> It shall be lawful for any person to kill a dog, licensed and wearing a collar with license tag attached, when such dog is caught in the act of attacking or attempting to bite a person, or worrying, chasing, maiming or killing any domestic animal, and the owner shall be liable to the party injured for all damages done by said dog, except when the party damaged is doing an unlawful act.

When other animals trespass a dog is often used to drive them off; if done reasonably and under proper supervision it is justifiable and does not constitute "chasing or worrying" under the statutes which make the owners liable for damage done by dogs "found chasing or worrying domestic animals." But some courts hold that if a dog has the habit of running out and barking at passers-by, even though he is not a vicious dog or is so small as to be incapable of doing any material damage himself, the owner may be liable for any damage caused by his acts. Thus in a case where a dog less than ten inches high barked at and ran after a horse on the street, and the horse shied, throwing the rider to the pavement, injuring him, the court said the acts of the dog constituted chasing and worrying and the owner was liable.

If a person knows that his dog has a vicious disposition he will be responsible for any damage done by him, but the difficulty lies in determining whether or not the dog was vicious and whether his owner knew it. The old saying, "Every dog is entitled to one bite," has no legal significance. Not only does one bite, under certain circumstances, establish his status as a vicious dog, but also, if he has a habit of chasing or attempting to bite persons or in any manner evinces an ugly nature, he may be, in the eyes of the law, a vicious dog and it will be the duty of his owner to securely restrain him. The courts in some States go further, holding that a dangerous dog shall not be allowed to live, however securely restrained. If the owner fails to restrain or destroy him, the authorities may condemn him and the owner may be punished for keeping and harboring him. As to the owner's knowledge of the character of his dog, it is the general rule that he is held to know what he could have known under ordinary circumstances, and the general reputation of his dog is enough to charge the owner with knowledge of the dog's disposition.

Dogs afflicted with rabies have often brought their owners into court. It is now well settled that an owner is not liable for the acts of a dog that without warning goes mad and causes damage; but, as with vicious dogs, if the owner knows, or has reason to believe that his dog is afflicted with, or has been exposed to the disease and he permits the dog to run at large he will be responsible for the consequences. In the case of Buck *v.* Brady, 110 Md. 568, the court said:

> He ought, from the grave nature of the disease suggested to him, to have put it out of the animal's power to do harm. . . . The care should have been commensurate with the serious consequences of a miscarriage. . . .

> Whenever the owner of a dog has reason to even suspect that the animal may be afflicted with hydrophobia, it becomes his duty to be very circumspect and to use every precaution to prevent the animal from inflicting an injury on any creature.

Dogs have always been one of the chief victims of those who are cruel to animals. They are now more or less protected in the various States by the Malicious Mischief and Cruelty to Animals Acts, but just what constitutes cruelty is not clearly defined. The usual tests are: was the injury justified under the circumstances, was it inflicted with good or evil intent, and was there unnecessary pain and suffering? Killing an animal when needful or justifiable, if done in a humane manner, is not a violation of the statutes, and inflicting pain and suffering, when done to relieve or cure the animal or to increase its usefulness and value, does not constitute cruelty. Vivisection practiced on dogs is not usually prohibited but comes within the rule permitting the infliction of pain for the benefit of mankind.

Litigation over dog fights sometimes reaches the higher courts. The right to recover damages for injuries was denied in the earlier cases but the tendency now is to the opposite opinion. In a recent case, Root *v.* Loesser, California, 1919, the Supreme Court upheld the right to recover for injuries done by one dog to another. In this case a prize-winning Pomeranian was attacked in the streets by an Airdale and in the battle was so badly bitten that he died from his wounds. The owner of the Pomeranian was awarded $500 damages and the appellate court sustained the award.

The law now commonly recognizes that one has the right to protect his dog, even to the extent of using force. In New Hampshire it has been decided by the courts that "an assault may be justified in defense of one's dog." In Texas the Supreme Court has gone so far as to say: "Under our penal code, homicide may be justified in protection of the possession of the dog by his owner, under the circumstances therein named. The craven who would wantonly injure him is subject to a fine; the thief who would steal him may be declared a felon, and rendered infamous in the eyes of the law and his fellow citizens; human life may be taken justifiably in defense of his possession."

When he dies the dog's right to a decent burial is curtailed by law. He is excluded from cemeteries, he cannot be buried legally in his master's yard, and if the body is not disposed of within a fixed period his owner is subject to fine or imprisonment. The only alternative, in most cases, is to turn it over to the authorities for disposal, or bootleg the obsequies.

FIRST PAGE STUFF: 1918

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

Of the millions of Americans tossed up on the beach and left there when the tides of the Great War receded, probably the smallest group was that of the war correspondents. There were scarcely more than forty of them—members of the working press, I mean. They came back heroes in their home towns and heroes in their newspaper shops. City editors who tried to crack the old bull-whips about their ears quickly learned better. They went on to big assignments, but none could be as big as the war job, and memories of it would not leave them. Would they ever write such stuff again? Would there ever be another such story to cover, another such moment as when the managing editor said, "Go over to France and cover the war for us. Get yourself a passport and credentials and grab passage on the first boat you can make. Here's a two-thousand-dollar letter of credit. Cable for more if you need it. Send us some hot stuff."

The years string along and such memories pale. Today times are nothing like as pleasant for the aging correspondents. Occasionally their wives and children persuade them to hobble out to a movie house to see the latest picture of "the stark realities of war." Or they pick up a new book written by some dog-robber who has taken twelve years to get himself oriented. Afterward, they go back to re-reading their own war-time clippings. But they soon find that curdling doubts and bitter reflections have supplanted their old serenity over a job they once thought well done.

Worse still, somebody else may re-read those clippings. I had a younger brother in the Second Division. In a couple of years of regular Army life, starting about 1915, he had become a tough top sergeant in one of the field artillery outfits, and it was told off to do the blasting for the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry and the Marines on those early July days of twelve years ago. During the war I saw nothing of him at all, and after the war, when we came home, I saw him but once or twice. Thereafter most of the continent separated us until he got married and came East recently to pay us a visit.

One evening before dinner he got hold of my bulky war-time scrap-book. I saw that he was reading a story about the first sortie into the trenches, in a quiet sector in Alsace, of one of the divisions of local boys that I had been bidden by my paper to follow—the Twenty-ninth Division, made up of members of the National Guard from Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey and the District of Columbia.

He read intently, bending over the book, while I fiddled with the evening paper and waited to hear him say something about my grand old war stuff. Finally he exclaimed,

"For God's *sake!*"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Did anybody really say *that?*" He pointed to the concluding paragraphs of my graphic yarn about the first little battle of our home boys—their repulse of a small raiding party of Germans, the wounding of a couple of our men, and their dreadful anger at this affront put upon them by the enemy. The headline was "Two Wounded Marylanders Chase Back a Score of Huns," and the paragraphs that shocked my hard-boiled Second Division brother were these:

> The men wanted to get out of the trenches and go right after the enemy. "The dirty dogs!" a corporal kept saying in a sort of soliloquy—"The dirty, dirty dogs!" And a big mess-sergeant was on the verge of tears.
>
> "Look at me!" he roared at his captain, stretching out his hands with a helpless gesture. His jaw quivered, his voice was shaking, high and querulous. "Look at me with this kind of stuff going on! Big enough to handle a dozen of them . . . skunks, Captain, an' here I am in a woman's job! Just le'me go out after 'em once, Captain—just le'me go once!"

There was hardly anything for me to say. I waited for further comment from the old regular.

"Well, you can expect almost *anything* from a mess-sergeant," he said, "but I'll be damned if I ever heard one of them talk like *that* before."

And every now and then during the rest of the evening he would chuckle to himself and mutter, "The dirty, dirty dogs!" and shake his head as though he just couldn't believe it.

Covering the World War was the richest reportorial assignment of all time, or so it seemed to all reporters twelve years ago. Yet probably the best men were not always picked for the job. Many a reporter, some of them top-notchers, jumped into the Army or Navy, and the literary endeavors of such patriots were confined thenceforth to postcards censored by second lieutenants. Out of Ernest Hemingway, for example, we get, as his contemporary contribution to the literature of the war, no more and no less than the following piece from the Kansas City *Star* of July 14, 1918:

> Ernest M. Hemingway, formerly a reporter for the *Star*, has been wounded while on ambulance duty with the Italian Army, the first casualty to any of the *Star's* 132 former employés now fighting with the Allies. His friends at the *Star* have received a half dozen postcards, of which this one, dated Milano, Italy, is a sample:
>
> "Having a wonderful time!!! Had my baptism of fire my first day here, when an ammunition plant exploded. We carried them in like at the General Hospital, Kansas City. I go to the front tomorrow. Oh, boy!!! I'm glad I'm in it. They love us down here in the mountains."

But in the main the American war correspondents were men of decent standing in their profession. The press associations didn't always send "big names," and some of them made many shifts before the war was over, but every individual journal or group of journals took great pains to see that its representation at the front was as competent as possible.

In cities with newspapers enterprising enough to send special men to France, so that the doings of the home-town heroes could be known at the home-town breakfast tables, people still remember the local war correspondents' war stories. In St. Louis, Claire Kennamore's, for instance; in Kansas City, Otto P. Higgins'; in Pittsburgh, Charles Doyle's; in Boston, Frank Sibley's; in Chicago, Floyd Gibbons'; in Portland, Ore., Dave Hazen's. Of course, no one (except the correspondent himself, occasionally), ever gets them out and reads them now. Thus any memory of these noble pieces that may survive is probably as roseate as the impressions they made when the papers were first snatched up from the front doorstep, fresh and limp from the presses, reeking with the exciting smell of ink, and full of throbbing paragraphs straight from the battle line, which everybody could easily believe were written in the midst of shot and shell, on the heads of busted war drums, and with bayonets dipped in blood.

If this faithful public now feels occasionally the same unpleasant doubts that preceded the disillusioned war correspondents' present bitter assurance, it is not because it has re-read these yellowing relics of wartime journalism, for they are all safely buried in the newspaper morgues. It is because of things like "What Price Glory?" "Journey's End," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and the rest of the modern war books and war plays that picture war as something quite unlike a Social Service movement. More than likely, however, the public that gobbled up the war correspondence in 1918 is not now feeling any doubts about it, because it never thinks of it at all.

The journalism of the war simply comes under the head of things that were but are not. Here I drag it out and re-expose it to view only for the enlightenment of the young, the delectation of antiquarians, and the warning of future generations of reporters. Lest the latter yearn for more wars, with themselves rigged out in British-made uniforms and pith helmets, dashing between the lines on spirited horses making "color notes," this is to inform them that the job twelve years ago was best done by careful and not too realistic society reporters who knew precisely how to chase down all the visiting firemen —and how to smear them with plenty of grease.

We knew, of course, that the censor had us by the scruff of the neck. After all, the war had to be won, not lost, and while we correspondents were in France to write and transmit the news, we were there also to help win the war, not lose it. We knew all that, but just the same we used to think we were writing some pretty solid stuff—enduring stuff which, for all time, perhaps, would put war into a picture so clear, so colorful, so human and so true that all men must remember forever, not that particular war alone, but also each particular war correspondent's version of it.

Instead of which, he who seeks to invoke the voice from the tomb finds that the stories of these adventurous journalists of 1918 have today exactly the same distinction as the separate pieces in a wagon-load of sod delivered at the front door of your new home in the suburbs.

II

The basis of all the war correspondence of the Great War was a simple credo which none of us realized we were following, but which all of us actually followed as blindly as a bunch of husbands shanghaied into a bargain basement. I list herewith some of the tenets of that credo:

That all the Americans were natural-born fighters

That American soldiers always leaped headlong into an attack

That there was just simply no restraining them

That invariably the best army cooks had been fish-dealers, iron-puddlers or steam-fitters back home, while invariably the worst army cooks had been high-priced chefs in expensive hotels

That the American Negro under shell-fire was always as funny as a cornfield darky in a story-book

That every Army chaplain who had been a practising pastor back home and hence supposedly the embodiment of peace and mildness, turned out in France to be a swashbuckling he-man, who never used profanity himself but was never so happy as when hearing it from the boys of his little flock

That in any engagement between Americans and Germans the German force was always from five to ten times as large as the American force

That the small American force was always victorious and the German casualties were invariably larger

That Americans always "went to battle as though to a picnic"

That it was difficult in our army to keep the wounded from getting up and rushing back into the fighting

That next to reaming a German with his bayonet, the American soldier loved best to play with the little French children back of the lines, or help the aged French farmer get in his wheat

That lemonade was the popular French drink for American soldiers.

Glance, now, at a few of the headlines resurrected from the yellowing files of 1918:

YANKEES' GO-GET-'EM SPIRIT CURBS U-BOATS

AMERICANS KNOCK OUT 32 ENEMY CANNON

CHICAGO YOUTH THRIVES ON RISKS AT BATTLE FRONT

HUMOR IS MIXED WITH TRAGEDY ON WAY TO FRONT; MARCH OF THE AMERICANS FAILS TO DAMPEN THEIR SPIRITS

GERMAN BOMBS MURDER ON BIG SCALE IN BRITISH ARMY HOSPITAL

YANK ATTACK WRECKS WHOLE HUN DIVISION

PASTOR PAINTS WORD PICTURE OF GREAT BATTLE IN FRANCE

FOUR YANKEES IN AIR FIGHT WITH SIX FOE
GERMANS BOMB HOSPITALS; KILL WOUNDED MEN
YANKS FIGHT AS THOUGH THEY HAD BEEN UNDER FIRE ALL LIVES
THEY'RE LUCKY THIRTEENTH AND PROUD OF TITLE
RAW U. S. UNIT BEAT CRACK FOE
YANKEE WILD MEN WIN HINDENBURG LINE
YANKEE INTELLIGENCE BACKED BY FIERCE VALOR ROUTED PRUSSIAN GUARD
OUR MEN TIGERS FOR FIGHTING

Add one of my favorites, over a dispatch from Sir Philip Gibbs:

WHILE OFF DUTY CANADIANS AID FRENCH FARMERS AND FROLIC WITH CHILDREN. THEN TACKLE BOCHE WITH GLEAMING BAYONETS

Thus was the pattern of the American soldier all cut out and prepared for the American war correspondent. Most of the time he followed that pattern unconsciously, never thinking of it at all, and really striving for originality in his stuff. But it was as impossible for him to deviate from it as it was for him to rid himself of his back-home standards and comparisons. The war was always reminding one correspondent of a big college football game; another of Old Home Week, he saw so many people he knew; another of a first night at a theatre; another of the city room on a newspaper, with a big election night story breaking.

What American correspondent could possibly take a darky soldier seriously? Naturally none did. The historian who studies the files of 1918 will learn that the funniest things on the battlefield were the colored conscripts, shuffling about on their flat feet, wisecracking, dodging bullets, running foot-races with whiz-bangs. No war reporter could resist them, from Irvin Cobb down. One thinks now that if only a division of these comical coons could have got close enough to the Germans to get a fair hearing, the enemy would soon have laughed himself to death, and we could have all marched to Berlin.

What chance, for example, would the Germans have had against the sort of Primrose and Dockstader stuff that First-Class Private Cooksey pulled when Irvin Cobb happened to roll around his way?

> In May [Cobb wrote in the Summer of 1918] three of us made a 200-mile trip by motor to pay a visit to the old New York Fifteenth Infantry, which is a Negro regiment. The results more than paid us for the time and trouble. One of the main compensations was First-Class Private Cooksey who, because he used to be an elevator attendant in a Harlem apartment-house, gave his occupation in his enlistment blank as indoor chauffeur.
>
> "Cooksey," said the Colonel, when a *Minenwerfer* had dropped near, "if one of those things drops right alongside of us and goes off, are you going to stay by me?"

Did First-Class Private Cooksey answer with a simple "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," as any other decently disciplined soldier would? No, indeed. Private Cooksey's native wit was at its keenest when *Minenwerfer* were slamming around in his neighborhood. We can see him pulling his huge flat feet together, drooping his shoulders, extending his neck and folding his hands across his chest exactly like the late Bert Williams, as we read Mr. Cobb's report of his reply:

> "Kurnal," stated Private Cooksey with sincerity, "I ain't goin' tell you no lie. Ef one of them things busts close to me I'll jest natchelly be obliged to go away frum here. But please, suh, don't you set me down as no deserter. Jest put it in de books as absent without leave, 'cause I'll be due back jest ez soon ez I kin git my brakes to work!"

Most white officers used to say that they had rather not be sent to command Negro troops—a difficult thing to understand with so much fun going on all the time. Damon Runyon hadn't been long in France when he came upon a big black soldier hobbling painfully down the road. "He had been wounded in the leg," Runyon wrote, "and was making his way unaided toward a dressing-station. The wounded colored gentleman was accosted by a war correspondent anxious to learn some of the details of what was going on up above.

'What happened there?' he asked the soldier, who at once assumed the air of a raconteur, cleared his throat, waved a hand in the direction of the battle line and said, 'Well, s'ppose ah'll tell you all jest what happened. Ah was climbing ovah de bahb'd wire, an' dey shot me.' Then he hobbled on. He had left nothing untold as far as he was concerned."

The story of one "Sam Johnson" (his real name was censored, it appears), was given to a fighting nation of newspaper readers by Robert Welles Ritchie, who wrote from Paris in October, 1918. Sam, he said, had cleaned up three Heinies single-handed with his bayonet, after losing his rifle and pistol. He was, according to Mr. Ritchie, a leader in Cincinnati dark society, and a champion razor fighter.

> A little yellow boy of the same company lay on a stretcher nearby; his foot was gone. "Mistah," he said, "ovah yondah's de fightenest coon in the U. S. Army. Go ask him how he just done ripped three Heinies' insides out when he was cut off an' liable to get killed any minit." I approached the redoubtable Sam. "Yassah," quoth he, "dey do say ah done somepin fine, but ah reckon mah Cincinnati trainin' helped me out a powerful lot. See dis yeah bump on mah haid? A German captain genman's revolver made dat when ah ain't lookin'!"

All this, read coldly today, scarcely seems possible, but reputable war correspondents wrote it and meticulous censors passed it, so it must have been true. Cobb, Runyon, Ritchie and some of the others got their war-time "Nights with Uncle Remus" at first hand. Lesser correspondents had to depend on second- and third-hand stuff, but they never lacked for a good coon story to send home. Everybody you met in France had just heard one, either directly from one of the side-splitting coons himself, or from someone who had heard it from someone who had it straight from a fighting dinge.

And the sentimental and pathetic stuff! How sweet it was! Here is what no less intrepid a war correspondent and Red Cross man than the Hon. Henry J. Allen, now a United States Senator from Kansas, wired from the trenches of the French coast to the Kansas City *Star:*

> Out on the beach the tide was moving just as it had been doing since God poured out the ocean and hung up those silent stars which I could see through the tree branches. The orchestra swung into a waltz and I walked toward the beach. An officer and a girl were sitting on a park bench in the dark. I heard her say, "We've got to keep the dressings wrapped in paraffin," and I knew she was explaining to him the latest discovery that the mustard gas of the Germans is so strong it absorbs the dressings unless protected.

There may have been scandalous goings on between nurses and officers down on the Italian front, where young Hemingway, a cub from Dr. Allen's paper, was picking up impressions, but everything around Allen's beat was as lovely and moral as in a Kansas City Sunday-school. He wound up his day of news-gathering by talking to "a red-headed Boston girl with a pug nose who told me the funniest story of the evening—the kind of a girl who back in the States was doubtless something of a problem to her folks. Here's her story: A new colored trooper said to his veteranized friend in the ranks, 'Sam, what do this yere "goin'-over-the-top" mean?' 'It means,' said Sam, 'jest the same thing as "Good mornin', God!"' "

III

Most of the war correspondence about the home-town boys dealt with such amazing and thrilling facts as that well-known suburban drug-clerks were now stringing barbed-wire, and famous high-school athletes curry-combing artillery horses. Otto P. Higgins, the Kansas City *Star's* own man with the Kansas and Missouri boys at the front, was a wizard at this sort of stuff. In one brief dispatch he sent the home folks the hot news that he had seen a former motor demonstrator from Grand avenue driving a major's automobile; that a former *Star* office boy had brought in a report on some wires he had mended after they

had been broken by shell fire; and that he himself had glimpsed, engaged in various soldierly occupations, a Northeast High-school student, a man who had been third in a Kansas City marathon race, an eminent home-town head waiter, and an assistant paying teller.

For a paper with any pretensions to printing the complete local news, the best story used to be—and, indeed, still is—the one with the most names of well-known townspeople in it. This basic principle of journalism strongly affected the work of the American war correspondents. Higgins, writing about a certain division for a certain paper in a certain locality, was not permitted by the censorship to use many names, or for a long time any names at all. This was in order that the Germans, reading the *Star*, might have no idea what outfit he was writing about; whereas, if they came across some local names, the cat would be out of the bag!

All the correspondents doing the same sort of work, covering the war for the home city and county circulation as though it were being fought right around the State Capitol, were similarly restricted. Hence, being unable to use the home boys' names, they had to invent picturesque characters and activities for them. The he-man chaplain was a favorite figure of this sort. Thus one correspondent quoted him:

> I needed an assistant, so I decided I had better get one who could swear. No man in the world can beat a railroad man at the cussing game, so I picked an engineer for my assistant, and let me tell you, he is a good one. He never swears unless it is absolutely necessary, and when he swears, he swears. I always have been fond of a man who does his work thoroughly.

Later on, when it became clear that the Germans knew pretty nearly everything about us there was to know, but that it wasn't going to make any difference in the end, more names were permitted, even to the more provincial war correspondents; and Frank Sibley could say in the Boston *Globe* (with a sly kick on the shins of the censors, whom he hated): "I met also recently Captain William Stevenson of the old Worcester Light Guards. He is forty-seven years old and has been doing wonderful work, but has been grabbed by the censorship for duty at the base. He was a drygoods merchant at home, but that is nothing to a censor."

From the beginning rather more latitude was permitted the correspondents who wrote for syndicates or for press associations, because their stuff was printed in many cities, and no name could possibly mean anything in more than one of them. Yet even these cosmopolites approached their task with about the same breadth of vision and depth of feeling as men covering a State Shriners' parade. Thus Raymond G. Carroll in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and its allied newspapers:

> Under the roar of bursting shells, and inside a very lively sector near the Vesle, a company of actors now part of the Army gave a performance the other night as though nothing abnormal attended their singing, dancing and monologuing; as though they were on Broadway.

And then he listed the performers by name: Major Early Boothe of the Lamb's Club, late of "Twin Beds," manager and director; Lieutenant Warren E. Diefendorf, a Brooklyn insurance broker, assistant director; Rizzo, leader of the jazz band, at home leader of the Bluebird jazz band in Chicago; the cornet player, soloist in a Russian Symphony orchestra; the trombone player, from Sousa's Band. Carroll's delight at discovering Private Mario Rodolfiz, chief tenor in the show, was as unrestrained as he knew the delight of his readers would be when they read about it. For this same Private Rodolfiz was one who had been discovered in Arizona by a wealthy couple who sent him to Europe to study; who later sang with the Chicago-Boston Opera Company, and whom Carroll remembered as a soloist at the Rialto Theater, New York. Carroll thought this sort of stuff was pretty hot, and so did every other American war correspondent.

"New Yorkers Celebrate Old Home Week Behind Line in Argonne Wood," said a headline over Damon Runyon's story of October 16. He was going along with the advancing Americans in the second phase of the Argonne drive. His message of cheer and hope for the folks back home was that every new American drive reminded him of a big first night "because you meet every one you know." He told of seeing Sergeant Alexander Woollcott, in private life a New York dramatic critic, hurrying forward on a mission for the A. E. F. newspaper, the *Stars and Stripes*; and Homer Rodeheaver, the Billy Sunday trombonist, passing along the muddy roads in a Y. M. C. A. uniform. He also saw Elizabeth Brice, actress; Margaret Mayo, playwright; Tommy Gray, another playwright, and Bill Morrissey, vaudevillian, "splashing by in an Army auto" on their way to an artillery position where they were to put on a show; Sergeant Hank Gowdy, an old Boston catcher; Harry Niemyer, a former New York sporting editor, "prowling along the road in Y. M. C. A. apparel"; John Leroy Scott, author, now also a Y. M. C. A. worker, "standing ankle deep in mud watching the procession of trucks"; and Grover Cleveland Alexander, former big league pitcher: "his $60,000 arm is used chiefly for carrying a rifle nowadays."

Here was the kind of war the American public could understand—an all-star war featuring the highest priced actors and ball-players, a tabernacle trombone artist, a flock of playwrights and authors—big shots in Y. M. C. A. uniforms.

This was what made them buy Liberty Bonds back home. This was what brought the war to Broadway.

IV

"One general said," wrote Colleague Carroll, still telling about the embattled actorines on the Vesle, " 'Only one people in the world would go to war with a jazz band. You cannot beat that sort. Their spirits never let go.' "

"Only one people in the world"—that was the keynote. The Yankees—unbeatable, going into battle as to a picnic; jazz bands under the very cannon's mouth; the only chaplains in the world with real hair on their chests; one Yank can lick four Germans! The correspondents quickly took up the cue. Indeed, most of us arrived in France with it. And those who did not soon got it, as the above quotation may suggest, from the generals.

The American generals in France had far more power over their subjects than any pope. When they gave out a tune their men danced to it, and so did the war correspondents attached to their outfits. Ray Carroll found himself, after the battle of St. Mihiel, in the midst of what might be called a bevy of generals, all gathered around like so many sorority gals after a big initiation night, with their hair down and their nighties on, swapping girlish secrets. Their chatter produced some revealing paragraphs about the St. Mihiel drive:

> Perhaps as good a way as any to tell of the composure of our Army will be to relate how I found some of the American generals occupied after 9 o'clock Thursday, when the first phase of the attack had passed. One was coolly shaving himself and was grinning from ear to ear when I entered his dugout. Another was sitting cross-legged before a cracker-box on which reposed a mess-tin with ham and eggs. He said to me: "This is the first meal I have relished in six weeks. By God, our infantry is good! Notice the way they went after those machine-guns? Guess we have the German people thinking!"
>
> Another put his head through the curtain acting as a door to his quarters long enough to remark, "Have this moment had my artillery concentrated upon the enemy's back areas. Fritz is trying to slip his collar. We must not let him make the Hindenburg Line without paying dearly."
>
> Another general I found walking up and down in the woods whistling. Our artillery belched from every side. He said: "This division has been fighting continuously since March 15 last. Yet our boys trod on the heels of their own barrage all morning, and reached their objectives ahead of schedule."

Brave, jolly old generals! Coolly shaving; making the best of a frugal meal of

ham and eggs, the conventional breakfast of men about to be hanged; walking up and down in the woods whistling; talking through the dugout curtains as though dictating press-rate cablegrams. Here were men who would be both fathers and mothers to the boys from home. Here was stuff calculated to put a doubting nation solidly behind the Commander-in-Chief.

Was there any realism at all in the American correspondence? Only occasionally, and about unimportant matters. Floyd Gibbons put across a little piece in the Chicago *Tribune* in May, 1918, about a lieutenant in a village near Beauvais who was worried about his men. "I've got a hunch the prune juice is running knee deep in the inn down the road," Gibbons quoted him as saying, "and I don't want any of my section trying to march tomorrow with swelled heads." . . . "The flow of *eau de vie* must have been dammed at the inn," went on the *Tribune* man, "for on the road next day I saw a mule driver wearing a sixteen-candlepower black eye and when I inquired the source of the lamp-shade he replied: 'This is my first wound in the war. Me and a cop had an offensive down in the town that's spelt like "scissors," but you say it some other way.' "

This, of course, was bad stuff to send back home to a nation that was in the process of getting dried up in honor of the returning heroes. A bit later on a drastic censorship rule prohibited all stories about drinking in the A. E. F. Gibbons, in the earlier and more innocent days, also slipped through some stuff about American foraging expeditions in the French country towns—expeditions that involved what might have been described as stealing—petty stealing, of course: eggs, a batch of thirty-one cheeses from a railroad restaurant counter, a stove with the stovepipe still on it and the fire still in it. But such realism was soon banned. Whatever was sent home had to deal with the more inspirational aspects of war, and since such aspects were hard to find, they had to be invented; or things totally uninspiring had to be tricked out as news and inspiration blown into them.

I have said that in general the working war correspondents—not the politicians, poetesses, lame-duck Congressmen and Social Service workers who posed in the rôle, but the real reporters who had the hard everyday jobs—felt they were writing pretty fine stuff, stuff worthy of the romantic war correspondents of an earlier day. Is this literally true, or did they write with their tongues in their cheeks? I think not. Few of them stopped to think the matter through. The censorship irked them and they hated it at first, but gradually they grew used to it and wrote what they could, working up all the "human interest stuff" available and learning quickly that the censors loved it and almost invariably passed it—provided it said nothing about the drinking, stealing and rugged amours of the *soldat américain*. I treasure still a note from a censor at a corps headquarters, rushed out to me at the headquarters of an infantry brigade in the line by a motorcycle courier, acknowledging a batch of mail stories. The note said that they had been forwarded to my paper, and added: "May I say that you are writing some very good stories up there, and I hope you will keep them coming to lighten the dull life of the censor."

In the face of praise like this could an American war correspondent, perhaps only recently graduated from police news, give his stuff the unprejudiced examination that it deserved? Moreover, there were the newspapers that his friends sent him from home, with his beautiful stories plastered all over the front pages, with by-lines, editorials, explanatory boxes and comments from leading citizens. How could he see his situation clearly? Dragooned into thinking about and observing the war in terms of what would get printed, he went on exuding larger and larger gobs of slush, to the continual delight of the appreciative censor, the supreme satisfaction of his managing editor, and the glory of the paper that had sent him.

V

Like the job of soldiering itself, this was a job for youngsters with plenty of illusions. Few, if any, of the American correspondents had ever seen a real war before. Even among the British correspondents not one was an old hand. Writing in a British weekly in 1918, an Englishman spoke thus of the veteran correspondent, H. W. Nevinson, who was permitted to make but one brief visit to the Western front during the whole struggle:

> Personally, I doubt whether Nevinson could have stayed there for three years had he been selected. I know the man and it is important to confess here that I feel sure Nevinson's refined instinct as a writer, his sentiment, his rebellious habit of unqualified veracity and the unusual courage and austerity of his moral judgments would have struck against the limitations which imprison so much of the knowledge and convictions of the modern official eye-witness of war.

The Army censorship is usually blamed for those limitations, but there was much more behind them than that. They were limitations imposed by the temper of the people—by the millions at home who read the newspapers and fought the war and licked the enemy in the corner saloons, over lunch counters, around office desks, at club meetings, at breakfast and dinner tables. Few if any of these people wanted to hear anything about the stark realities, or to stop and wonder what it was all about. Indeed, they wanted to lynch the first journalists who began, as the finish drew near, to suggest in their dispatches that all was not sweet and serene amongst the dear Allies.

We were writing for the sort of people who lived in Worcester, Mass., where the news penetrated in October, 1918, that the Kaiser had made some sort of peace or armistice proposal. "Under the plans arranged here," said a dispatch from Worcester on October 11, "all fire alarm bells and whistles will sound 999 at 10 o'clock, which will be the signal for all the people to face to the east and shout 'No'!"

We were writing for newspapers no better and no worse than the Chicago *Tribune*, and for the sort of readers who thought this typical *Tribune* war-time cartoon was an artistic inspiration straight from Heaven. On June 3, 1918, it was reported that eleven ships had been sunk since May 25 off the North Atlantic coast, and naval officers at Norfolk said that there were five German U-boats off our shores, two of them off the Virginia Capes. The cartoon was captioned "The War Has Moved Over Here," and was divided into two pictures. The upper one was of a dreadful sea monster spanning the ocean and staring into our faces; its undulations disappeared over the horizon, while its neck was coiled around a signpost reading, "The War 3,000 Miles Away." This monster snarled at the reader with bared fangs and horrid tongue, and its eyes glared defiantly at the Statue of Liberty. In the lower picture an indignant American citizen wearing a straw hat labelled "American Householder" pointed at a newspaper which stated, "U-Boats on U. S. Coast; 15 Ships Reported Sunk" (reflecting a cartoonist's usual snooty attitude toward the facts in the news column). This citizen, with a baleful glare at the reader, asked "What Can I Do, That Will Help to Crush This Teuton Terrorism?" Behind him stood a big sign reading, in the biggest type in the cartoon: "*Buy Your Coal Supply For Next Winter Now!*"

Naturally, as Ray Carroll's jolly old general said so judiciously, "You can't beat that sort."

THE MAYOR OF MIDDLETOWN

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

UNDER the title of "Middletown" a team of writers have evolved a book which, I am told, sets out to depict life in the urban midlands of these United States. The city which was selected is, I am also informed, the second-class municipality of Muncie, Indiana. I have not read the volume and in view of this essay I have decided to forego that pleasure for the present. A man who gets paid for criticising books gave me his view of "Middletown."

"It's stark," he observed.

If that is the impression which has been conveyed by Muncie I'd like to promulgate a little spot news as my recital meanders along. I well remember this Indiana city when it weltered in starkness; when it tucked its tail between its legs and ran from the sound and the smell of cowshed-perfumed klansmen; when it crawled, fawning, to the knee of the Anti-Saloon League to do the bidding of a Shoemaker, sweating in its haste and thereby further provoking the already strong reek of cheap moonshine liquor with which its very soul then seemed permeated; when it licked the boots of that amiable but pompous four-flusher, Jim Watson; when it took a part in dealing an almost mortal blow to Indiana's reputation for being civilized by helping send the two-bit-minded Arthur Robinson to the Senate of the United States.

That was Muncie as its scene flashed by me in late-Coolidge and early-Hoover days. I went there frequently in the interests of the inquisitive-minded American public. I wrote many stories, not so much about its starkness, which somehow then seemed the logical accompaniment to an Indiana complex, but about a white-haired little man, well into his sixties and with the seat worn out of his pants—a man who had become a joke all over the State because, alone, broke and kicked from pillar to post, he dared to fight this very starkness.

I first met George Dale during the murder trial of D. C. Stephenson, once Grand Dragon of the Indiana Ku Klux Klan and at the same time overseer of the klan realms of Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia. Steve is now rotting, presumably for life, in the State penitentiary. He took a young stenographer on a joy-party and as a result of what occurred during the drunk the girl committed suicide. Thus this ruthless, booze-soaked printer tumbled in a few days from the estate of a candidate for the presidency of the United States—and that is not to be laughed off, either—to that of a convict, in for the rest of his days.

For almost a week the blond-haired ruddy-faced defendant had sat at the counsel-table seemingly without a care. While it was true that he had quarreled with Imperial Wizard Hiram Evans, the Texas prairie tooth-puller, all Midland klansmen still referred to him as the Old Man. Senators, Congressmen, Governors, city and county officials had all leaned on him in the past, and he had helped them while helping himself, so what had he to fear?

There were klansmen all around him—at the counsel-table, in the jury-box, in the audience, and guarding the doors of the courtroom. All were brothers in the sacred bond. A man who had spent the major part of his life in perfecting the art of the

double-cross couldn't conceive that it might ever be applied to himself.

What the hell, grinned Steve as he stared about him, contemptuously at the score of out-of-town newspaper men, pleasantly at the occupants of the jury-box slowly filling with what he considered were the right sort of people, familiarly at the bailiffs and deputy sheriffs, frankly and unashamedly at the judge. Let His Honor just *try* anything!

Into this sense of security and well-being there suddenly catapulted the vision of a shabby little old man, a pencil in one hand, a wad of paper in the other, eternally scribbling while a pair of piercing black eyes under shaggy white hair seemed to be boring their way right through Steve's brain. Impatiently the Grand Dragon passed his hand over his face to brush away the phantasma. Why, that rat had been trampled into the ground long ago!

Funny that the ghost of old George Dale should intrude itself upon this embarrassing but nevertheless adequately protected situation. The klansman grinned as he thought back into the old days. Just like a mosquito, that pesky old man. But just as easy to slap into nothingness, once you got hold of him. And Steve had seen to it that the klan had got hold of George Dale and his Muncie *Post-Democrat*.

Yes, sir, that had been a job well done. Some trouble at the start, but that had been speedily got rid of.

Twice George Dale had been shot at, but the sawed-off little nuisance was built so close to the ground that the gunmen had only succeeded in puncturing an already thoroughly punctured hat. Noble Kamelias, those sweet ladies of the Invisible Empire, had been ordered to spit on him whenever he appeared on the streets of Muncie. And they had spat till they had no spit left.

Ha, ha, laughed the man on trial, and the judge, surprised, rapped his desk for order. So this was a joke to Steve?

Three times emissaries of the klan had waylaid Dale and thrashed him thoroughly. Once they included his young son in the castigation. Roughnecks had patrolled the Muncie streets all day for the sole purpose of shouldering him off the sidewalks whenever he should appear. But still the caustic editorials had dripped from his pen and still his news columns, pitifully few, exposed the reign of terror throughout Indiana. Alone among the State's three hundred editors he fought—and fought tooth and nail.

What a fool, mumbled the man on trial for murder.

Finally, Steve remembered, they'd got Dale down to where he couldn't pick up a single advertisement to help out revenue; down to where he was arrested by the police on manufactured charges, fingerprinted and jailed; down to where the grocer and butcher had orders to give him no more credit; down to where George Dale, his wife and his six children lacked coal, food and clothing.

In spite of this, Steve had heard, the mutt was still getting out his paper. Must be a hell of a sheet by this time, grinned the prisoner.

It was good to think of all those things, the precautions that had been taken in the past. The klansman stretched himself and turned halfway round in his seat till he was looking directly at the press table. A pair of black unwavering eyes were staring into his own. A little old man in a patched coat sat among the score of other newspaper men. A reporter from New York was eagerly scribbling as, from behind his hand and from the corner of his mouth, Outcast Dale was pouring forth the inside story of Indiana's shame and the Grand Dragon's part in it.

The guardians of the door were supposed to be Steve's friends, tried and true. And yet this rat had been allowed to slip past! For the first time during the progress of the mess, doubt perched itself on the klansman's shoulder. Later doubt would give way to uncertainty and still later uncertainty would step down in favor of despair.

A bailiff passed a twisted piece of paper to the prisoner. Opening it he read:

"Though the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

Steve wiped sweat from his forehead. He glanced back at the press table. From behind George Dale's hand Indiana's klan story was being run through to the far corners of the world.

II

When I set out on this recital I promised spot news. But, so far, I've been sort of retrospective and for a while must remain so. That's due to my desire to thoroughly establish my friend George Dale in the picture. Up till about a year ago he was figured as about the lowest sort of pariah dog in Indiana. Now he's the mayor of Muncie, whose citizens not so long ago practically and forcibly invited him to shake its dust from his feet.

From under the ground the swing came to the other side much as it is doing now on the bigger and more important question of Prohibition. George Dale and his kind flicker over the scenario of the ages every now and again—far, far too seldom, but often enough to revive faith in the common sense of humanity about the time that faith gets down to a fearfully low ebb. Publius Vergilius Maro had the Dales of his day in mind when he struck his lyre and bellowed, "Arma virumque cano."

Even after they had tucked Grand Dragon Stephenson more or less safely away in the State penitentiary, klan terrorism still burned far from weakly throughout Indiana. True, there failed to arise another robed and hooded despot big enough to fill Steve's shoes and to crack his whip over the State's political leaders. This drunken Oklahoma type-setter certainly drew blood when he laid his thong across the rumps of all of them—from the generously proportioned rear-end of Jim Watson to the slender flanks of Vivienne Wheatcraft. But the Thing was breaking—slowly, and the politicians were taking the opportunity to de-louse themselves in the eyes of the public—outside of Indiana. At home it didn't seem to matter so much.

At least it didn't seem to matter so much except to George Dale and his Muncie *Post-Democrat*. A little later he was to see his battle waged by bigger newspapers, taking their cue from him and profiting by the holes he had scratched in the ramparts. Frank Prince, a brilliant journalist, as fearless as Dale, half his age and with the advantage of adequate financing, finally laid the monster low—for the time being—but only to see the credit in the eyes of national newspaperdom taken from him. But that, as Mr. Kipling was so fond of repeating, is another story. The territory was tightened on Dale and from then on he battled on his home grounds.

Ignored, shabby and hungry, he in some miraculous manner continued to get out his paper. Persons in power and in touch with power advised him to take the easiest way. City, county and State advertising would be his if only he would let up on the boys. They ought to have known him better, for such advice only stirred him to a more bitter wrath and furnished fresh fuel for his already blazing editorials. Finally he was cited for contempt following an attack on the court methods of Circuit Judge Clarence Dearth and after the judge had ordered the *Post-Democrat* off the streets of Muncie.

Dale was sentenced to prison for ninety days. The story of his battle to keep out of jail is an epic of courage with frequent humorous flashes. He carried it through every court to the Supreme Court of the United States—which characteristically refused jurisdiction. But by this time—which is getting just a little ahead of the story—the other bigger Indiana newspapers had followed in his trail and Dale was beginning to come into his own in the public eye. Political Indiana begged off and his sentence was canceled, but not before Counsellor Tom Miller of Muncie had gazed on the majesty of the highest tribunal of this supposedly free country—and

had fled from it as the startled deer races from the guns of cruel hunters.

The New York *World*, then under the editorship of Herbert Bayard Swope, and indebted to Dale for a good many sprightly stories about Indiana, started a dollar fund for him. It came in the nick of time. The little game-cock's comb was drooping. The hitherto square shoulders had a noticeable sag. Remember, he had passed his sixtieth birthday. At home there were eight empty stomachs clamoring for sustenance.

There was no question of surrender—but you can't print a newspaper when they won't credit you with any more pulp on which to print it, and you can't at the same time fight a prison sentence up to the Supreme Court, all without a dime in your pocket.

Swope rushed the first receipts of the *World* fund to Muncie. On the afternoon that the check arrived Editor Dale bought a new pair of trousers, cocked his dilapidated and bullet-punctured bonnet rakishly over one eye, and promenaded down Main street with deliberate intention. The first man who jostled him got slapped right on the nose.

Richard was himself again.

III

About here is where I should introduce Counsellor Tom Miller of Muncie, to me the most lovable character in Indiana. Until he had edged well into his forties Tom was a foundryman. He was also a profound reader and a doorstep student of human nature. As my old friend, Juanita Hansen, was wont to remark about all and sundry who met with her approbation, Tom Miller is "one of nature's noblemen."

As I have intimated, he was aging before opportunity knocked at his door in the shape of the news—to him—that any man of good character in the sovereign State of Indiana could appear—properly introduced—before a judge and get a permit to practice law. Tom threw down his tools, hied him before a justice who passed out the necessary certificate of good conduct, got himself a room in the business district, bought a brace of law books and hung out his shingle.

His first client was an old Negro woman who had known and respected him when he toiled with his hands. She had been made to suffer much by a brutal husband and she figured that Tom certainly ought to be able to make her path easier. So she climbed the stairs and was made welcome by Muncie's newest barrister. She launched into a dismal story of morning and evening beatings and the confiscation of her laundry-work earnings.

Counsellor Miller was stirred to deep indignation. He grabbed his retainer of three dollars and then searched frantically through his two law books for a precedent to the opinion he desired to give. Finding none, he decided to establish one himself.

"Do you know what you ought to do, Jenny?" he demanded of the abused woman.

"No, suh, Mister Tom, Ah does not," she replied. "If Ah had knowed, Mister Tom, Ah'd a hung on to ma three dollars."

Ignoring the snappy come-back, the counsellor proceeded to give her her money's worth.

"Why, Jenny," he shouted, "you ought to go right out of here and shoot the so-and-so-forth of a so-and-so-forth."

Jenny grabbed her bag, thanked her attorney, went home, borrowed a gat, and met her husband with a load of hot lead as he crossed the threshold. She was amazed and indignant when policemen arrested her. Her defense was that she had acted on the advice of counsel. Luckily the wife-beater survived his wounds and there were plenty of witnesses to testify to his abuse of Jenny. A tolerant judge let her go. The story, blazoned from one end of the State to the other, brought clients a-ganging to Counsellor Miller.

But Tom is probably as poverty-stricken today as he was when he worked in the foundry. He has built up a large practice and he knows much more law than he did

when he passed out his first piece of advice. Always he has been the poor man's lawyer. Nobody thinks of paying him and he has to be in a fearful fix before he will ask for what is due. He never refuses a case even though it may entail railroad fare and hotel bills—to be paid by himself.

I remember him in Indianapolis four years ago representing the fallen Grand Dragon Stephenson in one of the latter's many appeals for a parole "to gather new evidence." It was a hot Summer's afternoon and Counsellor Miller was telling stories to a crowd of Indianans and out-of-town newspaper men. The long thin legs were hanging up to the knees out of one of the big front windows of the old English Hotel, thus exhibiting about twenty-four inches of bare shinbone. Either for comfort or for economy's sake Tom wore no socks. From the outside pocket of his black coat there stuck a toothbrush—for the counsellor contemplated being in town for several days.

In some miraculous fashion he had got hold of a one-hundred-dollar bill. Probably he had obtained it from a Muncie banker on the promise that he would bring it back to town again—which he did, intact. His method was to introduce himself to each strange newspaper man and after some conversation to produce the century note casually, then remarking:

"Say, could you change this for me?"

The reporter, complimented by the intimation that Mr. Miller considered him worth a hundred dollars, would express his regret, whereupon the counsellor would continue:

"Well, well, that's too bad. Let me have two dollars till I get this pesky thing broke open."

The plan worked all along the line and Tom returned to Muncie with the note. But lest you should get the impression that this was deadbeating I hasten to add that I got my two back in due time and so, I have no doubt, did all the rest.

It was another sweltering day and Tom was back in his favorite seat halfway through the window. A crowd of reporters had brought him the news that the then Governor (Ed Jackson) had announced that no person—not even counsel—would be permitted to interview Stephenson in his cell at Michigan City.

"The hell I can't," shouted Counsellor Miller, pulling his feet from outside the window in his excitement. "I'd like to see Ed Jackson or any other son keep me outa that jail when I feel like a-goin' into it. Why listen, boys, 75% of those fellows down there are my clients."

And he sat back, foaming and speechless with indignation.

That night an Eastern newspaper man writing a feature story of the Indiana klan mess-up had a witty paragraph about the self-admitted failure of Steve's lawyer to keep any of his clients out of jail and the confession that he had represented 75% of the present inmates of the State penitentiary.

However, the writer failed to get a most important point, which was that few if any of the 75% had started off with Tom Miller as counsel. They had had other attorneys, who had taken their all, and now, broke and friendless—even as was the once-powerful Steve—they had come pleading to the one man in Indiana who, they knew, would toil for them for nothing.

Tom Miller can talk Indiana to the Indianans, and in so far as volume of court victories is concerned one would rate him as a successful lawyer. But as I have said, there is no money in the sort of trade that takes advantage of his kindly nature. However, he got his great chance from one of the most poverty-stricken of his clients and I regret having to chronicle that he muffed it—fearfully.

The money which Editor George Dale had obtained from the proponents of free speech among the readers of the New York *World* disappeared rapidly in a well of almost bottomless debt. When there was no more in sight the attorneys who were handling his contempt case—now on its

way to the Supreme Court of the United States—refused to carry on. Dale in his dilemma turned where he knew a refusal was an impossibility—to Counsellor Miller.

The chance to appear before that august body—the nation's highest tribunal—appealed particularly to Tom. He visioned the impassioned address he would deliver. He saw Taft, the Chief Justice and ex-President, calling him to chambers after he had been heard and grasping his hand in admiration and congratulation. Surely, this was an opportunity that must not be missed. Somebody had paid a bill due for years and Tom, for the moment, was in funds. He stuffed a clean shirt and a pair of socks—one must wear socks in Washington—into his hip pockets, picked up his faithful toothbrush a-running, and grabbed a train.

On request, if I remember rightly, from Swope, former United States Senator Moses Clapp of Minnesota was to present Counsellor Miller to the Supreme Court in the necessary procedure before the body grants permission to a novice to plead before it. Tom, just off the train and after a wash-up and a switch to the clean shirt, hurried to the Capitol. Hope ran high and his heart beat time to his speeding footsteps.

You could never tell where a thing like this might end. Perhaps he'd move later to Washington and appear before these distinguished old men every day—at a thousand dollars a day. The money itself wouldn't matter to Tom—except that it's easier to help folks when you've got lots of it.

He got into court just a split second ahead of the procession to the bench and stood there watching it, his feet suddenly frozen to the floor. Here was more apparent dignity assembled *en masse* then he had ever come in contact with during his entire life. The portly, imposing Taft; the splendid old man, Oliver Wendell Holmes; the brilliant Jew, Brandeis; Sanford, Butler—and a couple of stuffed shirts. But they weren't stuffed shirts to Tom Miller.

"Lordy, Lordy, Lordy," mumbled the perspiring counsellor, completely swamped by class. "And I've got to get up and talk to them! Oh, oh, oh!"

He pulled at his feet with the full force of his body and, miraculously, the ice which had seemed to be clinching them let go. Tom shied away from the bench like a young, unbroken horse, burst through the doors, galloped along the corridor, down the Capitol steps and past the Senate office-building. Nobody was there to clock him, but he maintains to this day that he broke the world's record for the half-mile flat. He never pulled a rein on himself till he stood at a ticket window in the Union Station yelling for space on the next train to Muncie!

IV

Slowly but surely a good percentage of the men whom George Dale had been attacking in his little newspaper were coming into their just rewards in the shape of periods of roasting in man-made infernos. One Governor of Indiana went to the Federal penitentiary; another avoided prosecution on bribery charges by pleading the statute of limitations; Grand Dragon Stephenson is in jail for life and a score or so of his ex-lieutenants in the Ku Klux Klan have done or are doing time; a mayor of Indianapolis was kicked out of office, and the chairman of the State Republican Committee is wearing the uniform of a convicted felon; Dale's particular persecutor, Circuit Judge Clarence Dearth, escaped impeachment by two votes in the Legislature and lost his office at the next election. All these had felt the sting of the Dale lash before their major punishment came along.

The other State newspapers swept through the breaches made by Dale, the crusader. A wave of disgust came over Indiana and engulfed a lot of big shots, though there were many others of as high a caliber in the art of trickery who got out from under and are still going good. Muncie, not much inclined to honor her own

prophet, began reading about him in important newspapers of the State and in those of other States. The city began to consider the possibility that she had been wrong and that this little firebrand had been right. It took commendatory notice from out-of-town to bring about this viewpoint, but once the seed was sown Dale blossomed forth from the outcast class. I was with him in his modest home when an invitation came over the telephone to address the Rotary Club, an organization which had frequently expressed its condemnation of his methods. He refused, but as he hung up he turned to me:

"At last," he observed, "I have arrived."

At the next gubernatorial election, running as an Independent Democrat and without endorsements of any kind, Dale polled 58,000 votes—quite a showing for a man without cash and only beginning to gather friends around him. At the mayoralty primary in Muncie last September he defeated the regular Democratic nominee and at the November election won hands down and ahead of the ticket. He campaigned on a clean-up platform.

Living up to his promises he fired the entire police force on taking office last New Year's. Since his inauguration starkness as a description of Muncie fails to fit. It is now a joyous city, a remarkably clean city, a politically untrammeled city—and most interesting things are happening there every day.

Right out of the box the mayor ran into trouble with Police Judge Frank Mann, who had been elected on the same ticket but whom Dale had characterized as "a bad running-mate for me." In his usual forthright fashion he had asked Mann, from the platform, to get out of the race.

The candidate for police judge replied somewhat wittily that he had no intention of doing so—although he added that he did not expect to be elected. His main purpose in running, he explained, was to embarrass the head of the municipal ticket as much as possible. He concluded with the prophecy that he would spend the whole of the year 1930 chuckling to himself at the colossal defeat which was bound to be Dale's portion—and incidentally his own. But what did he care?

Instead, both Mr. Dale and Mr. Mann were swept into office, the latter winning, according to the former, because he had affixed himself "to the tail of my kite."

Then the bother began. Judge Mann, according to the mayor, was much too easy on manufacturers of bad liquor. Dale thinks the world and all of makers of drinkable booze, but is mighty bitter against handlers of stuff which may do injury to his fellow countrymen and women. However, he and his police force are doing all they can to enforce what the mayor considers an unenforceable law. In accordance with this intention one hundred and three rum-handlers were haled before Judge Mann during the first six weeks of the new administration. A beautiful cross-section of court-clogging right there.

Only three of these, according to the mayor and his chief of police, were jailed. Action was decided on. Dale was due for a holiday in Florida but just before he left he ordered the police force to take no more cases of liquor law violation before Mann.

"I've quarantined the judge," the editor-mayor announced in his next issue of the *Post-Democrat*.

Then off he hopped for the South.

He left no instructions about a let-up in the gathering together of booze peddlers and by the end of ten days Chief of Police Massey had the city jail so crowded that the walls were starting to bulge outward.

"Bastille bursting," he wired his chief in Florida. "What will I do?"

The mayor, basking down there in the sunshine where cocktails are two dollars apiece, felt bighearted and telegraphed back:

"Let the poor fellows go."

Chief Massey obeyed him. The mayor stayed bighearted right up to his return

home, for he then announced editorially and officially that he had lifted the quarantine and given the judge another chance. Up to this time of writing things are running smoothly and the jurist is now regarded as a Daniel come to judgment in Muncie.

Dale claims that if a person washes himself frequently and regularly the cleanliness of his exterior portions will communicate itself to his innards. With this thought in mind he has set out to make Muncie the most sanitary-appearing second-class city in these United States. He appointed a rabid Socialist to the office of street-cleaning commissioner.

"This fellow," he explained, "figures that no person in the world should have more than two dollars and eighty cents and that all persons should be equal. When I took over office the well-to-do folks were getting a first-class service on garbage removal and the poor were getting a rotten deal. I knew the system which brought this about but instead of interfering with it I simply told my commissioner to gear himself up all-round to the service given the rich folks. That boy got my point at once, being the Socialist he is, and he just falls over himself getting out garbage, whether it's from a millionaire's home or from a colored man's shack."

The mayor is particularly enthusiastic over the covers which the Socialist has put on the garbage trucks.

"Great idea, that," he remarked, slapping his hands together. "During previous administrations the wagons would go jolting along the streets bouncing dead dogs and cats all over the place. Now these wire-net covers keep everything aboard and shipshape."

The paving contractors of previous days have all been chased out of the City Hall since Mayor Dale took over office. A number of contracts in favor of the old crowd were entered into just before his administration took over, but these were canceled by the new City Council on the proposal of the mayor. New agreements were entered into immediately, cutting the price thirty-five cents a square foot.

The mayor's brand-new police force is the smartest thing in the Middle West. All the boys wear turn-down collars on their coats, with white linen and black ties. The caps are the crush kind popularized by Grover Whalen for his New York coppers. The Muncie boys are so proud of their clothes that they won't take them off even when not on duty. Which, as the mayor remarks, gets almost twenty-four-hour efficiency out of a man who would otherwise toil only about a third of the day.

During the height of the battle with Judge Mann the mayor gave an apt illustration of the importance he attaches to the even break.

The police force picked up a couple of men said to be drunk. Not long after they ran across the father of a prominent politician and supporter of the mayor in a like condition. Being honest and fair coppers, as their mayor had instructed them to be, they tucked away the old man just as they had the other two offenders.

Pretty soon word came down from the office of the police judge to free the first pair of celebrants. The chief of police called up the mayor and explained the situation. Far from being angry, His Honor immediately perceived where the situation could be used to save his friend from the embarrassment about to be caused by his father's intoxication.

"If the judge wants his friends let out we'll have to let them out," ordered the mayor. "How's so-and-so coming along?"

"He'll be able to put one foot in front of the other in about an hour," reported the chief.

"Good," said Dale. "Be kind to him and as soon as he can walk let him go home. I don't want to see any favoritism in these sort of cases."

"You see," he explained later, "my conscience would have made me treat my friend's father as the other two were

treated. But when the court freed its friends I could in all fairness free mine."

But the doors of the jail don't always swing back as easily. One man of prominence did the mayor a grievous wrong in olden days. When in power this person had a habit of hanging round the City Hall. After Dale came in he didn't seem able to break himself of it.

"The next time you see him in the corridors," the mayor told the chief, "pick him up for vagrancy."

"Say, mayor," called the chief about an hour after the "vagrant" had been tucked away. "This bird's raisin' all hell down here. He's got a hold of the bars and he's like to pull them out. He swears he'll sue the city for fifty thousand and his lawyer says he can collect."

"Where's his lawyer?" asked Dale.

"Right here, on the other side of the bars, talking to the prisoner."

"Slap him in the next cage and let them argue it out," ordered His Honor. And there the two stayed till they cooled off. Nothing in the shape of a suit has been filed so far. Dale gathered a wealth of information on people while he was a news-hound.

A Muncie citizen called the mayor on the telephone the other night and asked him for advice on the matter of making home brew.

"Mr. Mayor," he said, "am I within the law? I've made some beer in my cellar and if I'm wrong I want to break up the bottles."

"How much did you make?" asked the mayor.

"Just enough for myself, Mr. Mayor. Just enough for one."

"Hell, man," exploded His Honor. "The next time you do anything like that make enough for two and then call me up. I'll be right over."

Such a mayor—and he has almost four years to go yet—will certainly lift the charge of starkness from Middletown.

WRITER'S CRAMP

BY JOEL SAYRE

"I CERTAINLY appreciate this little visit, Mr. Reeves," said Mr. Sturgess, the big man in the $150 suit. "All my life I've wanted to know what the inside of a lighthouse was like and now I know."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mr. Reeves. "Anything I can do for a friend of Jimmie Calder's is a pleasure."

"Gosh, it's certainly a great place you've got here," said Sturgess. "Living-room, kitchen and everything. Even a telephone. And that store room! Why it's equipped like Sears-Roebuck."

"Yes," said Reeves with intense apathy, "the Department of Commerce does pretty well by its wave-swept towers."

Sturgess looked at him curiously.

"'Wave-swept towers,' eh?" he repeated, "'wave-swept towers!' Why, you're quite a poet, Mr. Reeves. 'Wave-swept towers.' Hmm. Pretty good."

The lighthouse keeper blushed. He was a pale, glum-looking, little man in dungarees. On his head he wore the knitted article known in the Navy as a watch cap.

"And you know so much about the lights up there," Sturgess went on. "All about the optics and everything. You certainly know a lot. I mean about the lights and everything."

"'Nautically trained lighthouse engineer,' I believe they call it," said Reeves in a flat voice. There was a silence.

"Say," said Sturgess suddenly, "by the way. I nearly forgot. I brought out a little something here with me." He pulled a huge silver flask out of the pocket of his overcoat lying on a chair. "Some Scotch. Just off one of the big liners. And not scraped off, either. How about a snort?"

"Why not?" was the lighthouse keeper's reply.

He went below to the kitchen and presently returned with two glasses and a pitcher.

"You'll have to take it with water," he muttered. "The Department of Commerce doesn't supply club soda."

"No club soda, eh?" said Sturgess, giving him another searching look. "No club soda. What do you think of that?"

"Oh, I've been around," said Reeves bitterly.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything personal," said Sturgess, "but you will admit that this is a funny place to hear about club soda."

The lighthouse keeper was blushing once more.

"I suppose it is, really," he said. "Forget about it. Well, here's how."

The two men took long pulls at their drinks.

"Must be a great life here," said Sturgess somewhat tentatively, after a long silence.

"Simply wonderful," replied the other nastily.

There was another silence.

"How about another snort?"

"Why not?"

Sturgess poured and the two men drank again. The entire round was consumed without the aid of words.

"This is pretty good stuff, if I do say it myself," remarked Sturgess. "How about another snort?"

"Why not?"

"This is pretty good stuff if you do say it yourself," said Reeves after a while.

"Why not?" said Sturgess.

"Well, here's how," said Reeves.

"Away to the races."

"This is the sixth, or is it the seventh?"

"It's only the fifth."

"How about the lights?" asked Sturgess.

"Oh, they take care of themselves. All I've got to do is hold this old tower down on the rocks."

"All alone out here most of the time, are you?"

"All alone out here all of the time," said the lighthouse keeper, and then added feelingly, "thank God!"

Sturgess was moved to sympathy.

"I don't see how he stands it," he thought aloud. "All alone out here away from everything. Nothing but the gulls——"

"Gulls!" yelled Reeves. "Gulls! *That's* what I keep for gulls."

He pointed to a double-barrelled shot gun in the corner.

"Well, I don't mean gulls exactly. I guess I really mean signs of human habitation. I should think you'd get sick for the sight of a tree."

"Trees!" said Reeves, "I hate trees."

"Why, that's funny," said Sturgess, "I never heard of anybody hating trees before."

"Well, you're hearing about somebody now," said Reeves. "Look me over. I loathe trees. I can't stand the sight of 'em. I wish there'd be a forest fire and burn down every splinter in the world."

"All right, never mind about the birds and trees," said Sturgess placatingly. "We'll skip them. What I'm trying to get at is how it feels to be marooned here all of the time. You're a man of culture. Don't deny it. You're a man of urbanity. You can't hide it. I knew it as soon as I heard you speak. Don't try to fool me. I knew it for sure when I heard you talk about 'wave-swept towers' and club soda. What are you doing off here all by yourself? Don't you miss the good things of life? Don't you miss music? I should think you'd have a radio or a phonograph."

"Music!" said Reeves wildly. "Why, I hate music more than birds and trees put together."

"Really? Well, that's a pity. . . . Excuse me, I left my lighter in my overcoat."

He walked carefully to the chair, searched in his overcoat pockets, found the lighter, lit a cigarette. He pulled a newspaper from the pocket of the coat and handed it to his host.

"Say, here's a copy of yesterday's *Leader*. I thought maybe——"

"You thought maybe I'd like to observe the trend of events"—the lighthouse keeper screwed up his face—"And view the march of world affairs. And scan the passing show. Aw, blab-blab-blab, jabber, jabber, jabber, jabber, jabber, JABBER!"

He seemed about to tear the newspaper to pieces.

"Do you hate newspapers, too?" asked Sturgess.

"Do I hate newspapers. Oh boy!" said Reeves. "And not because they're made out of trees either. They're made out of raw nerves, that's what they're made of."

He threw the paper on the floor and stamped on it.

"Oh? Did you ever work on a newspaper?"

"Did I ever work on a newspaper? You bet I worked on a newspaper, all kinds of newspapers. Hick newspapers, metropolitan newspapers, Democratic newspapers, Republican newspapers, Socialist newspapers, independent newspapers, tabloid newspapers. And do you want to know what I think of all newspapers without exception? Well, I'll tell you: they're fit only to wrap fish in. Yes, sir, fit only to wrap fish in. You could make a joke out of that. The next time there is a big publishers' dinner, you could send a telegram for the toastmaster to read, see? Have it say: 'Congratulations. We have been wrapped up in you for years.' And sign it 'The American Association of Fish Dealers.' See?"

"Ha, ha, pretty good. The fish dealers wrap up their smelts in the newspapers, eh? 'We have been wrapped up in you for years.' I get it. I get it."

II

Reeves had picked up the remains of the paper and was turning the ragged pages, indignantly scanning the headlines.

"Look at the obituaries," he said. "I used to write obituaries. Hundreds, thousands, millions. Did I write obituaries!"

"Where was that?"

"Out in Iowa, when I was a cub. I was obituary editor. I wrote a daily column. The only time I was ever a colyumist, ha, ha! Not the obituaries of the prominent citizens, mind you, but the taking-off of the smaller fry. One paragraph apiece. Do you know what I mean? God, I could quote one under water:

"'Funeral services for Frank Bananas, 47, an iron puddler, who died of complications last night at Mercy Hospital, will be held at 2:30 P.M. tomorrow at his home, 558 E. Iuka ave. Mr. Bananas was a member of the Fervent Order of Eagles, the Improved Order of Red Men, the Loyal Order of Hoo Hoos, and the Swastika Bowling Club. Surviving are his wife, Marie; three sons, Frank, jr., Floyd and Michael; two daughters, Rose and Pearl; and his mother, Mrs. Sadie Bananas. Burial will be in Greenlawn Cemetery by Gosnell and O'Brien, morticians.'

"Ask me if I hate undertakers!"

"Do you hate undertakers?"

"Oh, golly, he wants to know if I hate undertakers! Listen, I hate everything that pertains to funerals. Not only undertakers themselves, not only undertakers proper, but tombstone cutters, florists, compounders of embalming fluid, drivers of motor hearses, grave diggers, and even the little guy that arranges the folding chairs. And as for Chopin, I have a double-distilled hatred for him, not only because he was a musician, but because, being a musician, he wrote a funeral march."

"Here, let me sweeten up that drink."

The guest poured four of Primo Carnera's fingers into each tumbler. The host was inspecting the newspaper again.

"Look," he said, "an animal story. How I detest animals, especially pets! It reminds me of the first metropolitan paper I was on—the *Star*. The Old Man, the managing editor, was mad about animal stories. If he couldn't get one, he'd wire out of town for it. Generally out West. His favorites were bear stories, which he'd run in a box under some wild and woolly date line. This is the way they usually sounded——

"'Squeaky Moccasin, Idaho, August 13. —Old Bruin thought he would make a feast of huckleberries yesterday morning in a patch three miles north of here, but he reckoned without Trapper Sam Quimby, who was about in the early dawn, inspecting his snares. Spying Bruin, he raised his rifle and fired straight into the furry marauder's heart. Trapper Quimby had no trouble in disposing of a mess of steaks at fancy prices in the market here this morning.'

"But all too often there was plenty of local furry and finny chitchat to be written. And of course it fell to me to write it. There wasn't a baby yak born at the Zoo or a new carp in the Aquarium that I didn't have to slog out and cover. It got so bad that I couldn't look at a girl wearing a set of furs without having to turn my head away, while the mere mention of sea food, even oysters or shrimps, spoiled my whole day. Beside that, after I had been on the *Star* a year, along came a presidential election and the paper got so disgustingly partisan that I couldn't stand it any longer. All this self-anointed smugger-mugger! It made me want to scream."

"Politics one of your *bêtes noires*, too?"

"*Bêtes noires*? Say, I never could tolerate *any* kind of politics, Republican, Democratic, or Bolshevik. I got my bellyful of 'solons,' as they call them in the hick paper headlines, those three years out in Iowa. 'Solons!'" The lighthouse keeper filled his lungs and gave forth a garland of raspberries. "Solons!" In his voice was contempt for the entire army of public servants.

"No matter what paper I worked on, its

politics always made me furious," he finished.

"What about the *Dispatch*?"

"Oh, the *Dispatch* was just as bad as the *Star*. It was an opposition paper all right, as far as national politics was concerned, but it lined up solid with the City Hall crowd, principally so that the ramshackle old building the paper was put out in wouldn't be condemned by the fire and health departments. Yes, I went to the *Dispatch* from the *Star*. It was all those baskets of kittens that washed me up on the *Star*. And the spaniels that could make a fourth at bridge! And the parrots who dictated night letters! But the *Dispatch* was even worse, although I must say they weren't so keen about all the cunnin' ickle wee cockroaches Mrs. Jerome Woozendinger, of 349 Muskmelon boulevard, found yesterday in her kitchen being raised by a mother rat."

"Gosh!" said Sturgess, twirling the liquor around in his glass, "you certainly had a tough time of it."

The lighthouse keeper was again looking at the paper.

"Oh, Lord," he groaned, "here's that old cartoon again about Junior helping Mamma in the kitchen the week before Christmas! There ought to be a law! They ought to put that cartoon on the Index Journalisticus." He ground his teeth.

"Christmas," he sneered. "Christmas! Thanksgiving! Easter! Fourth of July! Yom Kippur! The Rhamidan! St. Patrick's Day! Nothing but a lot of lousy roundups, that's what they are. Shall I tell you what I think of holidays?"

"I'd love to hear."

"All holidays are detestable because they are roundups. A roundup on a newspaper is what they call a holiday story. That's why I left the *Dispatch*. I was what you might call the boss wrangler of all the holidays. The *Dispatch*, claiming to be liberal and a great respecter of all nationalities, races and creeds, specialized in roundups. You know the sort of thing:

"'Over a billion holiday makers left the city yesterday to spend Labor Day in the country and at the beaches. There were nineteen deaths from drowning, ten were killed in automobile accidents, sixty-five were injured from sitting on empty pickle bottles, eleven fell down wells, while scores were attacked by mayonnaise rash.' And so on, for a couple of furlongs, with the names of the dead and groaning in agate type. Holidays, pah!"

"All right, all right," said Sturgess, "but what's that all got to do with music?"

"It was when I was on the *Chronicle*," the lighthouse keeper said after a gulp from his glass. "The *Chronicle* was genuinely independent and as near to being O. K. on politics as any paper I ever worked on, but its big trouble was Old Violin Makers. For some strange reason the boss had a fixation on Italian and German cobblers who built fiddles out of whatever rubbish there was lying around the shop.

"These Stradivari generally had an old O'Sullivan rubber heel for a chin rest and were strung with cast-off shoe laces. Of course they weren't always old violin makers: sometimes they would be guys that had constructed full-rigged ships inside empty bottles, or maybe firemen who spent their off hours knitting Paisley shawls.

"Anyway, the protagonist of these stories was always some kind of nut, and he was almost always old. The more stewed figs and marshmallow syrup with English walnuts you could dump over the story, the better the boss liked it. And naturally, after I had written one or two he took a shine to them and issued orders that I should do them all in the future.

"First, I got sick of all stringed instruments, then of music, then of Italians and Germans, and finally of all old persons.

"I remember that during that time an uncle of mine from Indianapolis turned up and wanted me to show him the town. Such a fine old fellow he was, and very good company. He'd always been nice to

me as a kid and helped me through college after my father died.

"So I went to see him at the Blackstone, but the whole visit was spoiled because I was scared to death that at any moment he'd open his suitcase and pull out a cigar box Cremona or a hip flask with a model of the *Constitution* in it. Poor old fellow! Poor dear old Uncle Roger! He died shortly after."

III

Tears were streaming down the lighthouse keeper's face.

"Oh, come, come Reeves, old fellow, don't take it so hard," said Sturgess, patting him on the shoulder. "It's a pity the old gentleman passed away, but it wasn't your fault. You didn't kill him."

"Oh, oh, poor old Uncle Roger," sobbed the lighthouse keeper. "Maybe if I'd been nicer to him he'd still be with us all yet. Oh, oh."

"Here, have another drink and tell me some more about yourself."

"Aw, nuts! What are you interested in me so much for, Burgess? Just a miserable old mess of nothing, that's all I am, a mess of nothing. Here's a toast: gentlemen, let's drink to nothing. Say, Burgess, what do you keep on wanting to know about me for?"

"Never mind about that now. Go on and tell me some more about yourself. Did you ever do any magazine work?"

The lighthouse keeper instantly became almost sober.

"Magazine work!" he croaked, "magazine work! Four years, that's all, Mr. Bridges, four years. Four years, that's all, four years."

"What sort of stuff did you do?"

"All kinds, my friend, all kinds. I'm tight now, but don't you worry. Just help me hold this old tower down on the rocks, so she won't blow away, that's all. But don't worry."

"I won't. But I'm very much interested in your magazine work. I wish you'd tell me something about it."

"Aw, nuts!"

"No, go ahead. Tell me about the first piece you ever sold."

"First piece, first piece," muttered Reeves, valiantly pulling himself together. "Let me see now. First piece?"

"Yes, your first piece. What was it about?"

"Horses," was the dark reply. The lighthouse keeper frowned and clenched his fists. "'Horses, horses, horses, crazy over horses. Well, that's what I am. Crazy over horses. If I were on shore this Winter, do you know what I'd do?"

"No, what?"

"I'd go around tripping up all the horses I could find, and I'd found a Society for the Promulgation of Cruelty to Animals, that's what I'd do."

"Why the hippophobia? What's the matter with horses? I think they're pretty fine animals myself."

"It doesn't matter what you think, Mr. Matches. It's what I feel that matters. Or does it? Does anything matter? Gentlemen, I give you anything."

"Go on about horses."

"Oh, hell! I don't want to go on about anything."

"Yes, go on about horses."

"Well, I finally quit the newspaper business, and decided I'd write for the magazines. So I called on a friend who was an associate editor of one. He advised me to begin with non-fiction pieces. And he sent me in to see his boss. Gosh, I don't want to talk about this, Mr. Terlet."

"Oh, please go on."

"Well, the editor was very friendly and said yes, he would be interested to look over some of my stuff. He had plenty of fiction, enough to hold him for a couple of years, as he never used more than one or two stories a month. What he wanted was articles. Did I have any ideas? No, nothing very hot.

"'Well, what about horses?' he said. There had not been a good piece on horses for a hell of a time. Was the horse really vanishing or was that just a lot of propa-

ganda put out by the automobile people? What about the *eohippus*, the little dawn horse of prehistoric times? What about Bucephalus? What about Mazeppa? Famous horses of history. Were there any more bucking broncos? He had recently read in some paper that a man on the East Side had been arrested by the Department of Health for keeping a horse on his roof.

"'Just a chatty, human piece on horses,' he said. 'Always take it for granted that your reader knows nothing whatever about horses. You can almost assume that he has never seen one before. And be sure to put something in about the old horse cars.'

"We shook hands and I went out of his office walking on pillows. At last! Here I was writing for a magazine. No more lousy newspaper work for me. A regular literateer from now on, henceforth and forever more. Oh, the pity of it!

"I went to the Public Library and read Hinkel's great three volume work on 'The Horse.' I ploughed through Smools' Index, looking up every reference to horses that had ever appeared in any publication since Caxton. I interviewed a livery-stable keeper and old Vince Treanor, who knows so much about race horses he whinneys in his sleep. And finally, after two weeks, I mailed the article to the magazine."

"And then, I suppose, you received the first of a long series of rejection slips."

"No, no," groaned Reeves, "would to heaven I had! No, no. They accepted it, and ran it and paid me $200 for it. The editor, curse him, wrote me a very nice little letter saying that he found 'Is Old Dobbin Really Dying Out?' the best piece on horses he had ever read, and asking me to come in and see him about some more articles."

"And did you go?"

"Oh yes, I went all right, but to get to his office I used only the streets on which no horses were allowed. I couldn't even eat horse radish after that, and one night I tried to strangle my ten-year-old nephew in the midst of reciting 'Sheridan's Ride.' Say, do you find it stuffy in here?"

"Yes, sort of."

"Well, what do you say if we open this window?"

"Fine. So what did this editor have in mind?"

"A job of ghosting. Ghosting is what they call writing a piece signed by somebody famous, see?"

"Yes, I know."

"Well, he was so pleased with 'Is Old Dobbin Really Dying Out?' that he had decided I was the very man to ghost the memoirs of a crib-biting soprano the Metropolitan Opera was about to turn over to the Navy for target practice."

"Who was that?"

"Rosie Gorilla."

"Rosie Gorilla?"

"Oh, Mme. Rosa Gerello, but I used to call her Rosie Gorilla. What, what a creature! She spoke the conventional *chow mein* of French, German and English, but she did her cussing in Italian, which was most of the time."

"How did you make out with her?"

"Oh, marvellously. Such fits of temperament and temper! Such sulks! Such haggling over the price the magazine had arranged to pay her! She insisted on making me personally responsible for what she considered a niggardly sum. As a matter of fact it was princely. And what a lovely time I had trying to make her recall the glamourous days when she was the slightly scorched toast of four continents. All that she could do to help was to remind me endlessly that she was a 'grrrrrande artisssste.' 'I am grrrrrande artisssste,' she would say every day, just so I wouldn't forget. 'Make sure to write dat down.' And make catty remarks about her fellow singers. According to her, Melba and Gadski and Farrar and Calvé should have stayed at home and sung in the kitchen where they belonged.

"Finally, I had to go to the *Dispatch's* library and look her up in the clips. And with those and what Bill Guard, the press agent at the Metropolitan, could remember about her I finally adzed out enough for a

series of four articles. I showed them to her and she covered my pan with kisses. Oh, God!"

"Well, even so ——"

"Oh, Lord, that wasn't the half of it. She was so impressed with her greatness that she went to the editor and insisted that he should arrange to have a movie made of her life story. I happened to be in his office at the time. When he failed to rave over the idea, she went into a typhoon of temper, socked me in the chest with his inkwell, and screamed her way out. When the articles appeared under her name, she wrote letters to all the papers and denounced them as fakes and forgeries. That's one of several hundred reasons why I don't love music."

IV

"Hmm. At the same time, you know, you were pretty lucky, landing straight off with your first two efforts. Did you write more non-fiction?"

"I wrote volumes of it. I wrote shelves of it. I wrote encyclopedias of it. I wrote whole *libraries* of it." His voice had risen to a shout. "I wrote about good roads. I wrote about our beautiful shade trees. I wrote about the Vanishing Redman. I wrote about the French debt. I described the horrors of radicalism, and I jeered at the D. A. R. for a Liberal weekly. I bewailed the decline of the road show and I hosannaed the rise of the movies. 'At last a really democratic and wholesome form of entertainment,' was what I wrote unblushingly. Did I write non-fiction? Give me a drink before I die!"

"What about the ghost writing?" said Sturgess, rendering succor. "Was there much more of that?"

"Much *more* of it! Ohhhh! *Bales* of it, that's what there was, *bales* of it. I was a fanatically dry Senator, and after the piece was finished I destroyed the specific gravity of all the rye I could find in New York for the next two months. I was a home-run hitter and a woman tennis champion. (Any sport is just another emetic to me now.) I was Miss Totsy Delray, the star of 'O. K., Aucassin,' and I was a feminist with a face like a towel swinger in a pork and bean prize fight. The feminist recalled those stirring days when she picketed the White House for suffrage and went on hunger strikes for sometimes as much as five hours at a time. I was a general and a pacifist, an ex-police commissioner and a society dowager, and, by God, I was once a pair of Siamese twins. Yes, sir, a pair of Siamese twins. Can you image how vile that was? Were you ever a pair of Siamese twins?"

"No, I can't say that I ever was. But you must have gone through the struggle all young writers do before they get over. I mean you must have got plenty of rejection slips at first."

"No, no, that was just the trouble. I never received a single rejection slip in four years. Not one! That was just the trouble. Would to God I had! It might have discouraged me, and I could have turned to some happy and useful occupation like grinding knives."

"Oh, come, come!"

"Oh, yes, yes. But instead I got sucked in by the terrible editorial maelstrom. Word flew around the magazine offices that at last here was an answer to the editor's prayer: a man who could write a good, readable non-fiction article of any length, on any subject, and get it in when he promised to. As soon as I would finish one piece, I'd find three letters in my box from editors asking me to come in and see them.

"And then after a time I realized that once I had written about some person or thing that person or thing was forever shut off as a source of interest or pleasure. The person or thing became transformed into a phobia, a complex. I've told you how I wrote myself out of enjoying music. It was the same with all the other arts. Even the lively arts. The memoirs of a famous restaurant owner which I ghosted made me sick of the taste, feel, smell, sight and sound of food."

"Sound?"

"Yes, sir, even the *sound* of food used to

get on my nerves. For instance, a sack of potatoes being emptied into a bin. Or the grating of a nutmeg. Or peas being shelled. Or pop corn snapping in the popper."

"Well, well. You *were* in a state. What you probably needed was some fresh air and exercise."

"But don't you see, I had ghost written for home-run hitters, and Olympic sprinters, and heavyweight champs and channel swimmers so that the thought of exercise was even more abhorrent than that of food. And five thousand words on camping and the Red God's Call for *Out-o'-Doors* fixed me up with one of the prettiest little yens to live in a safety deposit vault ever known to psycho-pathology.

"And the first thing I knew I couldn't sleep. It all grew out of a long popular scientific article I had written on 'What Our Dreams Mean.' I was afraid to go to bed for fear I'd dream. And I couldn't drink black coffee because of a piece of mine on Java that appeared in a travel magazine. Tobacco was out, too, on account of a little bit of whimsey on 'The Old Southern Planters.' When I would finally drop off after two or three sleepless days I invariably had hideous nightmares full of horses that played and sang, vigillions of happy holiday makers swarming up and down the good roads and climbing our beautiful shade trees, and popular athletes, actors and politicians riding around on baby yaks and carp, while generals and pacifists, stuck together Siamese-twin fashion, fled screamingly from Vanishing Redmen. Say, is there another shot in that canister?"

"You bet!"

Sturgess passed the flask to the lighthouse keeper. The mouth of the flask beat a tatoo on the edge of the glass while the golden brown liquor gurgled out. Reeves took a long pull and then a long breath.

"But what about women? Wasn't there some girl you could turn to?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" groaned Reeves, burying his face in his hands. He burst into tears again. His shoulders shook as he groaned and sobbed. Sturgess was very embarrassed.

"I'm *terribly* sorry, old man, honestly I am," he said. "I didn't mean ——"

The lighthouse keeper suddenly raised his head.

"Fiction did it," he said fiercely, "fiction it was. Fiction wrecked my life." His fist crashed on the table. "Fiction!" He glowered darkly. "Or was it truth? Truth!" His conversation was rapidly becoming Hamletian. "Truth is mangier than fiction. Ha, ha, ha!" He laughed madly.

"Julia was her name. She was a swell girl. We were engaged. One night I told her all my troubles, and she said 'Why not write fiction?' I took up her suggestion all right. I wrote a series of confession pieces for *Nothing But the Truth* and got so sick of women and love that I suppressed the banns with a sock in the nose, and beat it out of town."

"And how did you happen to get here?"

"Well, I've spilled so much I might as well spill it all. Naturally, I wanted to change my racket. Naturally I wanted to get away from everything. I thought of joining the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, but they were so snarled up with the movies, and the great out-of-doors, and horses, and policemen and a lot of other things that gave me the horrors that I just couldn't.

"It was the same way with every occupation I could think of. The life of a trapper, while sufficiently lonely, was lived among too many trees and animals."

"What about being a sailor?"

"Didn't I tell you I was once a ship-news reporter? And anyway, I'm a martyr to sea sickness. I thought of being a night watchman, but that wouldn't have taken me away from cities. And, as far as I was concerned, a factor for the Hudson Bay Company has all the disadvantages of a trapper and a Royal Northwest mounted policeman to cope with plus constant intercourse with the Vanishing Redman.

"It got so desperate that I turned to the Encyclopedia Britannica to search for ideas

on a career. I had looked in vain through the first thirteen volumes, when one day I took up Volume XIV, the one that deals with Libi to Mary (I'll surely never forget that pair) and opened it at random. My eye fell on a small sketch of the Corduan Lighthouse, the earliest wave-swept tower extant. Underneath the sketch was the caption: 'The lighthouse was begun in 1584 and stands on a rock in the Bay of Biscay near the mouth of the river Gironde.'

"The last half of the little caption jingled pleasantly through my head:

> "'And stands on a rock
> In the Bay of Biscay
> Near the mouth
> Of the river Gironde.'

"Idly I started to read the article on lighthouses, and in the middle of the third paragraph it suddenly flashed over me—I'd be a lighthouse keeper! It was just the thing I was looking for. I could be all alone, and yet not have to slog around in the great open spaces. I could be doing something useful without the necessity of having to see politicians, opera singers, old violin makers, heavyweight champions, or Vanishing Redmen. I like the sea. Because I never wrote about it, I guess. I got in touch with the Department of Commerce, went through a course of training, and here I am. Except for those cursed gulls," he finished suddenly. A flock was wheeling by the window. He darted to the corner, seized the shotgun and fired both barrels. He missed. The gulls flurried around excitedly for a few seconds and then flew off screaming.

"How I wish I could shoot," Reeves muttered through clenched teeth. He turned to his guest. "You know, sometimes it almost makes me want to go back to shore and take a course in sharp-shooting. I've never hit one yet." He laughed bitterly. "Oh, well."

"Put your gun down and take a shot at this," said Sturgess, handing him a glass. Reeves obeyed and sat down clumsily in a chair by the fire.

V

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you to wonder who I am," began Sturgess with a bright smile.

"Why, no," said Reeves slowly, "all Jimmie Calder said today when he brought you out in the kicker was that you were an old friend of his."

"Well, I am. I've known him ever since I was a kid. I was born over on the mainland and Jimmie and I went to school together. And he didn't tell you any more than that about me because I told him not to. As a matter of fact, I made the trip up here from New York especially to see you."

"What!"

"Now, don't get excited. Wait until I've finished talking and then you can open the flood gates. It wasn't you, yourself, I came up here to see; but the keeper of this lighthouse. And *what* a break!"

"What do you mean, 'break'?"

"That it turned out to be you. Why it's the most astounding thing I ever heard of. A perfect natural."

"*What* is?"

"Now listen, Mr. Reeves, you've told me your story and I am tremendously moved by it. I think you've gone through Hell if anybody I ever heard of has. But you're going to win out. And I can help you do it, and I'm going to. Now——"

"Say, what in hell's this all about?"

"All right. I'll 'cut the cackle and come to the 'osses.' I'm F. Peabody Sturgess. You never heard of me, because you've been out here on these God-forsaken rocks for a couple of years. But you've heard of the *Family*, I imagine? Well, I'm the editor."

"What!" shouted the lighthouse keeper, slowly rising from his chair.

"Yes," said Sturgess. He talked faster and faster. "Yes, I'm the editor. For the last year we've been featuring the inside stories of people in unusual occupations. It's funny your mentioning the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and the Hudson's Bay Company, for we've had pieces

both from an inspector of the mounties and a fur factor. Of course, we sent a staff man up to get the stuff and write it, just a little ghost job, ha, ha, but those two pieces alone brought in thousands of letters. Then we had a deep sea diver and a fire chief and a lot more. Last week in our editorial conference, somebody suggested that our readers would like to hear about the life of a lighthouse keeper, so I assigned myself to the job, as I was coming up here to spend Christmas with my mother and this is one of the biggest lighthouses in the world right here.

"But think of finding a seasoned magazine writer keeping the lighthouse! What a break. Now, I'll give you an idea of the sort of thing we want——"

"*Unmerciful God!*" shrieked Reeves, his eyeballs rolling. And with a terrible scream he rushed across the room and dived headfirst through the open window.

VI

From the Minnescoggan *Beacon*:

Persistently refusing to take hold of a life preserver which was repeatedly thrown to him, an unknown man in dungarees was picked up late yesterday afternoon seven miles east of Crunchett Light by the Coast Guard cutter *Sally P'ossom*.

The man was swimming straight out to sea when the cutter sighted him. A dinghy was lowered, after he refused to take the life preserver, and when Boatswain Harry Boards reached the mysterious swimmer a helping hand, he bit it.

Forcibly lifted from the water with a boathook and taken aboard the cutter, the man resisted his rescuers so violently that he had to be subdued by Boatswain Boards. He mumbled wildly about horses and music, refused food, and would not tell his name or how he happened to be swimming straight out to sea.

Physicians at St. Eulalia's Hospital, where he was taken last night, say that his condition is still delirious, though not serious.

THE THING CALLED ART

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

IN GREAT art the part always contains the whole.

§2

There is no art without a moral. It is Knowledge defining Will—that is, a tell-tale flashlight poured suddenly on the dumb brute thing we call Nature.

§3

The mystery of the lascivious pietists—of Verlaine, Rossetti, Baudelaire, Wilde—is the mystery of the dual nature of man. The mystic aspirations of poets and dreamers often lead them to the harlot's bed. In the Christian mythology it is the legend of Christ and Mary Magdalene that fascinates us most. From the eye of the libertine and the eye of the mystic celibate there gleams the same light. We are all lascivious pietists, satyrs squatted in the confessional. Silenus was a great poet. The mystic trance is inverted libertinism. Verlaine was an imperfect Christ, as Christ was an imperfect Verlaine.

§4

There are obtuse minds, but no obscure thoughts.

§5

The world without genius would be like the skull of poor Yorick without Hamlet's soliloquy.

§6

The difference between the poet and the ordinary man is the difference between a piano and a cash register. The poet contains all the melodies that lie in infinite latency—at a touch there outwell the melodies and harmonies. The average man, touch whatever key you may, responds baldly, absolutely, like the latest total-adder, and with as much music.

§7

Art is the everlasting protest of man's soul against this day's work—this lumpish experience on the earth. Man sides with Lucifer, but he does not know it; he flies in the face of the primal edict, but he never knows the significance of his protest. His religions are a kind of atheism. He repeats mechanically, "God's will be done," but he will not, dare not, stop to find that Will out. Art, pleasure and other-world hankerings are his consolations for the ruthless, pitiless exactions of that Will which is always being "done."

§8

The instinct of imitation is more quickly aroused at the sight of things evil than at the sight of things good. Atmosphere has a greater power of suggestion than ideas. The subject of a sermon will more surely corrupt the listener than the moral will tend to redeem. That is the reason risqué plays and books will always sell, no matter whether, as in "L'Assommoir," the death of a drunkard is depicted, or, as in "Madame Bovary," the end of a female libertine. The suggestion to get drunk assails the reader of "L'Assommoir" in just the degree that the orgies of the Coupeau household are depicted; and the number of women who have found consolation in the escapades of Madame Bovary, women who have settled down for a "better time" after

reading it, is perhaps incalculable. "Macbeth" has sanctified murder. "Ten Nights in a Barroom" has confirmed thousands of drunkards in their courses.

§9

Decadence in art—that excessive passion for detail and finesse—is like the sudden exaltation of the senses just prior to death, when the minutest things are seen with startling reality.

§10

Shakespeare's greatest glory—that he has no moral to inculcate. He has shown us the wonders of sin, the tremendous possibilities in evil, and the petty degradations of conscience. He has shown us the way to greatness, the path to power, and the hell that surges at the feet of a man who falters in his strong earth-lusts. Be true to your dream of power and sweep to your revenges, he tells us. Weakness is the only sin in sinning. We pity Othello, but stand in awe of Iago—and awe is kin to worship.

§11

Music infinitizes the soul of the strong man, while woman enfeebles and finitizes it. Music mirrors the ideal rapture one seeks and which forever flies, and in flying draws the soul with it, transforms it to its own majestic and immeasurable proportions, teasing it, swelling it with a desire never to be satisfied. Sexual love is the rapture one may satisfy, and a rapture satisfied is a rapture dead. We live by the things we do not possess and are slain by the things we do possess. That which we catch catches us, and the thing I have has me.

§12

If cosmic creation began by the disturbance of an equilibrium, so does creation in man begin by the disturbance of an equilibrium, an unbalancing; hence the greatest art is never quite a sane art. We conceive in passion, true in the mental as well as in the physical world. This is even true of the critical faculty; it is the passion for destruction at white heat, a cold art to the observer's eye only. A calm is a passion in suspense—a temporary equilibrium gathering momentum for another tidal wave of destruction or creation.

§13

Tragedy is high, lives atop of mountains —no doubt; but Mirth is highest of all—it lives at the zenith of perception.

§14

A great work of art should produce the same effect upon the beholder as the universe to the first eye that beheld it. If life is the revelation of a metaphysical Will, art is the revelation of both; and the artist must be a wondersmith. Art is not a continuation of Nature, but a competing deity. One should love art better than God for the same reason that one should love one's own children better than one's parents.

§15

All great art is a kind of malice, a kind of venom which stifled thought and feeling eject. How old are my ranklings! How deep the snowdrifts that lie upon the breast of the creator of immortal things!

§16

Between the desert monk and primitive man there is a direct connection. One does not know of the existence of civilization; the other ignores it, rejects it. Both are ecstatic drunkards. The savage is drunk on instinct; the monk is drunk on dreams. One is Alpha, the other Omega; both belong to the same alphabet. And in all great artists there is this tendency to turn to one or the other of this type—to revert to the savage or seek the passionate quietus of solitude—Byron and Verlaine, on one hand; Flaubert and Balzac, on the other. Art is anarchic, recognizing no betters, like the aboriginal. The priests of the intellect and the priests of nature both agree that civilization is a device for aug-

menting the level of mediocrity and that the proper occupation of mankind is to prey first and be kind afterward.

§17

There is nothing so little known as the familiar because nothing so stupefies the initiatory instinct as repetition. We know less about the commonest everyday facts than we do about any other. Every man has his theory of ghosts and God, but of the house fly he knows nothing. He is thoroughly alive to the mystery of death, but the stupendous mystery of the solar system and the recurrent miracle of gravitation seldom appeal to him. The world gives big prizes to the man who will make the unfamiliar the familiar, but woe betide the man who seeks to make the familiar the unfamiliar—the poet, the thinker or the social rebel who hurls stupidity from its beaten track, for stupidity is no other thing than conformity, familiarity that breeds content, and sleep.

§18

"Impersonality in art"—as though a *person* could possibly be im-personal! Try as he will, man sows nothing but himself. The world is the phantom of the ego. Art will never be anything but *attitude*; it is the way a thing is faced. The artist being more interested in life than any other, can least of all be "impersonal." "I present what I see," says the "impersonal" artist. But everything is seen in a different manner. To see a thing is to create a thing.

§19

"A perfect work of art!" we exclaim. That is a way we have of acclaiming our own ego. Only those things are perfect to us which flatter us. If the flattery is impersonal, as in a great piece of music or a picture by one we never knew, then we infinitize the flattery, universalize ourselves.

§20

The only virgin is the poet, a virgin whom use cannot spoil, who is more than ever virgin when he is with child; one who can be ravished daily by Ideas and Images and still be a virgin. In his sight each day is a First Cause, each object a miraculous invention of that immemorial Mystery whose flesh-burgeoning he is. Each furrow made on his soul by sense-impressions, each ridge of the familiar, is quickly swallowed up in the infinity of his amazement and awe. He may be tainted by a thousand pollutions—still, this first-day man, I say, remains a virgin until the end.

§21

Beauty is the absence of the familiar.

§22

One can no more speak of bad music than one can speak of bad sunshine; there is no such thing.

§23

All art is opinion.

§24

The artist is the philosopher of the isolated; the philosopher is the artist of infinities.

§25

Decadence in art and literature is the exploitation of the infinitesimal. It substitutes mutually antagonistic units for mass-uniformity. It decomposes unity only to establish unities. Therefore, in back of each great "decadent" work of art or literature or music there must stand a great individual, one who no longer is a mere atom in a mass, a mob-mote, but an anarchic cell, a creative unit, an over-unit. A Sophocles, a Whitman, a Rimbaud, a Blake, an Ibsen, a Wagner, a Manet, a Rodin mean war. All genius spells decay for the rest of the mass; they are insurrectionists, healthy, vibrating, destroying re-creators. They accouch themselves from out the mass without midwife. They are the cells in the social organism that, bulging with inflammatory dreams, revolt from

the incestuous conformities of the herd. In a word, decadence is variation, individualism, the protest of the unit against the pressure of the mass, the disaggregation, for a time, of stupidity.

§26

Art is in its very essence aristocratic because it is, above all things, a specialization of the æsthetic impulse. And when a real artist becomes a humanitarian—as in the case of Tolstoy—his art will die. Mental garlic is fatal.

§27

Life cannot perfect itself in life; life can only perfect itself in art. I do not understand life until I understand art.

§28

Art completes what the biological God does not know how to do. It corrects the blunders of the Eternal and evokes unity from discord. It is the completion of the world. It is the incarnation of the Idea in form. It is the only subduer of life and the Will. It is a kind of transcendental blasphemy because it renders free the Secret and nullifies the puerilities of Time.

§29

"To seize life"—the dream of all artists—one must seize perpetual change and movement. Thus, music is the supreme art, for it presents the soul of life—change, movement, evanescence. It seizes life by never holding it.

§30

Prose is great when it becomes a sensation. When you *feel* the living presence of the thing described, that is creation.

§31

Art is the salvation of God. Only after being purified in the alembics of creative genius are His works fitted to enter the presence of Intelligence. The universe is God's original sin, and he is redeemed only through death and transfiguration in the artistic heavens. The august stupidities of the Unconscious are rationalized in the brain.

§32

Words are tenanted; some words are vast tenements of ideas. Some have only one beautiful lodger; others swarm with eggs.

§33

Music—great music—should give us emotional convulsions; the body and the brain and the soul should twist in a frenetic torture—for there is a devil trying to get out of us, a sublime, monstrous devil, built up of all ancestral memories and long-somnolent passions and unremembered guilt and foundered ecstasies. Aborigines go into frenzies under the influence of their dances and music; they know music for the rhapsody that blasts. But we moderns are policed by our morals. We listen to music decently, closing our eyes dreamily in order to float correctly in our own girlish libidinousness.

§34

What form of hypocrisy is comparable to literary hypocrisy—the satisfaction of the instinct in an author to gratify his pornographic imagination under the cloak of "merely indicating a disease of the time" or "telling what I see"? Such, for instance, is Paul Bourget, who weeps at French "decadence" and who is himself the hierophant of a veiled libidinousness. He warns the youth of France against the seductions of literature that portrays and apotheosizes passion, while he himself tickles their palates with his candy-coated poisons. He went back to Catholicism no doubt because of the license it allows the imagination. It is a commonplace that he reënacts: to be taken prisoner by the evil he analyzes. Ah, Bourget!—you intellectual Tartuffe! Off with that cowl, you sly wafer-eating satyr, you goat in the shrine!

MUSIC

WAGNER IN THE OPERA-HOUSE

By Thomas B. Sherman

During the early part of the present year the Metropolitan Opera company produced a cycle of the Wagnerian music-dramas without any of the usual excisions. All of the performances were oversubscribed, so the experiment must have been considered successful. Nor is there any doubt that their quality was also much superior to that of the deleted performances of previous years. Aside from the greater unity they achieved through being presented in their entirety, they gave evidence of having been restudied.

What the management failed to do, however, was to provide new decors. Evidently the experimental mood did not extend beyond the music, but as the number of persons who felt any concern about this was probably very small, it is not likely that next year will see any difference. The same method of general presentation will undoubtedly be observed, and the same scenery will be used. When that has fallen to pieces another job lot of *papier mâché* rocks and two-dimensional canvas forests will be ordered so that the Wagnerian stage can continue to resemble a succession of carnival floats.

The Metropolitan is mentioned, not because it is any less enterprising than other important opera-houses throughout the world, but because it can best afford the financial risks of bold and imaginative experimentation. One may, therefore, conclude that a complete revision of the Wagnerian operas in the light of modern developments in stagecraft has never occurred to the Metropolitan directors as an artistic necessity.

Yet the inadequacy of the stage illusion is a commonplace of the Wagnerian theater. For one who is not completely unhinged by the music, the dramatic action is likely to range all the way from the slightly ridiculous to the definitely obscene. Even the children get the giggles when Siegfried's encounter with the dragon is realized in terms of Macy's windows at Hallowe'en time.

What at first would seem to be the remedy for this state of affairs would be a perfection of the mechanical accessories involved in the operas. The dragon, for instance, would no longer border on the comic if, by a proper application of engineering skill, he could be made to leap forward, lash his tail, snort and roll over as Wagner hoped he would. The operas would undoubtedly be improved as spectacles if the Wagnerian stage directions were carried out to the letter, but then one might conceivably discover that their æsthetic unity had been weakened more than ever.

The danger that lies in this direction was apparent, in a vague sort of way, even to the Wagnerian dynasty. Upon being told that Therese Vogl had actually leaped on her horse and charged into the funeral pyre during one of the early performances of "Götterdämmerung," Frau Cosima shrugged her shoulders. That sort of thing, she said, was meant for the circus and not for the stage.

If Cosima had grasped all the remote implications of her remark she would have found herself in possession of a complete æsthetic. But evidently she did not, for though she administered every detail of the Bayreuth festivals with unshakeable firmness, and did not hesitate to change the original directions in the scores, there is nothing to indicate that she was ever

guided by an imaginatively conceived and thoroughly worked out over-all design. The custodianship of that dubious and amorphous body of authority known as the Wagner tradition has been conservative, to say the least. The rise of the new stagecraft affected the opera everywhere less than any other department of the theater, but, as might have been expected, none resisted more successfully than the Festspielhaus.

Whether Cosima's recent death will have any effect on Siegfried Wagner's conduct of affairs remains to be seen, but one may be pardoned for believing that if all the elements involved in the Wagnerian music-dramas are ever developed into "one veritable art," it will not be at Bayreuth. The memorial atmosphere is not conducive to the impious boldness that will be needed.

On ground less hallowed it will be possible to throw away everything connected with these music-dramas except the music and the text, and to treat their production as an original problem in æsthetics. The mass of nonsensical conventions (shall Siegfried wave his sword twice or three times after he has pulled it out of the tree?) which have been perpetuated by thick-headed tenors, basses, etc., may be profitably ignored. Nor will it be necessary, for that matter, to consult the writings of the master himself. For their yield is very small, either in specific directions for mounting the music-dramas or in illuminating general principles. The only detailed body of stage directions are those contained in the *Regie-Manuskripte*, and they, apparently, were only regarded as tentative notes. His general ideas, of course, are set forth voluminously enough for anybody.

Wagner's collected literary works run into ten volumes and include personal reminiscences, notes on the productions of certain operas, explanatory programmes for the Beethoven symphonies, esoteric treatises on the emotional content of the Germanic vowels, discussions of the nature of music and so on. But though they are the repositories of his whole theory of the music-drama, they are valuable today only to historians and psychologists. Where his ideas are not obscure and contradictory they are infantile; and where they are not infantile they are obvious.

His famous quarrel with the opera of his time arose out of the fact that the poet played the rôle of lackey to the musician. Yet it is hardly an exaggeration to say that he was completely insensible to the poetic process as poets understand it. His own dramatic poems were written first in the form of prose and then turned into verse. This, he apparently believed, was all there was to it, because after completing a prose draft of "Wieland the Smith" and deciding he did not want to use it himself, he turned it over to Liszt with the suggestion that if Liszt found it to his liking he could easily have some journeyman versifier make it into poetry.

In nothing that Wagner ever said or wrote was there anything to suggest that poetry, more often than not, achieves its power and its charm, not through what it says directly, but by virtue of its upper partials of sound and meaning. His conception of painting was just as naïve. The new drama—his drama—would redeem the art of painting, he said, because it would give the artist a canvas fifty times bigger than any he had ever had before!

But if Wagner's philosophy of art was largely flatulent nonsense his music brought new values into the world through its unique emotional intensity and descriptive powers. None of his successors has ever approached him in these respects, not even Richard Strauss, and despite the strident cries of the Atonalists and the Newer Objectivists, his effectiveness is still unimpaired. Any proposal for a new approach to the Wagner music-dramas arises, therefore, out of a belief in their continuing importance and their exciting and scarcely realized possibilities. It is in no sense a movement for galvanizing an interesting corpse.

It may be successfully argued, I believe,

that the chief Wagner music-dramas, in particular the "Ring" cycle, "Tristan" and "Parsifal," have never been completely articulated and that they demand a revaluation from the viewpoint of a single artistic principle.

What customarily takes place on the stage is not only cumbersome but is different in kind from the music. The one is concrete and naturalistic; the other abstract, even in those passages—such as the introduction to the first act of "Die Walküre"—where it goes in for direct description.

Here, then, is an essential disharmony which can only be eliminated by making the stage give direction and purpose to the moods engendered by the music, in the most effective manner possible, and without consideration for the logic of the physical world. Costumes, stage sets, lighting and acting should represent the ideas involved and not copy nature.

There are any number of ways in which these music-dramas could be appropriately and excitingly rendered. Some of them have already been suggested by Adolphe Appia and others. Appia's series of designs, made more than thirty years ago, if adopted in their entirety today, would be a great improvement over anything one habitually sees in the important opera-houses. One feels, however, that Appia's transvaluation is not sufficiently complete and that the modern producer should start with the music rather than the stage directions or even the text.

In considering, for instance, the stage for the third act of "Tristan," one would know after examining the introductory music that the curtain should go up on a scene of the most uncompromising desolation. The castle, to the extent that it is visible at all, should be in ruins and not merely run down. The tree under which the knight is lying should be a blasted stump, and the whole earth should seem to be parched and dying. This is the world that presents itself to Tristan's senses and it is the world that the audience must see, too.

Similarly, the forest that Siegfried enters at Mime's behest could be so composed and lighted as to underscore the emotional significance of each succeeding experience. In the grey light of dawn everything seems to be made of cast-iron. The trees are so tall that one can only see their stark, unfriendly trunks. It is a wild, bare, unfriendly place and Siegfried, awaiting his first great trial of strength, experiences a certain amount of trepidation. To be sure, this is not altogether what Wagner intended, but its introduction not only tends to make Siegfried something more than a complete fool but it is more in line with the music, which, up to the time of the battle with the dragon, carries the suggestion of an impending crisis.

The darkness is not completely relieved until the appearance of the dragon, and the dragon is not something out of a storybook but a creature who is more like a horribly degraded human being. Siegfried goes to meet him, leaps down from a huge rock down stage on which he is sitting and is immediately obscured. But a floodlight has been so placed that the truly desperate battle which ensues is thrown up in gargantuan shadows on the stark face of a rock down stage.

The dragon is dispatched and the whole atmosphere changes. Siegfried is starting out joyously toward the rocky eminence where Brünnhilde lies asleep. The sun floods through the distant tree tops and transforms the scene by throwing a lacy network of shadows on the ground. One becomes aware of a green and friendly nature suddenly reasserting itself.

The first scene of "Das Rheingold" may be disposed almost entirely by lighting effects. The set need be composed only of three ramps so arranged that the Rhine maidens may run from the stage level to a point above the audience's vision and stop at any point between, and a narrow rocky structure in the center of the stage. At the top of this structure the Rheingold appears and gives off a steady, incandescent glow—one that has a pure and precious quality

more like radium than ordinary gold. This may be achieved by a searchlight situated behind the rocky structure with its beam pointed upward but so confined at the sides that it only appears at the top. The suggestion of iridescent, submarine depths may also be obtained by light machines.

The lighting, in fact, is a plastic and fluctuant element which may be used at will on the stage to extend or intensify the emotion of the moment. Its use is naturally conditioned by the physiological and psychological limitations of the audience. Too much virtuosity in the manipulation of lighting would be distracting.

But once the principle of resolving the whole production of the Wagnerian music-drama into an æsthetically unified whole is agreed upon, the lighting becomes a mere technical matter.

Obviously, the impetus for any such treatment of the operas must first come from the men who have power—that is, from boards of directors. All they need do, however, is turn the "Ring" cycle over to Max Reinhardt, Gordon Craig or Norman Geddes and tell him to do his worst.

The tickets will be worth anything the speculators choose to ask.

COLLECTIONS

UTICA JUBILEE SINGERS SPIRITUALS.
Vocal Quartette & Piano
Taken Down by J. Rosamond Johnson.
The Oliver Ditson Company
$1.50 10¾ x 7¾; 149 pp. *Boston*

These spirituals, thirty-eight in all, include pieces as familiar as "All God's Chillun Got Wings" and "Steal Away to Jesus," and as unfamiliar as "You Bettah Mind" and "Humble Yo'self." Mr. Johnson has set them down harmonized exactly as they are sung by the Utica Jubilee Singers of Mississippi. There is good introductory matter by C. W. Hyne; also there are illustrations from paintings by a young Negro artist, Malvin Gray Johnson, and a striking reproduction of a bust by Richmond Barthé, who is a sculptor as well as a painter. An interesting photograph that accompanies a brief account of the singers shows Marian Foster Welch, the only daughter of Stephen Foster, seated at the piano in support of the chorus. Mr. Hyne comments upon the hostile attitude assumed by many Negroes toward the spirituals; the songs are regarded as tokens of a day in which the race was subjected, and hence as degrading in themselves. A greater danger, he discovers, is the attempt to dress up the spirituals unduly. It is a real danger; we have heard Johnson and Gordon three times in a single season, and each time the dark songs became whiter and, in consequence, more anemic. Thus, while white singers try, as it were, to sing black, the black singer tends to sing white. Hyne offers fascinating examples of spirituals in the making, right down to our own day. He offers, too, a viable classification of Negro songs, both sacred and secular. The book is printed with taste.

ART SONGS FOR SCHOOL & STUDIO (*First Year*).
Voice & Piano
Edited by Mabelle Glenn & Alfred Spouse.
The Oliver Ditson Company
$1 12¼ x 9¾; 64 pp. *Boston*

There are twenty-five songs, of uneven worth, chosen from the classics and from contemporaries. The prefatory material includes suggestions as to teaching procedure, a brief essay on diction, and notes upon the songs. The notes are really helpful, and one is happy to see that the instructors do not disdain to call in the aid of the phonograph—a medium whose importance to teaching in many branches has yet to be appreciated, and which should long since have reformed instruction in the history no less than in the theory and practice of music. It is perhaps too much to hope for the abandonment, by singing teachers, of the word "diction" in the sense of enunciation. It makes good French; it is, as English, dubious. We have so few terms that stand for care in the choice of words that we should preserve the distinction between "diction" and "enunciation." Diction, in the latter sense, is itself bad diction.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

CONCERTO *in B Flat Major, Op. 83.*
The London Symphony Orchestra
By Johannes Brahms *Victor*
$10 5 records; 12 inch *Camden*

The soloist here is Arthur Rubinstein; the conductor is Albert Coates. The recording was made in Europe and repressed for the United States. The concerto, during many moments, is Brahms *in excelsis*—the Brahms of the haunting finale to the first symphony, of the Paganini variations, of the Ballade Symphony, so called. Nor is one's pleasure in possessing the phonographic transcription too much spoiled by undoubted deficiencies of playing, interpretation and orchestral sup-

port. Rubinstein is uneven and at times indistinct; there is more poetry in the concerto than he manages to suggest. For, by now, it is an open secret that Brahms was no more a heartless formulist than was Bach. With this in mind, how could the solo violoncellist of the band have allowed himself to open the songful andante with such an undistinguished tone? Coates, too, becomes an unwitting conspirator against the beauty of an opus that more than most pieces of its kind abandons mere showiness for a finer and deeper unity. He directs with intelligence—perhaps too much intelligence. It is the lyrical and more dynamic passages that he scamps—unless, of course, the shortcomings are to be attributed to the mechanical difficulties of repressing.

CONCERTO *in A Major* (K. 219). *Violin & Orchestra*
By W. A. Mozart. *Columbia*
$8 4 records; 12 inch *New York*

Here is an unmitigated delight. The soloist is Joseph Wolfsthal; the conductor of the orchestra (it is the Berlin State Orchestra, though unnamed on the record-labels) is Dr. Weissman. The result is all but perfection. Certainly this Masterworks Set No. 137, originally recorded in Europe by the Odeon Company, stands at the very top of similar recordings anywhere at any time. Mozart was but seventeen when, in 1773, he set his pen to paper on this composition; he had already written no fewer than four concertos for the violin and a number of symphonies. Not a trace of immaturity is to be found in this flood of inspiration from the *Wunderkind*. Immaturity? The concerto is resplendent, and the manner in which it is played adds radiance unto radiance. We learn that Wolfsthal (he is saluted as a Professor) is among the sensational successes of the younger Berlin virtuosi. A ready welcome should await him on this side of the ocean. He has a sensitive tone, perfectly matched to the demands of this light, yet solid musical structure; he has an agile bow; best of all, he seems to be imbued with the Mozartean style. This recording alone should establish him as a favorite among gramophonic connoisseurs; the album is a treat.

"CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS."
The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
By C. Saint-Saëns. *Victor*
$6 3 records; 12 inch *Camden*

Five sides of this issue are taken up by the melodious menagerie of the witty Frenchman, wherein, with cocks and asses and mules and lions, are included pianists. It is a light, pleasant musicians' holiday, played in the proper spirit by Stokowski's men. Best known of the movements is "The Swan," which has sailed serenely these many moons through multitudinous movie-programmes; the only wonder is that some denizen of Tin Pan Alley has not already twisted its neck into the shape of a dreamy "hit." The assisting pianists are Mary Binney Montgomery and Olga Barabini; they play as if they were not in the least offended by the composer's inclusion of them in his romping bestiary. . . . The sixth side is devoted to one of Tschaikowsky's lesser known songs without words, Op. 40, No. 6. It is a sweet music.

"SCHEHEREZADE," *Symphonic Suite.*
The Paris Conservatory Orchestra
By N. A. Rimsky-Korsakov. *Columbia*
$12 6 records; 12 inch *New York*

The set is completed by a fine performance of Granados' "Goyescas" under the baton of Señor E. Fernandez Arbos; the orchestra is the Madrid Symphony. Rimsky's ever-popular suite after "The Thousand and One Nights" is played under the direction of Philippe Gaubert. The piece, speaking in terms of the average well-trained ensemble, is rather foolproof. The Parisians do not manage to make it very exciting; they give a workmanlike version, too literal for one thing, and too undifferentiated in style for another. Adequate is the kindest word.

IL PENSIEROSO, *Aria* (*Händel*). *Voice & Orchestra*
IL RE PASTORE, *Aria* (*Mozart*). *Brunswick*
$1.50 1 record; 12 inch *New York*

Glorious music, gloriously sung by Gabrielle Ritter-Ciampi. The singing, a rare combination of intelligence and feeling, is among the best that is to be heard in recent releases from any company. The recording was made in Europe; Manfred Gurlitt conducted the unnamed orchestra.

OVERTURE, "*Oberon.*"
The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
By C. M. Von Weber. *Brunswick*
$1.50 1 record; 12 inch *New York*
OVERTURE, "*The Bartered Bride.*"
The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
By Friedrich Smetana. *Brunswick*
$1.50 1 record; 12 inch *New York*

"Oberon" is conducted by Hans Pfitzner; "The Bartered Bride," by Julius Prüwer. Each is done with delicacy or verve, as the occasion requires, and each makes an eminently satisfactory addition to the library of overtures. Too little is known of the music that enlivens Smetana's delightful opera; it should be available in its entirety.

BOOKS

SHORT STUDIES IN MUSICAL PSYCHOLOGY.
By Charles Hubert Farnsworth. *The Oxford University Press*
$1.50 7¾ x 5⅜; 45 pp. *New York*

The modest proportions of this book are by no means an adequate indication of its worth. In its simple, unaffected way, it says a great deal that is of use to advanced as well as to elementary students of the tonal arts. "It is not so much an excellence in the physical ear," writes Mr. Farnsworth, who is professor emeritus of music education at Teachers College, Columbia, "as it is the ability to retain sound impressions, that makes the difference between musical and non-musical people. This does not mean that the ear is not an important factor, but that being musical is preeminently an affair of the mind. The mind must grasp relationships. Those for tone, being presented in time, vanish as soon as they are heard; hence a sound memory to hold them together is basic."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ART OF MUSIC.
By C. Hubert Parry. *D. Appleton & Co.*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 483 pp. *New York*
A HISTORY OF MUSIC.
By Grace Gridley Wilm. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 382 pp. *New York*

Parry's volume, which has become a classic of musical literature, is now reissued with several added chapters by H. C. Colles. Mr. Colles begins his editorial labors with a survey of music from 1893 to 1929, thus bringing Parry up to date; he ends them with two essays, on "The Question of Key" and "Chaos or Criticism." He is dubious about the more extreme modernists and believes that Parry's "impostors who shall be nameless" might be named just as easily in 1930 as in 1893. There are simply more of them, and they have at their disposal greater technical resources. He rejoices that we have been cured of our addiction to mere dates, and that our æsthetic sensibilities have been deepened so as to include the plain-song of a thousand years back and the madrigals of the Sixteenth Century. He notes, too, the importance of the gramophone and the radio in widening the appeal of music. It is not necessary to agree with the broad lines of Parry's theories; his book, for its wealth of detail and its honest writing, belongs on any shelf of musical source books. . . . Mrs. Wilm's volume is far more popular in tone, and lays stress upon the informational rather than the essentially musical aspect. It is as good as any other to begin with, but who told her that "Eili, Eili" was an example of ancient Hebrew melody?

JOHN CHRISTIAN BACH.
By Charles Sanford Terry. *The Oxford University Press*
$8.50 9 x 5¾; 373 pp. *London*

Mr. Terry has quietly but firmly annexed the entire family of the Bachs. He has annotated the works of the great Johann; he has edited his texts; he has studied the origin of the house; he has, in his biography of J. S., won numerous friends among musical students the world over. And now, for good measure, he sends us a biography of John Christian, youngest son of John Sebastian. It is, in many ways, a gorgeous volume, done to the King's taste. Almost half his life John Christian spent in England, where he became a favorite in the musical and social life of the day; as a composer he was equally in the fashion, reputed for his concerts and his numerous compositions. These are listed by Terry, first by vocal and instrumental categories, and then in a thematic index that comprises hundreds of musical examples. The book is a model of scholarly research and attractive presentation.

SHEET MUSIC

SIX SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.
Voice & Piano (for Concert Use)
By Hubert J. Foss. *The Oxford University Press*
90 cents *New York*
CASTLEPATRICK. *Voice & Piano*
By Hubert J. Foss. *The Oxford University Press*
60 cents *New York*

Mr. Foss, who founded the music division of the Press that publishes his songs, is a most versatile young Englishman. He edits, directs, composes, lectures, writes, conducts. He makes, in the better sense of the word, an admirable propagandist for the newer English composers. He has, as his many songs reveal, an excellent sense of style; he is at once an expert theorist in musical modernism, and a specialist in Elizabethan composition. His musical interests are, as one would expect, reflected in his own writings. He has, within the past five years, set words of John Davidson, W. E. Henley, William Blake ("The Nurse's Song" represents a fine assimilation of the poet's spirit), Thomas Hardy ("Seven Poems by Thomas Hardy," for baritone and male chorus, with piano accompaniment), James Elroy Flecker, and A. E. Housman. . . . The Chesterton poem, "Castlepatrick," is conceived in the manner of the folk-song. The Shakespearean verses were set, originally, for Charles Williams's "A Myth of Shakespeare," and on the stage are not meant to be accompanied; for concert purposes a piano accompaniment is provided.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

An American Dreamer

EUGENE V. DEBS: *A Man Unafraid*, by McAllister Coleman. $3.50. 9 x 5¾; 345 pp. New York: *Greenberg*

MR. COLEMAN's sub-title may seem a bit pretentious, but the record bears it out. Debs was one of those fanatics who are simply unacquainted with the meaning of fear. At a time when practically all of the other Socialists of America were running ignominiously for cover he stood his ground magnificently and went to jail without a quaver. He would have gone to the gallows, I believe, in the same serene and unperturbed manner. Perhaps it is something of a slander to call him a Socialist at all. He died without knowing more than the A B C of Marxism, and had relatively little to do with its chief prophets. The shabbiness of spirit that is their chief mark, at least on this side of the water, was not in him. An ignorant man, and, in more than one way, a childishly silly man, he yet managed to show a singular fineness of character. Some day, I suppose, his admirers will be comparing him to Lincoln, as Lincoln is compared to Jesus. The likeness is faulty in each case. Lincoln was a far shrewder and more politic fellow than Jesus, and Debs was far braver and more forthright than Lincoln. In old Abe, in fact, the cross-roads politician was always visible. He never did anything without figuring out its consequences to five places of decimals, and when those consequences promised to damage his private fortunes he usually found a good reason to refrain. But Debs banged through life without caring a damn, innocent and cocksure. He got into trouble very often, but I can find no evidence that he was ever bothered by doubts.

If common decency ever gets any credit in America, and the schoolbooks are revised accordingly, there will be a chapter in them on the great encounter between Debs and Woodrow Wilson. They never met face to face, for Wilson was in the White House and Debs was in prison; nevertheless, their souls came together, and it was old Gene's that won hands down. The conflict between them had been fought out in the world many times before, but never by two such perfect champions. On the side of Wilson were power, eminence, learning, glory, a vast forensic skill, a haughty manner, and the almost unanimous support of the American press and people; on the side of Debs there was only the dignity of an honest and honorable man. Debs remained behind the bars, but Wilson danced naked before the world, exposed to posterity as the abject and pathetic bounder that he was. It was his tragedy that he was not only quite unable to achieve decency himself, but also quite unable to recognize it in other men. When he died Harding turned Debs loose, with a gesture both generous and charming. Thus it remained for a boozy Elk out of the Jimson weed country to teach manners to a Princeton Presbyterian.

About Debs's ideology Mr. Coleman is somewhat vague, and very naturally, for Debs was vague about it himself. No one knows precisely how he became a Socialist, or when. He had been pasting Socialist clippings into his scrap-book since the 70's, but it was not until his first term in jail that he gave any sober thought to the Marxian revelation. What impelled him toward it was probably his melancholy discovery that two-thirds of the professional labor leaders of the United States were rogues. He had worked with these rogues for years, but now he was done with them, and the Socialists were ready and

eager to receive him. But there is no evidence that he ever took their complicated and nonsensical theories seriously. "Das Kapital" must have seemed to him, if he ever actually read it, to be mainly bolony. His mind did not run in the direction of economic astrology. He was born a simple sentimentalist, and a sentimentalist he remained until his day was done. When, in his old age, the Bolsheviki began setting the world an example of what Socialism might be in practice he was frankly horrified. He was really no more than a Liberal, and, like all other Liberals, he spent a large part of his time mourning the treason of men he had trusted and revered. Some of them survive in the labor movement to this day, and are intimates of Dr. Hoover, and go to banquets in plug hats and white gloves, and tour the country in Pullman drawing-rooms. Old Gene, when he traveled, commonly hopped freights. He knew all the conductors and brakemen, and they were glad to accommodate him.

Despite his untiring devotion to the toilers of the land, they will probably forget him very quickly—if, indeed, they remember him even now. Perhaps they recall him, if at all, simply as a German spy who tried to stab Our Boys in the back and was clapped into the hoosegow for it by the great patriotic idealist, Dr. Wilson. Many of them belong to the American Legion today, or, if not to the American Legion, then to the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, the Patriotic Order Sons of America, the Ku Klux Klan or some other such tinpot organization. As members thereof they are committed to the doctrine that fellows of Debs's ways of thought should be stood up against the nearest wall and shot. The whole labor movement in the United States is in the hands of sleek, oily gentlemen who have learned that it is far more comfortable to make terms with the bosses than to fight them. These gentlemen, as I have said, are well fed and well tailored, and have no sympathy with dreamers. Presently they will be collecting money for a monument to old Sam Gompers. But they will never propose a monument to Debs.

In the long run, however, he will probably be recalled, at all events by romantics. There was genuinely heroic blood in him, though he sacrificed himself to a chimera. Mr. Coleman has told his story very well.

Sassing Teacher

THE CRITIQUE OF HUMANISM, edited by C. Hartley Grattan. $3.50. 8¾ x 5¾; 364 pp. New York: *Brewer & Warren*

This symposium seems to be a counterblast to a volume called "Humanism and America," noticed here last May. Its contributors are mainly very young men, though one of them, Burton Rascoe, has got to the great age of thirty-eight, and another, Henry Hazlitt, is so old that he remembers the Taft administration and the trial of Lieutenant Becker. They fall upon the embattled Humanists from different directions and with different weapons, but all lay on with great energy. Mr. Grattan, in his opening essay, takes the metaphysical line, and shows that he is quite as much at home under the Portico as Professor Paul Elmer More. Edmund Wilson, who follows next, isolates half a dozen thumping imbecilities from the canon of More and Babbitt, and has some quiet fun with them, partly in the vulgate and partly in very fair Greek. Malcolm Cowley denounces the Humanists as snobs, Mr. Hazlitt exposes amiably their muddled and nonsensical thinking, Allan Tate shows how they bawl for something without knowing precisely what they want, and Mr. Rascoe, turning from doctrines to personalities, treats the heroes of the movement to an amusing psychoanalysis. There is even a champion from Greenwich Village, presumably in response to Dr. More's revilings of the magazine called *transition*. His name is Yvor Winters, and it appears, somewhat oddly, that he is currently a pedagogue at Leland Stanford, told off to teach the nascent Hoovers there the mysteries of beautiful letters. "It is my opinion," he says flatly, "that [Dr. William Carlos]

Williams is a major writer." Well, the Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven thought the same, as readers of Miss Margaret Anderson's autobiography will recall.

The volume is far better written than the one it tackles, and shows, in general, much clearer thinking. In any stand-up argument, indeed, the poor Humanists are bound to make a sorry showing, for the job before them is the almost hopeless one of fitting the ethical and æsthetic theories of small-town Methodists into philosophical frames. One and all, they are preëminently men who have been educated beyond their intelligence. Some of them, though surely not all, are of a very considerable learning, as learning is understood in the colleges. They have read many dull books and manage to remember what was in them. But whenever, turning aside from this second-hand wisdom, they essay to think on their own account, it appears at once that their mental processes are indistinguishable from those of any ordinary investment banker or devout police sergeant. On all the grave questions of being and becoming they reason exactly like Bishop Manning. This gives them a high respectability, but it corrupts their plausibility. Read carefully, Dr. More's "Christ the Word" turns out to be mere pious flummery, and Dr. Babbitt's recurrent bulls incite to mirth.

But it is this very feebleness, of course, that makes them popular among certain varieties of sophomores, both in and out of college. They give comfort to youngsters who might otherwise suffer damnably, confronting a skeptical and ribald world. These youngsters are the sons of Babbitts and are doomed to go through life as Babbitts themselves. But when they get to college and begin to read forbidden books they make the disconcerting discovery that most of the values they have been brought up to revere are widely questioned, and by men who appear to be well regarded. Their dismay may seem comical to the spectator, but to them it is agony. I believe that Humanism, like its brother, Rotarianism, relieves that agony effectively, and is thus worthy of the support of all humane men. It convinces them that, after all, the pastor back home is probably right—that papa, running his sash-weight factory, is really a better man than Cabell or Dreiser—that the United States sought no profit in the late war—that the editorials in the *Saturday Evening Post* are wise and profound—that Sacco and Vanzetti, being wops, got only what was coming to them. Thus convinced, they proceed to their destiny with glad hearts, and are naturally grateful to their deliverers.

The authors of the present volume make much of the fact that the Humanists, in the course of their deviling for the Watch and Ward Society, have cleared off virtually the whole of modern American literature, leaving only Dr. Babbitt's four or five volumes, Dr. More's series of tracts, and Dorothy Canfield's novel, "The Brimming Cup." I suggest that the gap be filled by the works of Dr. More's brother Brookes. I was reviewing his poems so long ago as November, 1917, but they failed to catch on. They are of a lush and voluptuous loveliness, and stand to the ordinary poesy of the day as the scientific works of the third More, Louis, stand to the Red ravings of Whitehead and Einstein. The best of them are to be found in the volumes called "Sweet Maggie McGee" (1916), "Great War Ballads" (1916) and "Songs of a Red Cross Nurse" (1918). Let Mr. Winters give his eye to these pieces and he will be less sure about the genius of Dr. Williams.

The Tarheel Empire

NORTH CAROLINA: *Economic & Social*, by Samuel Huntington Hobbs, Jr. $3.50. 9¼ x 6; 391 pp. Chapel Hill, N. C.: *The University of North Carolina Press*.

North Carolina, once a spiritual and intellectual desert comparable to Delaware, West Virginia or Afghanistan, is now probably the most civilized of all the Southern States. I do not forget, of course, the recent tumults at Gastonia; on the con-

trary, I remember them specifically. Their issue was a few head of strikers butchered and half a dozen Communists condemned to the hulks. In Mississippi or Arkansas or Florida or South Carolina—or, for that matter, in Pennsylvania or Oregon or California—it would have been ten times worse. North Carolina, when it appeared that the local Cossacks had murdered a woman, at least showed some shame. And when, in accordance with the prevailing American *mores*, it becomes necessary to put down the Communists, the thing was done with all the forms of law and to the tune of very laudable sentiments from the bench. Mr. Justice Holmes himself, indeed, could not have disposed of the First Amendment in a more refined and decorous manner.

In this civilizing of North Carolina the State university has played and is still playing a conspicuous part. In most other Southern States, as in most Northern States, the State university is the very citadel of obscurantism. In Alabama it is a feeble and preposterous institution and in Mississippi it is so bad as to be almost beyond belief. But in North Carolina it is both enterprising and enlightened, and in consequence it has attracted good men to its faculty, and plays a highly useful part in the life of the State. Whether the university first cut loose and so carried the State with it, or the State threw off the Confederate *Kultur* and so emancipated the university I don't know, and it is unimportant. The main thing is that North Carolina, though God put it in the Bible Belt, is going ahead, and that the university is taking an active and eager hand in the process.

The present volume, which issues from the seminary of Dr. E. C. Branson, the founder of realistic social studies at Chapel Hill, is a good proof of it. It is, in form, a general survey of the State, based largely upon records accumulated by Dr. Branson and his associates, and in substance it is careful, frank and unafraid. The prosperity that the North Carolina boosters talk of is subjected to an unsentimental analysis, and shown to be full of illusion. A small group of North Carolinians is growing enormously rich, and a somewhat larger group is accumulating wealth on a lesser scale, but the great majority of the people are still poor, and many of them are steadily growing poorer.

Large and rich areas of the State are almost wilderness. Reclaimed and put to the plow, these areas might support a huge population; as it is they are useless, and policing and otherwise governing them puts a cruel burden upon the rest of the State. Its public debt, mainly created for the purpose of building roads, is almost as large as that of all the other Southern States taken together, and it suffers from archaic and inequitable tax laws and from outworn forms of local government. In the Piedmont region, despite the sweating in the cotton mills, there is general prosperity, but in the mountains and along the coast times tend to be hard.

Dr. Hobbs, as I have said, does not hesitate to write plainly about what he discovers, no matter how unpalatable it may be to idealists. Nor is he shy about offering remedies, some of them of a very drastic nature. The point is that North Carolina is ready and willing to listen to such candor —more, to pay for it. That is probably the main reason why the State is going ahead. Elsewhere in the South a State-supported pedagogue who so much as hinted that there were rifts within the local lute would be cashiered instanter, and in Mississippi he would be given twenty-four hours to get over the State line. But the Tarheels view the situation calmly and realistically, and so they are constantly finding ways to improve it. The Gastonia business gave them a gaudy black eye. They know it, and do not enjoy it.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS, PH.D. *(Cornell), was formerly instructor in psychology at Goucher. She is now at work on a critical history of psychology in America.*

JAMES BRANCH CABELL *is the well-known novelist. Among his books are "Jurgen," "Something About Eve," "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck," and "The Cream of the Jest."*

BENJAMIN DECASSERES *was born in Philadelphia and is an old newspaper man. He is the author of numerous books.*

W. A. S. DOUGLAS *is a newspaper man, now living in Chicago.*

ALFRED KREYMBORG *is the author of a dozen books of poetry and of poetry criticism, the latest being "Our Singing Strength."*

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DANIEL GREGORY MASON, LITT.D., *is MacDowell professor of music at Columbia. Among his compositions are two symphonies and three string quartettes. He is the author of a dozen books on music.*

H. H. SAWYER *is a judge in the Municipal Court of Des Moines, Iowa.*

JOEL SAYRE *was born in Indiana and received his B.A. at Oxford. Later he studied at Heidelberg and Marburg. He is now on the staff of the New York* Herald-Tribune.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

THOMAS B. SHERMAN *is the music critic of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

EDGAR SNOW *was born in Kansas City and educated at the University of Missouri and at Columbia. As special agent for the Chinese government he has traveled extensively in China. He is at present on the staff of an American weekly published at Shanghai, and the correspondent there for one of the American press associations. He is the author of a series of guidebooks to the Chinese government railways.*

RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS *was war correspondent for the Baltimore* Sun *during the World War. A more detailed account of his life appears in Editorial Notes in this issue.*

GEORGE P. WEST *is a San Francisco newspaper man. A native of Milwaukee, he has lived in California most of the time since 1907, first in Santa Barbara and since 1910 in San Francisco and Sausalito. He attended the University of Iowa for three years. He has been publicity man for the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, White House correspondent for the United Press, and editor of the* Public. *He is now writing a book on present-day California, of which the article in this issue will be a part.*

The REV. MERRITT WIMBERLY *was born in Nebraska, and until recently was pastor of the Community Church at Chassell, Mich.*

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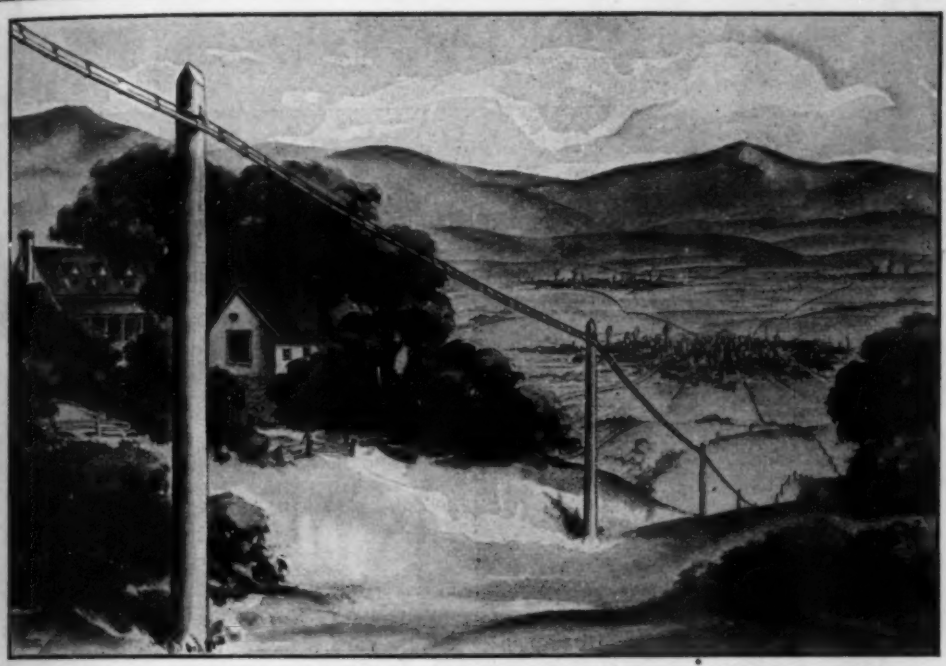

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Raymond S. Tompkins, author of "First Page Stuff: 1918" in this issue, was war correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun* in 1918. He had joined the paper three years before and did not leave it till six years later, when he became assistant to the president of the United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore. He is a frequent contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. His previous articles have been the following: "Princes of the Press," October, 1927; "The Troubled Trolley," April 1928; "News From the Front," June, 1928; "Are We Solving the Traffic Problem?," February, 1929; "Horse-Car Days," April, 1929; "Goliath and his Davids," July, 1929; and "Cathedrals of the Hot Dog," May, 1930.

The Hughes Company

Raymond S. Tompkins

He sends in the following autobiographical sketch:

> I was born on October 12, 1890, in Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. Discordant ambitions have always plagued me. While I played with the fascinating idea of being a great cartoonist and/or a comic strip artist at $1,000 a week, and got out pen and ink newspapers full of neighborhood doings, I was pretty certain that I was born to be a great lawyer. Thus when my folks moved to Washington I entered the law school of Georgetown University, was graduated at the age of 21, and admitted to the District of Columbia bar the same year.
>
> Thus launched on the career I had dreamed of, I practised in the capital city for about a year, collecting $63 in fees during this period. When Summer came with no prospect of a vacation, I listened receptively to a suggestion that I go up to Frederick, Md., for the Summer to work on a morning daily, the *Post*, taking in shorthand over the telephone a pony news service from a Washington news bureau. Since I was very good at shorthand, I supplemented my almost undiscernible legal income by sometimes reporting hearings in chancery and bankruptcy. I went to the Frederick newspaper fully intending to return to Washington in the Fall and to continue hacking out a career at the bar. "Never forget," said the aged barrister who had given me parking space for my dogs on one of his spare roll-top desks, "that you are a lawyer. The law is a jealous mistress; stick to her." I promised, and meant it. But when I went to Frederick, I left the jealous mistress flat, and I never came back.
>
> The smell of ink is popularly supposed to beckon the doomed toward journalism, but I believe the lure is not olfactory but ocular. Seeing your stuff in print is the bait. I stayed two years, becoming editor of the *Post* at a slight reduction in wages when the board of directors decided on a reorganization. The same directors soon fired me for general unfitness for small town editorship. My long chain of crimes began with throwing on to the floor short pieces clipped from the wheat- and hog-market page of the previous day's New York *Times* and handed in proudly by one of the owners, "who had been a newspaper man himself"; substituting for these obviously proper news items, hot stuff (as I saw it) about lamp-throwing battles between prominent citizens and their wives; and writing overly flippant editorials, and smearing the front page with eight-column headlines.
>
> It ended shortly after my staff of two reporters and myself got out an extra on the ball game between Frederick and Hagerstown that launched the Blue Ridge League in (I think) 1914. This extra, printed on our flat-bed press, was on the street one hour after the game was over, a splendid journalistic achievement, I thought (and still think), but the owners had to pay a linotyper, a pressman and a make-up man for overtime, and thought differently. I realize now that next morning would have been early enough for Frederick to read about that ball game.

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BOWSPRIT

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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In 1915 I went to work for the *Sun* in Baltimore—Frank R. Kent was then managing editor—and stayed until the Fall of 1924. In 1918 I went to France as war correspondent for the paper. On my return I wrote two war books, "The Story of the Rainbow Division," and "Maryland Fighters in the Great War"; got married; got some belated learning in two years at the Johns Hopkins; and taught three years of Summer school journalism there. I went back to Europe in 1923, as roving foreign correspondent for the *Sun*, and not many months after returning, became a Tool of the Interests, which, I should like to take this opportunity of saying, are not always as black as they are painted. Here I find myself able, to some extent, to sustain a family of small but respectable proportions, a vast yearning for Constructive Public Service, and an equally vast itch to write and get my stuff printed. But I often wonder whether, if I had stayed in Washington that Summer, I might not have had a chance later on to help get Doheny acquitted.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER, author of "Traveling Jim Crow" in this issue, is one of the leading Negro journalists of the United States. He served in the Army for several years, and worked as a porter and dishwasher. He has contributed frequently to the magazines, including the *World Tomorrow*, the *New Masses* and the Haldeman-Julius Publications. His previous articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been the following: "Our White Folks," December, 1927; "Keeping the Negro in His Place," August, 1929; and "A Negro Looks Ahead," February, 1930. Another article of his, "Black Warriors," will appear in a future issue.

St. James Studio

George S. Schuyler

Mr. Schuyler was born in Providence, R. I., on February 25, 1895. Soon afterward his parents moved to Syracuse, N. Y., where he obtained his only formal education. In 1912 he quit high-school and enlisted in the Army. "I had long been aware," he says,

> that despite its fine tradition of tolerance and liberalism, Syracuse offered little opportunity for its Negro sons. Rich men there were who willingly gave money to support colored schools in the South and missionaries in Africa, but refused to give Negroes work except as laborers and domestics. From July, 1912, to July, 1915, and again from November, 1915, to October, 1917, I served as private and corporal in the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry, stationed in Seattle and the Hawaiian Islands. Between the two enlistments I worked a couple of weeks as a chauffeur in Honolulu, and then got employment on a freight boat, which visited Japan, the Philippines and China. I was commissioned a first lieutenant of infantry at Ft. Des Moines, Iowa, in October, 1917. In August, 1919, I obtained a temporary Civil Service appointment in the Quartermaster Corps and became chief clerk in the executive office of the U. S. Disciplinary Barracks on Governor's Island, receiving incoming military convicts and recording their property. The wholesale discharge of government clerks seven months later caught me, and having been cleverly maneuvred out of a better position for which I had passed the highest examination with a mark of 90, I sought other work. For the next three years I worked successively as porter in a drug-store, laborer and machine-tender in a brass foundry, collector for a printing shop, sweeper in a piano factory, dishwasher in a couple of Broadway hash emporiums, house cleaner, building laborer and hodcarrier, stevedore and track walker. For a while I took to the road as a hobo.
>
> During all these years I read prodigiously, first devouring works on military tactics and strategy, then ancient and modern history, and finally books on Socialism, economics, psychology and philosophy. I took lecture courses at the New School for Social Research, the Rand School, the People's Institute and wherever else I could acquire knowledge cheaply. I joined the editorial staff of the *Messenger*, a radic l Negro periodical in February, 1923, contrib-

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LE MOMENT DIFFICILE

[THE DIFFICULT MOMENT]

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xx

uting a monthly page of satire and humor and occasional articles. In November, 1924, I left the magazine and began writing a weekly column, "Views and Reviews" for the Pittsburgh *Courier*, which has appeared regularly since then. From November, 1925, to July, 1926, I visited about 200 cities and towns, mainly in eleven Southern States, writing about the colored brethren for the *Courier*. In December, 1926, I rejoined the *Messenger*, becoming its managing editor. The magazine died of that well-known journalistic malady, lack of funds, in August, 1928, and in September I became editor of the *Illustrated Feature Section*, a weekly insert of moron fodder, going to two score Negro newspapers. The following January I resigned to work exclusively for the Pittsburgh *Courier*, and to try to do a little other writing on the side.

My first writing was done at the age of ten, when I composed a verse lampooning an obnoxious school-teacher. At fourteen I did a parody on Macaulay's "Horatius," aimed also at school authorities. In the Army I wrote humorous and satirical sketches for a weekly soldiers' magazine published in Honolulu, and occasionally for a daily in that town. Once the regimental commander suppressed a daily typewritten journal of news and rather biting comment, the *Daily Dope*, which I edited. For some time I was publicity man and educational director for a Socialist local. I have had a number of articles published in the better class of magazines, and have also perpetrated plenty of hokum for the detective, confession and adventure rags.

From my mother, who, aside from being rated an excellent cook by the "best" families, owned a large library, knew American and especially Negro history, I inherited a taste for good books, a hatred of cant and hypocrisy, and a vigorous iconoclasm. I am married, childless, belong to no clubs or fraternities, and am alternately revolted and amused by human behavior. I have written one book, "Black-No-More," to be published this Fall. At present I am trying to finish two other books.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September will be the following:

"The Insurance Racket," *by Abraham Epstein.*
"The Americans in the Argentine," *by H. A. Garborg.*
"The First Day Out," *by Laurance Maynard.*
"The Incomparable Cosima," *by Ernest Newman.*

BLACK MANHATTAN

by James Weldon Johnson

The story of the Negro in New York from the founding of New Amsterdam to present-day Harlem, his battle against racial prejudice and discrimination, the development of his music, art, and literature could not have been written by a man better fitted for the task than James Weldon Johnson, nor could the fascinating story have been better told. All the famous Negro personalities live and move through the pages of this book. Men like Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington share these pages with famous jockeys and pugilists, and here is the story of that superb character, Marcus Garvey, organizer of the Black Star Steamship Line.

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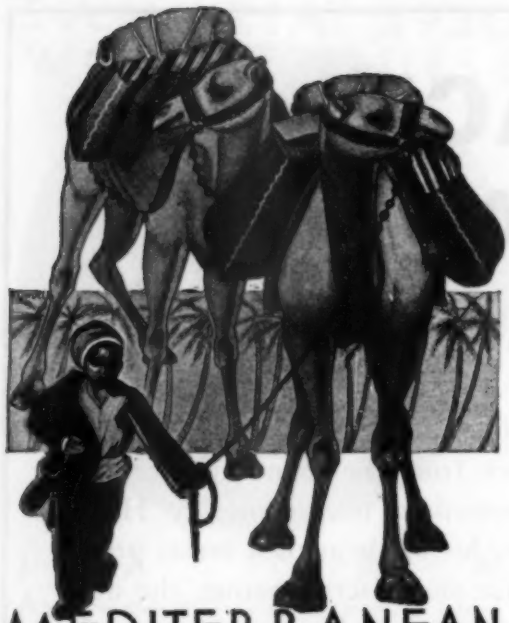

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Continued from front advertising section, page xiv

UNPASTORAL LYRICS.
By A. Burstein. *The Bloch Publishing Company*
$1.50 7¾ x 5; 69 pp. *New York*

Many of these pieces have already appeared in periodicals, notably *Judge*, *Munsey's*, the New York *World* and the New York *Tribune*. They are, for the most part, commonplace in substance as well as in form. The author is a rabbi. While his lyrics often show an unorthodox humor, they are nevertheless very feeble stuff.

SOCIOLOGY

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.
By Charles S. Johnson. *Henry Holt & Company*
$4 8½ x 5½; 538 pp. *New York*

The material in this book was gathered by a body called the National Interracial Conference, formed in 1926. It covers, in the main, familiar ground. There are chapters on the migration of Negroes from the South, on their housing and health problems, on their position in the public schools, on the attitude of organized labor toward them, on crime and delinquency among them, on their disfranchisement in the South, and on lynching. A great mass of pertinent matter is got into small compass, and the commentary is fair-minded and even somewhat cautious. Nothing is said about the religion of the Negroes, with its heavy drains upon their emotions and money, nor upon their immense waste of time and resources upon tinpot fraternal orders. The editor, Dr. Johnson, is head of the department of social science at Fisk University. The book is adequately documented and has a good index.

THE FOUNDATION: *Its Place in American Life.*
By Frederick P. Keppel. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.25 7¾ x 5; 113 pp. *New York*

To the uninitiated it may seem an easy business to sit in a luxurious office and dispense the millions of a great foundation, but Dr. Keppel, who is president of the Carnegie Corporation, shows that the problems of the almoner are often very difficult, and that some of them are well-nigh insoluble. It is often hard to distinguish between the gift that will be immediately useful and permanently fruitful, from the one that will be quite ineffective or even do positive damage. Dr. Keppel describes the various types of foundations at length, and shows the virtues and weaknesses of each. He believes that the gifts which produce the most benefit are those which are unsought, though there are, of course, brilliant exceptions. His little book is made up of lectures delivered at the University of Virginia. It is full of unfamiliar matter, and is written in a simple and interesting way.

Continued on page xxvi

BORZOI BOOKS

TO BE PUBLISHED IN AUGUST

AUTOBIOGRAPHY *and* BIOGRAPHY

AS I SAW IT, *by* ALDEN BROOKS. Reminiscences of an American who fought with the French field artillery giving his dispassionate observations of the whole campaign of 1918. $3.00

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Continued from page xxiv

YOUTH IN HELL.
By Albert Bein. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 234 pp. *New York*

Mr. Bein here describes the experiences of a boy of fifteen in a reformatory in the Southwest. The names of the characters in the book, he says, are fictitious, but the events related are true. It is a picture of unrelieved horror. A deputy tells the boy on the road, "Sheeney, you've started out travellin' on Reformatory road now, an' you'll find it's a mighty short cut to Penitentiary avenoo. I ain't tryin' to discourage you or nothin' like that, but it's a one-way road without any branches an' you've got to take it clear to the end." An excellent piece of reporting.

FOLK-LORE

THE HOBO'S HORNBOOK.
By George Milburn. *Ives Washburn*
$3 8½ x 5⅝; 295 pp. *New York*

Mr. Milburn here presents a collection of 140 hobo songs and ballads, some of them—for example, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum"—very familiar, but others apparently brought to light for the first time. The collection is very wide in range, and includes not only hobo songs strictly so-called but also tramp songs, I.W.W., or wobbly songs, and old and favorite recitations. Among the latter are "The Face on the Barroom Floor," "The Dealer Gets It All" and "The Gila Monster Route." There are also some parodies of Methodist hymns, picked up by hoboes in the missions, and others of popular pieces by Kipling. The more enlightened hoboes, in fact, are very literary, and some of their compositions, as Mr. Milburn shows, are not without serious merit. The collection is well edited, and in many cases the music of the songs is given. There are some excellent decorations by William Siegel, and at the end are a glossary and an index. Mr. Milburn's preface, in an expanded form, appeared as an article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for last May.

BLACK GENESIS.
By Samuel Gaillard Stoney & Gertrude Mathews Shelby. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 8½ x 5½; 192 pp. *New York*

A collection of folk-stories from the coast Negroes of South Carolina, presented in a modified Gullah dialect. There are tales of the Creation, Adam an' Ebe, Sis' Nanny-Goat, Abel an' de Guinea-Fowl, What Mek Br' Wasp So Short-Patience, Why Br' Gator's Hide Is So Horny, How Come de Hump on Br' Frog Back, Br' Big Eye an' de Bush, de Secon' Sin, Cain an' He Goin's-on, and Br' Rabbit Hanker for a Long Tail. They approach the Uncle Remus stories in their rich imaginative content. Mr. Stoney

Continued on page xxviii

The World War in Retrospect

After a season of unusually hectic war books, it is a relief to recommend something as coolly written, as detached and dispassionate, as

AS I SAW IT

by Alden Brooks

First published (in English) in Paris in a limited de luxe and expensive edition and now for the first time made available to the English speaking world.

A panoramic view of the campaign of 1918 by an American first lieutenant of French field artillery who saw the war as a series of great manœuvres often stupidly and inefficiently carried out. Even the story of an American general who, for a bit of personal publicity, sent hundreds of men to their death, is told without comment. $3.00

A ROUMANIAN DIARY

by Hans Carossa

Hans Carossa's account is different too. He was with the German army as a doctor on the Roumanian front in 1916, and, although he sets down the horrors of the war, he is principally occupied with their effect on his own mind and spirit. As he is both a poet, a mystic and a highly cultured and sensitive man, his observations are intensely interesting and his book at once placed him in the forefront of contemporary German men of letters. $2.50

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR

by Harry Elmer Barnes, Ph.D.

This book which has already caused so much comment is written from a standpoint of advanced revisionism. The conclusions Professor Barnes draws from the documentary evidence in seeking to place World War guilt have laid him open to the charge of sensationalism, but as he says in his introduction: "It has never been satisfactorily explained to me why it should be more scholarly to be fifty per cent short of the truth than to be one per cent beyond it." $4.00

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Continued from page xxvi

has contributed an instructive introduction on the family-tree of Gullah speech, and Du Bose Heyward a brief foreword.

FICTION

THE KRAMER GIRLS.
By Ruth Suckow. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 273 pp. *New York*

The three Kramer girls, Georgie, Annie and Rose, live in a big gloomy house in Valley Junction, with their paralytic mother. Georgie, the eldest, carries the responsibilities of the family, urging the ineffectual Annie to get out more, baking cakes for extra money the while she secretly thinks of herself as a doctor, or the manager of some big business. For all her conscious plans are centered on Rose. Georgie had always taken it for granted that she couldn't get away herself. "Not unless something happened . . . but she was fiercely ashamed even to think of that. Poor mama, things had turned out badly enough for her. Georgie hated herself for grudging the least bit of care. Still, folks all seemed to have lives of their own. They were made that way. Well, the kid was going to have something, at least. . . ." But Rose, who hasn't her sister's backbone, or her ambition, runs away and marries Archie Carpenter, a struggling young engineer, who has lived in Valley Junction all his life. After old Mrs. Kramer dies, Georgie and Annie move to The Rapids, where Annie becomes a clerk in Hofthaler's store and Georgie practises chiropractic. But Georgie realizes that her freedom has come too late. On her deathbed, stricken with cancer, she scoffs at the gentle Annie, "Why didn't I start in and do some of the things I wanted to? I could have, if I'd just thought so. What have I done for the kid, when you come right down to it? . . . It'll be better for the kid to have me gone. She won't have me, and then she'll have to stand on her own feet. . . . Folks can't do much for other folks." An excellent piece of characterization, yet the book is undeniably tedious.

CIMARRON.
By Edna Ferber. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 388 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

In a prefatory note Miss Ferber asserts that "only the more fantastic and improbable events [in this story of the Oklahoma land rush] are true. There is no attempt to set down a literal history of Oklahoma. All the characters, the towns, and many of the happenings contained herein are imaginary. But through reading the scant available records, documents, and histories (including the Oklahoma State Historical Library collection) and through many talks with men

Continued on page xxx

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Continued from page xxviii

and women who have lived in Oklahoma since the day of the Opening, something of the spirit, the color, the movement, the life of that incredible commonwealth have, I hope, been caught." Her practise, unfortunately, falls short of her aim. Yancey Cravat, the glamorous pioneer who joins the Oklahoma land run, is an unconvincing and frequently tiresome character; his wife, the righteous Sabra, who finally gets herself elected to Congress, is a formidable but somehow incredible figure; their son and daughter are mere puppets, seen through Sabra's choleric eye.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE EDITORIAL PAGE.
By Robert W. Jones. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$2 8¾ x 5¾; 185 pp. *New York*

This book is "the pith of a . . . course which the writer has taught for nine years" at the University of Washington, where he is associate professor of journalism. It makes sad reading. The Kansas City *Star*, says Mr. Jones, is one of the nation's glories in "community leadership," and daily reveals "just what the independent attitude is in journalism." Among the books necessary to editorial writers, he says wisely, "the dictionary comes first, for no man ever outgrows that most valuable of all reference works." Arthur Brisbane, it seems, "is master of the essay editorial," and O. O. McIntyre is a model columnist. As for editorial subject matter, "natural phenomena, like the weather, a sunset, the seasons, a storm, the river, the mountains—all these are promising copy. . . . The editorial that plucks the chords of recollection for the reader has the charm of old songs." It is permissible occasionally to be humorous, but "suitable topics for humor should be chosen. Never make fun of a profession, a race or a sect. Good-natured fun is the best kind." Mr. Jones is an A.B., LL.B., and A.M. He has been employed by the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Columbus *Tribune*, and the Trinidad, Colo., *Daily Advertiser*. He has also served as special correspondent for the Associated Press. He is grand national president of Alpha Delta Sigma, a professional advertising fraternity, and is a member of Sigma Delta Chi, a professional journalistic fraternity.

REDUCE WHERE YOU NEED TO.
By Marjorie Dork. *Horace Liveright*
$1 6¾ x 4¾; 63 pp. *New York*

The author introduces herself as a former nurse who has made a fortune in New York telling fat women what to do about it. Her scientific equipment may be gauged by two extracts from her treatise: (1) "More energy is lost in one hot bath than in a day's work," and (2) "Meat is poisonous because it is dead flesh. . . . Fish is likewise dead flesh and not to be eaten."

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